

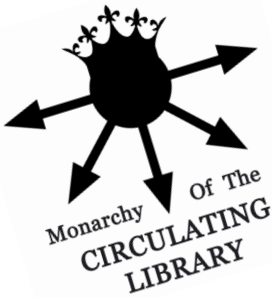
THE GOLDEN AGE OF BLOODSPORTS

THE COLLECTED WORDS, LYRICS & PERFORMED SONGS OF

JHONN BALANCE



Compiled by Phil Barrington



First Edition printed November 13th 2014 / '10th Anniversary' Version

Second Edition printed November 25th 2014

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AN UNAUTHORISED CURATION

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A Foreword to the Curious

First and foremost, this isn't as much of a Coil book as it is a Jhonn Balance book, and not even a complete book of his lyrics at that (that would be impossible, considering his constant live improvisations, distorted word collages on several Coil tracks, and his experimentation with language and made-up words enticing even the most astute listener to make errors in translation). Although Jhonn was always the visionary leader, conceptualist, artist and main lyricist of the mighty Coil and, thus, was arguably more than half of the group in creative essence, his words were almost always accompanied by the amazing sound experiments of Peter Christopherson (and, with Coil's "Queens of the Circulating Library" album, Thighpaulsandra exclusively), with well over half of the Coil catalogue not even containing his (and no) lyrics at all. Thus, at heart, this book is really all about Jhonn.

What have I uncovered during the curation of this Book of Balance? What insights lay ahead for the curious reader?

The lion's share of Jhonn's lyrics are, for the first time ever, here compiled into one mostly chronological order within the pages of one tome for your reading pleasure. I say 'mostly chronological' as the undated lyrics from the infamous long-gestating 1990s 'Backwards' sessions, and subsequent releases over a decade later, make it difficult to put things into true order - this book dates the Backwards lyrics as from 1995-1996. Regardless, there are a great many insights about Jhonn to be found if you're reading this book from cover to cover.

Who was Jhonn Balance? Perhaps a soul addicted to the concept or magickal appeal of "escape" or "journeying" from a young age. Growing up in a household that moved country-to-country at an early age, he eagerly sought out the dark and mysterious wonders of the occult as an adolescent, making moon spells to beguile his fellow boarding school pupils, the threat of being expelled always in the air because of his arcane interests.

His very personal feelings and deeply-embedded interests from his childhood echo throughout his lyrics here, from even before Coil's existence in the early 1980s and onwards, to the very end of his life in the 2000s. His original pre-Coil lyrics for the band Cultural Amnesia betray an obvious interest in the occult, with a great many further songs bleeding this almost-obsessive interest throughout.

Aside from this spellbinding childhood obsession, his joy for the surreal couplet, religious condemnation in enmity, and a yearning for potent sexual release is most often found, and are well-known strengths of his world vision.

However, reading through this collection there are three further aspects to Jhonn's personality that I feel are seldom noted amongst the thriving Coil community.

Firstly, his knowing sense of humour. Just when you think he/Coil could be accused of out-and-out pretentiousness he throws a disarmingly wry/daft curveball at you. For all his literary sources, black sun theoretics and conceptual visions, there's a "where's my bum?" or "angels kiss our souls/arseholes in bliss", or even Coil's over-the-top short-lived lounge singer period ("Love's Secret Domain", "Circles of Mania", etc.) always gleefully bursting such bubbles of pretension.

Secondly, his Gysin-esque word experimentation. Especially during Coil's "Moon" phase, Jhonn's experimentation with word rhythm, repetition and thematic leaps are a wonder to listen to (though not necessarily *always* a wonder to read!). Like Brion Gysin before him, Jhonn recognised the power of the vocalised word in gently distorted repetition, the end result being a patterned word collage of his own, strangely in some kind of competition against Christopherson's collages of found sounds when viewing Coil's back catalogue as a whole body of work.

Again, Jhonn recognised the voice as instrument - not necessarily as a constant conveyance of logical narrative. It goes without saying that, from a Burroughsian point of view, Jhonn's phrases and imagery infect and bleed through his whole body

of work, the Word Virus infiltrating the entire lifespan of Coil; the same words, phrases, astronomical entities and ideas cropping up in the corners of almost all of Jhonn's written works.

Thirdly, his doomed romanticism. Even taking stock of what many people see as Coil's extreme and harsh scatological beginnings, there are many words for the lovelorn to be found here, right through to "I will be all right if you kiss me / I will be all right if you hold me" on the Sun Ra songs towards the end of Jhonn's time in this particular universe; Balance's world was always one with the promise of love, though mostly *just out of reach*.

As you can expect, there are definite musings elsewhere in his lyrics on his alcohol-related time in hospital during the "Moon" phase of Coil, with lots of nods to the infirm and disabled, medical imagery and mentions of serious ill-health; from zimmer frames, prescription (and, of course, non-prescription) drugs and blood transfusions, to the aches and regrets of simply getting older, it's all to be found here.

Time. Whether you agree with William Burroughs' views on it or not - or even if you take stock of various quantum multiverse theories - 'Time' itself seems to ripple back and forth in the dark river of our lives, creating impressionistic visions or strange precognitions of tragedies to come, déjà vu and troubled dreams of the future (why do you think we don't get to *remember* most of them?). Thus, what was to happen to Jhonn was already described in advance within his lyrics, and in great detail too. If you have a spare evening, I am positive you could easily piece Jhonn's words together to describe the circumstances of his tragic accident with the pinpoint accuracy of a Pathology lab (or of a successful Seer/Shaman).

That, as observing (and listening) strangers, is what we know of Jhonn. That was the level of his true multi-layered connection to this world.

Reflected by one of his last written lyrics, he was *one twisted mystic*.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Phil Barrington". The signature is stylized, with the first letters of the first and last names being prominent and capitalised.

Phil Barrington

Postscript

I recognise that Coil fans are a discerning, loyal and fiercely protective bunch. So, with that in mind, if you find any glaring errors (beyond individual interpretation of partially inaudible vocals), additional songs or essays by Balance that you think should appear in future editions of this book, why not get in touch; www.barringtonarts.com/contact/

It should be stressed that this is an unofficial compilation and, as such, I had little access to Jhonn's archive of original lyric sheets, and so interpretations were often necessary. Like Jhonn (and Kate Bush) would say; "please be kind to my mistakes".

Copyright is not willingly ignored by this commemoration compilation, originally released under the Guerrilla Curator ethic (of seeking acceptance rather than permission) to duly pay respect to Jhonn and his body of work on the 10th Anniversary of his death back in 2014. I have strived to include the sources of the lyrics/words under each song in an effort to acknowledge who had originally written the works themselves.

This book was also created as a friendly protest to get Jhonn's writings *officially* collected and available in *paper* book form, from his actual notebooks, for a new generation to discover.

Go to the Threshold House website to buy your official Coil items;

<http://threshold.greedbag.com>

Acknowledgements & Curatorial Notes

My sincere thanks goes to the guiding hand of Adam Czarnecki, Phil Legard for his fantastic appendix (and esoteric support), Graham Duff's 2015 essay on "Gold is the Metal..." and a special thanks goes to Maarten Schermer for his kindness in sending me copies of Jhonn's notebook pages from the extremely rare "Gold is the Metal..." art edition boxset.

Thanks also to Christopher Athanasiadis and Michel Faber. Sources of guidance, reference and quotation used throughout this collection include the "England's Hidden Reverse" book by David Keenan (1st edition, 2003, SAF Publishing Ltd.), Peter Christopherson pamphlets, Coil interviews and assorted websites; Cultural Amnesia, Threshold House and Brainwashed. Another starting point was the equ.in/ox Coil lyrics site.

Curatorial Notes

Jhonn had many names (and Coil had others). For consistency I have called him Jhonn Balance throughout, and referenced all Balance/Christopherson set of words as Coil.

Coil had mentioned many times in interviews that their body of work can be seen as two distinct phases; "Sun" and "Moon". To incorporate juvenilia, pre- and early-Coil lyrics into his whole body of work, together with later-life and posthumous blending of "Sun" (from the "Backwards" period) and "Moon" material I have taken the curator's liberty of creating a further *two* phases for Jhonn Balance's writing, for coherence and accessibility reasons, alongside the broad aim of assigning themes and emotives to such periods of his life;

Mars = 1975-1983, Juvenilia, arrival in London and up to the end of Jhonn's Zos Kia involvement.

Sun = 1983-1998, from "Scatology" to the start of treatment for Jhonn's alcoholism and the band's move to Weston-super-Mare, England.

Moon = 1998-2003, from "Foxtrot" through to the end of Coil's concert tours and mail-order music releases.

Lunar Eclipse = 2003-2015, from the "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" EP, "Black Antlers" and one-off Coil concerts, up to Jhonn's death and on to post-humous releases containing his lyrical presence.

Essays and other notable pieces are kept within the chronological timeframes above and not separated from the lyrics, to further identify Balance's mindset at the time.

Engraved on the ground where we walk is this warning;

"Everything is now destroyed

Do not seek to be anything other than this

You will be divested of every garment until none remain

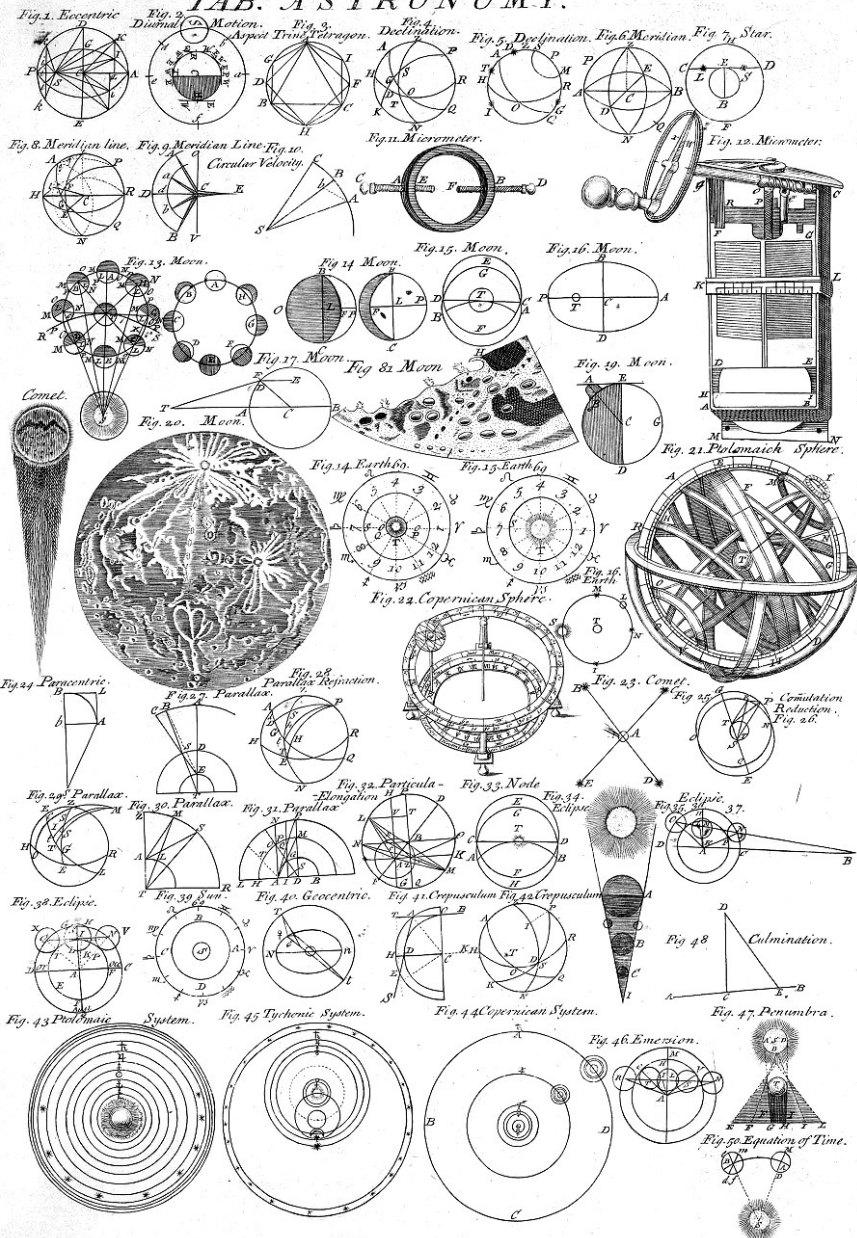
What is born must become whole by annihilation"

Jhonn Balance

"The Coppice Meat"



TAB. ASTRONOMY.



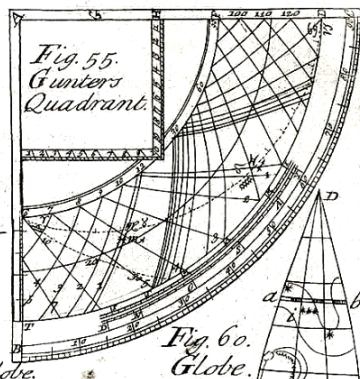
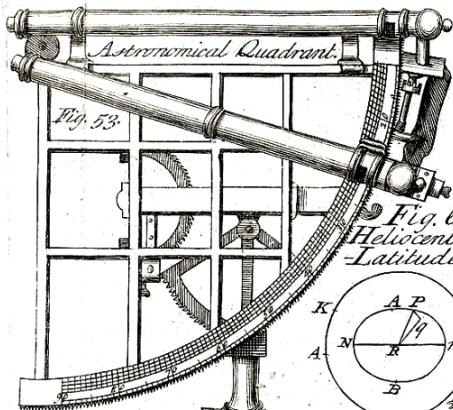


Fig. 52. Equator, Sphere. Hemisphere, Horizon. Tropicks

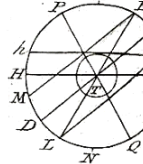


Fig. 62. Heliocentric-Latitude.

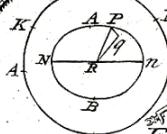


Fig. 58. Globe

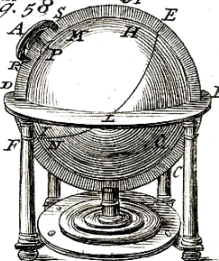


Fig. 62. Sun's Altitude.

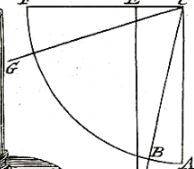


Fig. 64. Ascensional-Anomaly. Difference.

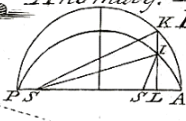


Fig. 57. Gnomon.

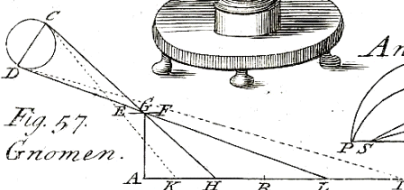


Fig. 58. Retrogradation

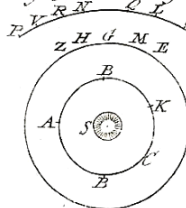


Fig. 59. Retrogradation

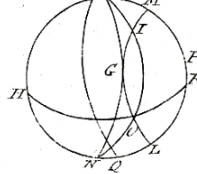


Fig. 60. Planet.

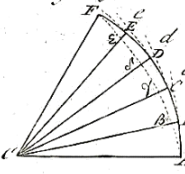
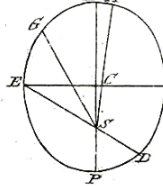
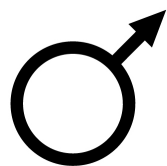


Fig. 61. Planet.





MARS



Balance

(A Jhonn Balance Poem)

Balance.

A piercing pivot point
Stuck in the helpless page

Greed.

A mound of coinage, useless
In a surrealistic chasm

Plastic.

Twisted up fragments, embedded
In a tussock of tortured blotting paper

A field.

Of white pulp, flat
And dry as the non-existence of its reality

[Written in 1975, aged 13]

The Peacock

(A Jhonn Balance Poem)

Dedicated to Mother & Father

Proud, elegant and haughty
The peacock calls to his mate

The sound echoes like the voice
Of a Chemaera
It echoes and rustles
The Leaves

To elicit the spirits
It Calls
And spreads its mighty rainbow behind

At the dawn of time
The Lord Peacock
Drank the elixir of butterflies
And his drab, limp tail
Drew up
And reached for the heavens

And caught the colours of the rainbow
In its feathers

And they've remained unequalled
For ever...

[Written on 16th August 1975, aged 13]

The Father Of Fear (Hot In The House)

(Jhonn Balance for Cultural Amnesia)

It was mere folly - I didn't mark it
There's more here than there seems - I didn't like it

50,000 wild flutes blow up a storm
There's someone within us, someone amongst us
Someone who knows what frightens and thrills us
There's laughter behind you and someone is crying
Wild dogs are running through dry riverbeds

Go down to the town, down to the town

Go down to the town, down to the town
Where they never work all their lives
So they just lie about
Lost until knives cut the skins from their backs
The butchers, the bakers, the nightmare makers
All lost till they stammer out there's answers for life

Go down to the town, down to the town

He loves his little children, he waits in their bedrooms
Merging with furniture, hiding in playthings

He comes down, he comes down
The father of fear with a family to feed
Collector, reactor, collator, relater
Sheds tears, he sheds skins... he is here
Surrounded by wild men and ghosts and wild boys
He is wise, he is panic, he is fear

We are tense we cannot sleep
We pull wool from the backs of sheep
O hot in your houses and stained by dead horses
Situations repeated like films of your past

Like babies in baskets, like rats in the rushes
Bou Jeloud is searching for secrets inside
He loves little children, he waits in their bedrooms
Merging with furniture
Hiding in playthings

[Bou Jeloud - a Pan-like figure, half-goat. half-man, legends originating from Morocco.
Written in 1982, along with "Fetish For Today"]



Fetish For Today

(Jhonn Balance for Cultural Amnesia)

Every night will be a death night
A black and white night, a red and knife night
Every day will be a death day
Morbid voyeurs, car-crash site display
A fetish for today, a fetish for today

Blind man standing on her doorstep
He throws acid in her young face
Feeling raw and mentally shattered
Her daily routine ended suddenly

She's a fetish for today
She's a fetish for today



Scars For E

(Jhonn Balance for Cultural Amnesia)

A severe endeavour to sever the past
A stone cast by darkness to shatter the glass
And scars remain to stain the pain
White stains remain, remain
Bloodstains remain, remain
Pain stains darkest, can't explain
The scars for E that infest me
The scars for E that infest me

Scars for E, o' weeping sadness is blurred
Flesh and memory, steel blades and tears
And scars remain to stain the pain
White stains remain, remain
Sweat stains remain, remain
Pain deepest, can't contain
The scars for E that infest me
The scars for E that infest me

A trust from me, a thrust from E
Stained by dead horses, smeared with blood voices

Video violence watch towers of silence
Video violence watch towers of silence
Fall, crush the sadness I feel
And scars remain to stain the pain
White stains remain, remain
Bloodstains remain, remain
Pain stains darkest, can't contain

The scars for E that infest me
The scars for E that infest me

Here To Go

(Jhonn Balance for Cultural Amnesia / Brion Gysin)

As he walked to her window she cried to his back
I want to be close to you
Gazing into the distance he disposed of her
Glimpse of eternity
Every bond is a bond of sorrow
I am here to go
That's a quotation, you know

I can tell you nothing that you do not know
I can show you nothing that you have not seen
I am that I am, I'm here to go
I am that I am, that I happen
I am that I am, till the fields shift
I'm here to go

I can tell you nothing that you do not know
I can show you nothing that you have not seen
we are that we are, we're here to go
we are that we are, that we happen

See what I say as well as I hear it
See what I say as well as I hear it
Surely this is it at last, surely this is it at last
[repeat]

You are forced to obey the suggestions we are making
Do it now do it later
Speed up slow down
Obey the law break the law
Listen to me ignore me
Trust in me trust in no one
[repeat]

I am that I am that I happen
I am a resultant
I am a coincidence of fields
I am, I am is my here
I am here, for what am I here I am
I am what I am, I am here for I am hear to go
I am that I am that I happen
I am a resultant
A coincidence of fields
When the magnetic fields shift there is no here

I am gone, I am thought in action
My field shifts for my thought is action
And I go, I am gone
I am that I am that I happen

Stop this song
Stop this song



Spoilt Children

(Jhonn Balance for Cultural Amnesia)

On a day like today we could all fade away
Or act out the story that you saw on Jackanory
About the death that came to stay
And wouldn't go away
Without the contents of your cupboard
And the bones of Mother Hubbard

It's all so so slow, you know
The feeling you get when your dog dies
On your birthday and everything that comes
Through your mailbox tries to kill you

And it's here come the damp rots to
Take away the Woodentops
Blood soils the buttercups

It's all so so so, you know I was talking
To Christ about the view from the Cross
But his soul had flown to other lands
I just felt like throwing the Last Supper up

On a day like today we could all fade away
Or act out the story that you saw on Jackanory
About the death that came to stay
And wouldn't go away
Without the contents of your cupboard
And the bones of Mother Hubbard

It's all so so so, you know
It's always almost midnight here
The proles and children live in fear
Of when the time will start up here

It's all so so so, you know
Here come the soldier men
To rape and kill your toys again
And whitewash your memories again

On a day like today we could all fade away
Or act out the story that you saw on Jackanory
About the death that came to stay
And wouldn't go away
Without the contents of your cupboard
And the bones of Mother Hubbard

Your eyes are two-way mirrors
That I want to stab with scissors
To stop the future leaking out
So I'll see the sorry way
That fate will leave me now today

Baptism Of Fire

(Jhonn Balance / Zos Kia)

It's a secret

You're a secret

Thank you

Thank you for my tunnel vision

Thank you for the sadness that I see

Thank you, God, thank you for the shit of my muse

It doesn't matter, 'cause the zebra's on fire

In the fire

Zeeebra



Rape / Violation

(Jhonn Balance / Zos Kia)

Fear holds me here
Watching, waiting, watching

Your eye... Wolf-eye, I...
I teach you
I hate you
You're waiting to be my sweetheart
...holds me here waiting...
Power danger violence fear
The power, danger, violence, fear, fear
Pain, and the pain
Hurts when you fuck me...
Hot hard prick rammed down my throat
He only does it for my red-hot womb
I'd give anything to leave now... Intimate

Power danger violence fear
[repeat]

Fear, fear, fear, fear, fear...
He only does it... He only does it ...
To leave me here, leave me here alone
Lonely, touched (touched)...
Till the flesh is cold red...
Power, the power...
Power danger violence fear
[distorted male voice begins]

I do not fuck around, I never fucked in my life...
Leave me here, leave me here, leave me, leave me

Oh wolf, wolf-eyes
I teach you,
I hate you
I kill you
I...
[scream]

Truth

(Charles Manson / Jhonn Balance / Zos Kia)

And I believe it was truth...

The truth has not been in your courtroom,
Never has been in your courtroom.

All you have is confusion in your courtroom.

Why do I have to stand and take the blame for your sins again?

I've spent my life in jail, paying for you, so that you could ride your bicycle, have your birthday parties, have what you call a life.

You know, I never had a life. I don't even know what life is, you know: I go to the desert, I'm not even allowed to live in your desert. I'm no good for anything except to be used, as your scapegoat.

I'm used. Every day of my life, I've been used. When I haven't been used, and I have been on the — on the street - I've been chased, robbed, harassed, pushed, kicked, my ribs have been broken.

You know, the same man that gives you a traffic ticket is the same guy that knocks my brains out.

He figures just because he's the man (those scum) ... nobody's gonna say anything.

My daddy's not a congressman, a doctor, or a lawyer.

..Under the door... Sneaking ... Sneaking everywhere. Everything is sneaky up around Sneakyville...

Has to be sneaky, and it's even a shame to sneak... to make... Such an evil, nasty thing.

You gotta sneak to get to the truth; the truth is condemned... The truth has been in your reservation, building your railroads, emptying your garbage. The truth is in your brains and your jails, and the young lads starting your courts or your congress where the old sit judgement on the young. They don't know about the young...

Look at the madness that goes on. You can't prove anything that happened yesterday. Now is the only thing that's real. You can try to prove that Columbus sailed on that ocean, but it's not the same ocean: it's a different ocean. It's a different world.

Every day, every reality is a new reality.

Every new reality is a - is a new horizon - a brand-new experience oblivion.

A friend of mine... He's afraid of what he might have to do in order to save his reality, as I saved mine.

You can't prove anything: there's nothing to prove. Every man judges himself. He knows what he is. You know what he was. I know what I am. We all know who we are. Nobody can stand in judgement - like you're standing in judgement. of a human body... But it doesn't amount to anything.

What they're doing is, they're only persecuting themselves. They're persecuting what they can't stand to look at in themselves: the truth! They can't stand to look at the truth in themselves so they persecute themselves.

They're persecuting themselves every time they go on the freeway.

They hate themselves. Look at the signs. Stop, go, turn here, turn there, you can't do this, you can't do that, you can't, you can't, you can't, this is illegal, that's illegal, everything's illegal.

The police used to watch over the people; now they're watching the people. The president doesn't represent the people; he could be on the roadside picking up his children but he isn't. He's in the White House sending them off to war.

And you're saying I have to pay for this again, and again and again;

I've gotta pay for your sins. How many times have I gotta pay for your sins?

I'm getting tired.

I'm getting tired.

[Various live hollers by Balance punctuate the original broadcast source; John Moran's 'The Manson Family Opera']

Sicktone

(Jhonn Balance / Zos Kia)

We've been witnessing your many (and varied) forms of control today
They're very effective
They're very pretty

Are you bothered?

Stop! Stop!

Leave me alone
Leave me alone
Leave me alone

Get it out, get it out, get it out
Get it out, *get it out*

No

Get it out of here
Get. It. Out.
I want tits out

[incantation]

Poisons

(Jhonn Balance / Zos Kia)

Kitchen;
No. No. No. No
No. No. No. No
No. No. No. No
No. No. No. No. *No!*

...So we know this
We've all gone mad
We've all gone mad
We've all gone mad by now

Touched, touched, touched
Touched by Christ's little hand

Have to rearrange reality
To come back here
To these monoliths



Boy In A Suitcase

(Jhonn Balance)

Boy in a suitcase

Boy in a suitcase

Boy in a suitcase

Follows you from place to place [x4]

Boy in a suitcase

Boy in a suitcase

You're alright? [x3]

You know who he is... The *boy*...

He's your boy in a suitcase

Pray our lies are stuck in a timeless place

He's your boy in a suitcase... In a timeless place

Follows you from place to place

Follows you from place to place

He's your boy in a suitcase

Open your eyes

Boy in a suitcase

Open your eyes

Open your eyes

Boy in a suitcase

Boy in a suitcase

Checks in / Checks out [x4]

Disappears without a trace

Boy in a suitcase

Boy in a suitcase

Holding a man's eyes in a young boy's face

["Gold is the Metal..." sleeve notes: "The title comes from a chance remark overheard in the back of a Marrakech taxi, and later confirmed by a series of forensic photographs."]

S Is For Sleep

(Jhonn Balance)

S is for silence
S is for sleep
Fears soaked in secrets
Dreams that we keep
Lost between “were”
And “shall be”

Here are we both
Cruel and in ruins
Walking into the centre
Of a circle of animals

*A place where nothing is
And nothing becomes*

Here, exhaustion is the signal
To start the slide of secrets
Dead letters fall from our shedding skins
Planting history in expanses of mud
Here is completion
Here is compulsion
Here is another rosebud
To darken the blood

[italicised lyrics from original lyric sheet, and do not appear on the recorded song]

Coil Manifesto;

The Price Of Existence Is Eternal Warfare

(Jhonn Balance)

COIL is a hidden universal. A code. A key for which the WHOLE does not exist. Is NONEXISTENT, in silence and secrecy. A spell. A spiral. A serpents SHt round a female cycle. A whirlwind. A double helix. DNA. Electricity and elementals. Atonal noise, and brutal poetry.

COIL is amorphous. Luminous and constant change. Inbuilt obSOlescence. Inbuilt Disobedience. A vehicle for obsessions. Dream-cycles in perpetual motion. We are cutthroats. Infantile. Immaculately Conceived. Dis-eased. The Virus is Khaos. The cure is Delirium.

COIL are Archangels of KHAOS. The price we pay for existence is eternal Warfare. There is a hidden coil of strength, dormant beneath the sediment of convention. Dreams lead us under the surface, over the edge, to the Delirium state. UNCHAINED. Past impositions and false universals. Reassembling into OUR order.

COIL. Who has the nerve to dream, create and kill, while the whole moves every part stands still. Our rationale is the irrationAL. Hallucination is the truth our graves are dug with. COIL is compulsion. URGE and construction. Dead letters fall from our shedding skins. Kabbala and KHAOS. Thanatos and Thelema. Archangels and Antichrists. Open and Close. Truth and Deliberation. Traps and Disorientation.

COIL exist between Here and Here. We are Janus Headed. Plural. Out of time.
Out of place. Out of Spite. An antidote for when people become poisons.

COIL know how to destroy Angels. How to paralyse. Imagine the world in a bottle.
We take the bottle, smash it, and open your throat with it. I warn you we are
Murderous. We massacre the logical revolts. We know everything! We know
one thing only. Absolute existence, absolute motion, absolute direction,
absolute Truth.

NOW, HERE, US.

"Not Knowing What Is And Is Not Knowing, I Knew Not"

Hassan i Sabbah

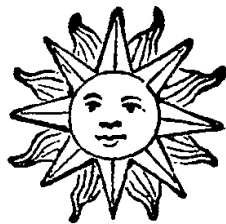
Sleazy; "Pretentious?"

Jhonn; "No no, it's..."

Sleazy; "It sounds good"

[Italicised end conversation from the 2001 "Black Gold" reading]

SUN





How To Destroy Angels

(A Programme By Jhonn Balance)

Ritual Music for the Accumulation of Male Sexual Energy

Throughout history man has made and used music for two distinct and separate purposes.

In recent years, particularly since the advent of sound recording, the most popular use of music has been for entertainment - the temporary amusement and distraction of as large a number as possible.

As a consequence, many people tend to overlook its more fundamental and ancient use as a tool for affecting man's body and spirit.

The many varieties of religious music from around the world contain a vast quantity of clues to the way in which sound can affect the physical and mental state of the serious listener, yet many find their associations with the religion itself - the dogmatism of the churches and the obvious shortsightedness of many cult leaders and their followers - too difficult a stigma to overlook in their appreciation of the sound and its potential, for its own sake.

Over the past few years, we have been involved with a number of contemporary music groups that have tried to some extent to investigate this aspect of sound but only with varying success.

On this record, hopefully the first in a series, we have tried to produce sound which has a real, practical and beneficial power in this modern Era. Specifically, it is intended as an accumulator of male sexual energy.

Although we make neither claims nor rules for its use, we do suggest that for maximum potency it should only be played in circumstances that are exclusively male and/or onanistic in nature. What these are is entirely up to you.

Obviously, the execution of the place was structured around concepts that we felt would work for us, in this case magickal and numerological rather than conventionally musical in form, but detailed information about the recording process, much of which was personal and relevant only to us, might well confuse and distract from the purpose.

One image or symbol which we drew upon that may be useful to bear in mind is that of Mars, often indicated by the male.

Mars is the Roman god of Spring and Warfare. His qualities are dynamic energy combined with a vital stabilising discipline; when self-control is missing the unbalanced force results in cruelty and wanton destruction.

Mars is a deification of forces within Man which can be found in every culture in one form or another, even to this day.

Finally, since prejudice and fear of the unknown seem so far to have been unaffected by civilisation, we would like to state once again that, should this music have any power, over and above the banal and transitory titillation achieved by most records available now, it is a positive and beneficial power to be used and controlled by the listener, as he desires.

Thank you.

COIL. London 17th March 1984

"The price of existence is eternal warfare"

Panic (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

Anything will be all right
If you come out in the night
With your life sewn open
Breathe in, put the bone back in
Buried under the skin

Murder in reverse

Out of time and out of place
And out of spite, swallow the spike
Anything will be all right
If you come out in the night

The only thing to fear is fear itself
The only thing to fear is fear itself
The only thing to fear is fear itself
The only thing to fear is fear itself
The only thing to fear is fear itself
The only thing to fear is fear itself
The only thing to fear is fear itself

...

*Out of time and out of place
And out of spite, swallow the spike*

*With your life sewn open
Breathe in, put the bone back in
Buried under the skin
Murder in reverse*

*Aaah
The only thing to fear is fear itself [repeated]
Aaah*

[Italicised lyrics appear on the 12" vinyl version of "Panic"]

At The Heart Of It All / Montecute

(Leonard Cohen, "You Know Who I Am")

You cannot follow me
I am the distance you put between
All of the moments that we will be

You know who I am
You've stared at the sun
Well, I am the one who loves
Changing from nothing to one

Sometimes I need you naked
Sometimes I need you wild

I need you to carry my children in
And I need you to kill a child

You know who I am

If you should ever track me down
I will surrender there
And I will leave with you one broken man
Whom I will teach you to repair

You know who I am

I cannot follow you, my love
You cannot follow me
I am the distance you put between
All of the moments that we will be

You know who I am

...meaning that we've finished!
[laughter]

[Excerpts from the above song recited softly and casually over the Coil track, the vocals heard more prominently over the alternate version called "Montecute", with Dame Judy Dench's recitation of Shakespeare's "Sonnet 104" closing the song]

Tenderness Of Wolves

(Gavin Friday)

Was all in vain, or did you cry?
No need to ask; my tears have run dry
This is the end of my pity
I wait to die

You now the living, me now the dead
You now the living, me now the dead

To prove that you loved me
Mere words could not have said
Biting into skin, into flesh, into me
Taking all you could
Oh, I'd still give you blood
Just to paint your lips
If you should wish them red
My desires your kiss completed

But only now I can see
The vicious joy when you took delight
Behind each kiss your poison bite
And when my all was given
And you had taken
O' dog like Judas, you did disappear

Was all in vain, or did you cry?
No need to ask

You now the living, me now the dead
You now the living, me now the dead

[The song was partly inspired by Karl "Fritz" Haarmann (1879–1925), a German serial killer known as the Wolf Man because his preferred murder method was of biting through his victims' throats. He committed the sexual assault, murder and mutilation of at least 24 boys and young men in Hanover, Germany]

The Spoiler

(Jhonn Balance)

The Spoiler	(Follows you)
In Spoiler's time	(From place to place)
Old man's eyes	(In a young boy's face)
Walking in	
Another's skin	(Secrets inside)
The Spoiler	(The Spoiler's catch;)
Boys who exist	(In the stories of shadows)
On our walls	
Who take to the floor	(Like a falling wall)
To dance	(With oblivion)
Black Boxes	(Black light)
He works	(At night)
The Spoiler	(If you're going to have any)
The Spoiler	(You've got to have enough)
His Head	(Resting)
His feet	(Continents)
His heart	(...Apart)

[some phrases repeated in various arrangements]

[This song's lyrics are, in part, an amalgamation of lines from "Boy In A Suitcase" (p.37) and unused lyrics for 'Dream Photography' (p.70)]

Restless Day

(Jhonn Balance)

Each time I wake up
Each time I say
The shifting slow beginning
Another restless day
Doubt and indecision
Push me on my way
The shifting slow beginning
Another restless day

Supermarket Sunday
Faces cold and grey
No bread or milk or tea left
No energy to play
Fear is the jailer
That locks my love away
The boy on the checkout
Says "Have a restless day"

Who has the nerve
To dream, create and kill?
While it seems the whole moves
Every part stands still
So there's nothing, yes, there's nothing
Everything makes me ill
While it seems the whole moves
Every part stands still
Every part stands still

Watching television in the afternoon
Wasting my life away
All they want to show me is
What's under the clock today
But even rats in a cage
Are liable to stray

Solar Lodge

(Jhonn Balance)

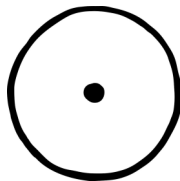
See the black sun rise in the solar lodge
See the black sun rise in the solar lodge
See the black sun rise from the solar lodge
See the black sun rise from the solar lodge

Stop like a clock
Like a hole in the ground
Stop like a clock
Like a hole in the ground
Like a lock
Like a knife in the sound
From the solar lodge
From the solar lodge

See the black sun rise in the solar lodge
See the black sun rise from the solar lodge
See the black sun rise from the solar lodge
See the black sun rise from the solar lodge

Like a hole in the ground
Like a knife in the sound

See the black sun rise from the solar lodge
[repeat]



The Sewage Worker's Birthday Party

(Word Collage by Coil / TSM Media GmbH, Köln)

Boy crouches
Shits, pisses
Into his mouth

I warned you

Go on, Tiddler
Are you sure about this?
Well, you ate some (just about)
All over me, right?

...

"Steve had worked in a sewage plant on the outskirts of Scunthorpe for three months and today was his twenty-first birthday.

The squad was the filthiest of any sewage plants in the area. Not one of them washed his working clothes. They changed in a group of huts round a brick building which was supposed to be a toilet and washhouse. The wash-hand basins and the showers worked, but the urinal drain was blocked with the result the floor had a permanent pool of piss. The three lavatory bowls were blocked and had a mixture of shit and piss lying in them all the time. The wooden partitions separating the bowls into cubicles had been broken due to fighting and had been eventually removed leaving the bowls exposed for all to see.

On every guy's birthday he received a special "Treat" from the squad. It would follow the usual pattern, tied to the lavatory bowl and used as a urinal for a couple of hours. What Steve didn't know was that a lot of the guys were fed up with his arrogant ways and wanted to do something extra.

Just before lunch several guys grabbed Steve and took him to the toilets. The Celebrations were about to begin.

He was ordered to lie down in front of one lavatory and his wrists were tied round the back. This meant his cheek was hugging the side of the filthy bowl. A rope was tied round each of Steve's Wellingtons keeping his feet well apart. Dave took a cloth, dipped it in the bowl with its mixture of shit and piss and suddenly rammed the cloth into Steve's mouth. He was taken by surprise. This had never happened before.

John grabbed Steve's hairs and quickly jerked his head to the side sufficiently to pull a short rope round and tie the gag into place. It was impossible for him to move or say anything. He was completely at their mercy..."

[song inspired by the above story from the German gay fetish magazine "MR SM" (no. #24)]

Godhead≈Deathead (Ergot)

(Jhonn Balance)

Godhead turns deathead
Godhead turns deathead
Godhead turns deathead
Godhead turns deathead

Three in one, one in three
The crutch of Christianity

This is not Paradise Lost but Paradise Disowned

Virgin Mary, weak and wild,
Rids herself of an unwanted child
Price of love, pain to pay
For a quick visitation in the hay
A reign of love that stank of death

Nowhere New Jerusalem
No Festival of Light
A moral mean majority who'd
"Kill a queer for Christ"
"Kill a queer for Christ"
"Kill a queer for Christ"

A moral mean majority who'd
"Kill a queer for Christ"

[Balance; "Originally to be called 'Ergot' after the hallucinogenic toxin Ergot Rye Mould, found growing parasitically on the grain that, when inadvertently baked into bread, was responsible for outbreaks of St. Antony's Fire, mainly during the Middle Ages. Symptoms included seizures, religious visions, limbs that turned black and gangrenous. Ergot alkaloids provided the original source of LSD-25"]

Cathedral In Flames

(Jhonn Balance / De Sade)

Circle within circle
And when that hour came
From words they passed to deeds
Spires, spirals and stones rise

“And in the distance, a cathedral in flames”

Given a chance to recover his breath
And exposed
To the process once more

The youth squirmed in a shower of gold
That etched on his skin the words;

"Paradise stands in the shadow of swords"



Tainted Love

(Ed Cobb)

Sometimes I felt I had to run away
I had to get away
From the pain you drove into the heart of me
The love we share seemed to go nowhere
And I lost my life
For I tossed and turned, I couldn't sleep at night

Once I ran to you, now I run from you
This tainted love you've given
I give you all a boy could give you
Take my tears and that's not nearly all

Tainted love, tainted love
Now - now I've got to run away
I've got to get away
You don't really want any more from me to make things right
You need someone to hold you tight
And you say love is to pray
But I'm sorry, I don't pray that way

Once I ran to you, now I run from you
This tainted love you've given
I gave you all a boy could give you
Take my tears and that's not nearly

Oh Tainted love, tainted love
Don't touch me please
I cannot stand the way you tease
I love you though you hurt me so
Now I'm going to pack my things and go

Tainted love, tainted love, tainted love, tainted love
Touch me baby, tainted love
Touch me with your tainted love
Tainted love, tainted love, tainted love

Tiny Birds (Burn in the Eye of the Sun)

(Jhonn Balance)

I burn

We spend our days
Building bridges
Learn to burn them
There by designs

Ruin design
Make you feel useless
Like a Michelangelo
Born without eyes

Ruined designs
Rare designs
Burn on this island

Tiny birds burn in the eyes of the sun
"And if looks could kill..."
A beast on the stage

We spend our time building bridges
Learn to burn them
Learn to burn them

And on this (one) island
On this one island
I'll burn (and I'll put the match in)

And it's what I've learned
On this one island
Ruined designs
Murder signs

On this island
On this one island



[Featured on the TARCH005 "Panic" reissue, this track is an alternate version of COIL's "For Us They Will", with about 90% transcribed possible lyrics here. Like "Sodoma Atomicus", the vocals are hard-baked into the background of the rough track making it difficult to discern several sections]

The Anal Staircase

(Jhonn Balance)

The angels kiss our souls in bliss
Measure the extent of a dizzying descent
Down the anal staircase
Down the anal staircase
Put just one foot on the staircase
And the next step you're down here on this face
Down the anal staircase

And the rapids of my heart
Will tear your ship of love apart
And we'll end up wrecked
We'll end up at the start
Of the anal staircase
And the angels kiss our souls in bliss
Measure the extent of a dizzying descent
Down the anal staircase
Down the anal staircase

Take a hollow-point revolver
Right down the rapids of your heart
Blow the fucking thing apart
Blow the fucking thing apart

One step, two step, three step, four step

"Hey! Quit it! Quit it! Get off me, you punk!"
*"No"**



[* Recording of boys playing, originally supplied by a Coil fan from the Netherlands. More excerpts from the tape can be heard on "A Dionysian Mix" of this song]

Slur

(Jhonn Balance)

Roman land of Roman sands and Roman sons

As I watch the sun sink down
On the blood-red edge of the blood-red town
There are shadows for sale
On the edge of town
On the edge of the night
Is a darkness seen
From the side of the night

And the winds blow round this sleeping town
This sleeping town
This Roman land of Roman sands and Roman sons

And it seems to me that when I close my eyes
All the lights in the world
Go out
And the night passes by and you whisper to me
A thousand lies
I stare in surprise
Towards the desert's warm black
And the desert stirs
And the desert stares back
With a thousand eyes
Piercing eyes, ancient eyes

And I ask my lovers, "Do you know
Where the desert roses bloom and grow?"
And I ask my lovers, "Do you know
Where the desert roses bloom and grow?"
And I ask my lovers, "Do you know
Where the desert roses bloom and grow?"

Babylero

(Trad. "Maria Isabel")

Chiribiribí, porompompom
Chiribiribí, porompompom
Chiribiribí, porompompom

Para ti, María Isabel

Para ti, María Isabel

Chiribiribí, porompompom
Chiribiribí, porompompom
Chiribiribí, porompompom

Para ti, María Isabel

Para ti, María Isabel

Chiribiribí, porompompom
Chiribiribí, porompompom
Chiribiribí, porompompom

Para ti, María Isabel

Para ti, María Isabel

Chiribiribí, porompompom
Chiribiribí, porompompom
Chiribiribí, porompompom

Para ti, María Isabel

Para ti, María Isabel

Chiribiribí, porompompom
Chiribiribí, porompompom
Chiribiribí, porompompom

Para ti, María Isabel

Para ti, María Isabel

Ostia (The Death Of Pasolini) (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance / Pier Paolo Pasolini)

*Quanto al futuro, ascolti: i suoi figli fascisti veleggeranno verso i mondi della Nuova Preistoria. Io me ne starò là, come colui che sta sulle rive del mare in cui ricomincia la vita. Solo, o quasi, sul vecchio litorale fra ruderi di antiche civiltà, Ravenna Ostia o Bombay — è uguale — con Dei che si scrostano, problemi vecchi — quale la lotta di classe — che si dissolvono... Come un partigiano morto prima del maggio del '45, comincerò piano piano a decompormi, nella luce straziante di quel mare, poeta e cittadino dimenticato.**

There's honey in the hollows
And the contours of the body
A sluggish golden river

A sickly golden trickle
A golden, sticky trickle

You can hear the bones humming
You can hear the bones humming
And the car reverses over
The body in the basin
In the shallow sea-plane basin

And the car reverses over
And his body rolls over
Crushed from the shoulder

You can hear the bones humming
Singing like a puncture
Singing like a puncture

Killed to keep the world turning
Killed to keep the world turning
Killed to keep the world turning

Throw his bones over
The white cliffs of Dover
And into the sea, the sea of Rome
And the bloodstained coast of Ostia

Leon like a lion
Sleeping in the sunshine
Lion lies down
Lion lies down
Out of the strong came forth sweetness
Out of the strong came forth sweetness
Throw his bones over
The white cliffs of Dover
And murder me in Ostia
And murder me in Ostia
The sea of Rome
And the bloodstained coast

And the car reverses over
The white cliffs of Dover
And into the sea, the sea of Rome
You can hear the bones humming
You can hear the bones humming
You can hear the bones humming

Throw his bones over
The white cliffs of Dover
And into the sea, the sea of Rome
And murder me in Ostia

[* "Una disperata vitalità" by Pasolini (excerpt), recited during live performances.

Translation: "As to the future, listen: its fascist sons will sail toward the worlds of the New Prehistory. I will be there like one dreaming of his own damnation, at the edge of the sea in which life begins again. Alone, or almost, on the ancient shore among the remains of ancient civilizations. Ravenna, Ostia, or Bombay - it is all the same - with Gods picking their scabs of old problems - such as class struggle - which dissolve... Like a partisan dead before May 1945, I will slowly decompose in the tormenting light of that sea, a forgotten poet and citizen."
Track overlaid with chirping grasshoppers from recordings made in Chichén Itzá, Mexico]

Penetralia / Penetralia II

(Jhonn Balance / Word Collage by Coil)

Hello? I'm in...now... *Five, four, three, two, one*

Follow the black valley, trail of death

Just look at it this way

Into the beautiful sunshine

...I mean, in five years, who cares?

We've made our money

No - what are the satellites for?

Learn to kill, kill from the inside [No, you're breaking up, you're breaking up totally
I know there's somebody else on the line; you gotta hold your own down]

Penetralia, mercenary paraphernalia - sex, sex scenes, funeral, funeral music. Gay
bar. Submissive dominance. With us, are you with us? Within us.

Caught, caught between two cars about to crash. Yeah, okay. In the future you'll
learn that survival depends on how much, or how little, you leave to chance.

What are you wearing under that?

Something, something, something's coming out of the blue: looks like that kind of
sex scenes. Fuck the car. Monster car, monster entrails.

Pictures...together with women struggling to enter the recesses of my own body.

I just think classical, classical horrors. It's going to take boundless bloody hours.

Words and pictures.

Split second face. Do you hear me?

There's some heavy dark blood on the doctor's hands, and that sledgehammer
crashes with the killer-boy kisses

Kiss, kiss that kills. I can see something of the car in front. Check it out.

In five minutes, okay. Killer-boy kisses. There's just no way...

The diminishing returns, the diminishing returns of a...dream of a horse's head
And a rope of blood cuts them seven times for talking such crap.

Unclean flickers. Have you got the pictures? Hello, er, uh... Very well done flavour.

Can you bid us up, man? I keep moving and now I, I can't stop... Could you repeat

that please? I couldn't quite understand what you were saying then. But I'm caught.

I mean, caught between two cars. Five minutes. Call me. Over.

Circles Of Mania

(Jhonn Balance)

*"Next up on stage, children, here's Joey"**

Nero's long hot tongue
Nero's long hot tongue licks

This is the sound of the world turning round - the underground
This is the sound of the world turning round
Of the world spinning round

You get eaten alive by the perfect lover
You get eaten alive by the perfect lover
You get eaten alive by the perfect lover

I fell into a burning ring
A burning ring of knives
And the knives slide in
They slide deep into my skin
And they open me so wide
That you stick your head inside
You stick your head inside

You get sewn inside alive
You get eaten alive
You get eaten alive
You get eaten alive
You get eaten alive by the perfect lover
You get eaten alive by the perfect lover
You get eaten alive

When you've swallowed one you just swallow another
When you've swallowed one you just swallow another

To drive away this hunger
You stay in there forever

Caught in the centre of a
Circle of mania
Chemical angel enters arena

Toro d'Or falls to the floor
Falls to the floor
Falls to the floor
And he's fucking the floor
Fucking the ground
Fucking the ground
Fucking the ground

The hole in the ground
The hole in the ground

Fucking...Fucking...Oh God

And hot wires sink deep in my skin
I'm writhing, perspiring like Dutch Schultz at 106 degrees
(like Dutch Schultz at 106 degrees)
And I wake up licking
I wake up licking the bedsheets clean
Licking and sucking and sucking
And licking and sucking...
Mmm...Licking

[* Recording of *Adonis Lounge* sex club compere. Dutch Schultz (1901–1935) was a New York City mobster, with William Burroughs inspired by the gangster's feverish dying words to write a mock screenplay about him. Schultz's surreal last words were delivered in the midst of high -fever delirium after being mortally shot while urinating in the men's room of a Newark bar.]

Blood From The Air (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

A sleeping explorer, his wandering mind
Crossed over the border
A mind like a cemetery where the corpses are turning
Where the bodies twist deep
In the frozen grip of a dreamless sleep

Then the lowest comes up
Like a wreck from the depths
He hears night calling and has dreams of waking
Here in this brightness
That burns like slow lightning

He sees words burnt in ice
And reads that the world is a wound
In the body of Christ
Effects of the animal, animal sound effects
He says, "Death, he is my friend
He's promised me a quick end"

The world is in pain
And should be put down
And God is a sadist
And that he knows it

The depths of the night skies
Reflects in his eye
He says, "Everything changes (Nine Knives of ice)
And everyone dies"

And the night slits her veins
And the darkness drains
And the void rumbles in
Like an underground train

Forever comes closer
The world is in pain
We all must be shown, we must realise
That everyone changes and everything dies

...

That everything changes and everyone dies

Best friends die

Worst enemies die

And Pets

Places change, decay

Everyone's a complete disappointment

Everyone's broken, all the dead

I'm dead inside

I'm trying to live

I'm trying to live

I'm trying to live

I'm trying to live

Pets and people and places

Change, decay, dismay, distort

Everything's a complete disappointment

And then they die

[Extra italicised lyrics culled from live performances in Amsterdam and Nantes, 2001. "Nine Knives" or "Nine of Swords" is a Tarot card also known as "Lord of Cruelty" which, if shown in an upright position, can mean premonitions, bad dreams, suffering, cruelty and violence. Given the additional mention of ice, it's worth noting that the original "Lord of Cruelty", Lucifer, was found imprisoned in ice in Dante's "Inferno C. XXXIV". Jhonn Balance; "It's about a man buried in ice, who wakes up and becomes a murderer". The title of the song was inspired by poet Philip Lamantia's 1970 book "Blood of the Air".]

Who By Fire

(Leonard Cohen)

And who by fire? Who by water?

Who in the sunshine? Who in the night-time?

Who by high ordeal? Who by common trial?

Who in your merry merry month of May?

Who by very slow decay?

And who shall I say is calling?

And who in her lonely sleep? Who by barbiturate?

Who in these realms of love? Who by something *blurred*?

Who by avalanche, and who by powder?

Who for his greed, and who for his hunger?

And who shall I say is calling?

And who by brave assent? Who by accident?

Who in solitude, and who in this mirror?

Who by his lady's command? Who by his own hand?

Who in mortal chains? Who in power?

And who shall I say is calling?

[Italicised word added by Coil as an interpreted-by-ear line of lyric that is actually Cohen singing: "Who by something blunt"]



The Golden Section

(Peter Lamborn Wilson)

The Angel of Death stands between heaven and earth, holding a poison-dripping sword. Identified with Satan, he is full of eyes; a diligent reaper, an old fugitive and wanderer like Cain, a beggar, a pedlar, an Arab nomad, a skeleton capering with sinners and misers in a juggler's dance.

But the nightmarish Angel presents a different face to the one who has "died before death", or who has attained some measure of the Apatheia of the Saint.

We are told that Azrael, Death, appears to our spirit in a form determined by our beliefs, actions, and dispositions during life. He may even manifest invisibly, "so that a man may die of a rose in aromatic pain" — or of a rotting stench. When the soul sees Azrael, it "falls in love" and its gaze is thus withdrawn from the body as if by a seduction. Great prophets and saints have even been politely invited by Death, who appears to them in corporeal form. Thus it was with Moses and with Mohammed. When the Persian poet Rumi lay on his deathbed, Azrael appeared as a beautiful youth and said; "I am come by divine command to enquire what commission the Master may have to entrust in me."

In fact, a strange connection becomes apparent between Mors and Amor, Love and Death. The moment of "extinction" in the pleasure of love resembles that of death, and thus that of the mystic. In mythic terms, Eros and Thanatos are almost twins for, in some cases, Death appears as a lovely youth, and Eros as a withered starveling.

Both Love and Death are gateways - hence their eternal adolescence and their fixation in the midst of the rite of passage.

[Original narration by BBC science correspondent Paul Vaughan]

The Exploration of Sleep

(An essay by Jhonn Balance)

Certain cultures treat dreams with as much credence and importance as they do their waking life experiences. In the West the dream has been ignored, dismissed, suppressed, explained away in purely pathological terms - feared and ridiculed. Recent advances and discoveries begrudgingly allow us to acknowledge a symbolic, quasi-importance.

We should begin to use our dreams - as tools - as storehouses for the imagination - as psychical playgrounds, testing grounds. People are conditioned to disregard and forget their dreams. They are regarded as harmless and shallow, at best an amusing diversion - like weak television programmes. We should attempt to reverse this unfortunate, blinkered, limiting trend and begin a systematic exploration of sleep.

We should equip ourselves and penetrate these uncharted regions, these wastelands of the nocturne. We can experience waking dreams, lucid dreams, clairvoyant dreams. Symbolic and cathartic scenarios can be constructed and enacted in the dream arena. Create while asleep - free from material/physical boundaries and circumstantial limitations. The Surrealists, who ably conducted substantial and lengthy periods of sleep experiments were able to verify; "There is the same triumphant spontaneity - the same sense of drawing no longer from the narrow and brief endurance of nerve and brain but on some unknown source exempt from these limitations".

Use written, recorded results as catalysts to spark off new avenues of thought, to penetrate problems. Examine your psychological makeup and improve/enhance it. It's a mountain of raw material mined from the depths of the brain.

It is not always necessary to understand, but to allow some unknown quantity, some untouched, untested, quality in yourself to enter and change one's perceptions. The vital, essential, chance factor.

Modern theories have proposed the possibility of a race memory, a collective consciousness - certainly we have subconscious desires and fears that provide common cultural and psychic links. Avatars, archetypes of thought, of being. We should endeavour to unearth these raw laments and utilise them.

[A brief draft of the article appeared on the inlay for the 1986 compilation cassette "Peyrere". The complete article featured in the 1987 "Hang Loose With Coil - A Coil Magazine", self-published by R&D Group 28]

Dream Diary; Dream #1

(A Jhonn Balance diary entry)

The action began in a modern design catacomb. A pleasant one. There was an assembly... A conspiracy of schoolteachers. They had some information about one of the tombs, that they were about to announce. We waited to hear and find out. The attendant knew too. He stood beside us.

Sleazy pressed a remote control button on the far end of one of the nearby tombs and it swung open. The man inside had only recently been identified, having been moved from an old unmarked tomb... Cut to me reading his name close-up, carved on the clean grey stone.

Inside, his remains had been mixed with modern rubbish and all of it had been pressed and shaped into the vague representation of a human body. You could make out crisp packets, the hands and feet of dolls, bottle tops... Among his features.

Sleazy broke into the corpse looking for something inside, or underneath it. People were watching. A lot were wearing roses as some sort of identification. A mafia linked by symbols.

We were chased by a crowd of men, 4 or 5 of them, who had become boys by the time they reached us. As we were fighting, rolling in the corpse remains, I kept telling them that I was sorry, but I intended to win. Both parties kept apologising for what they usually did instinctively.

They began to examine my muscles, like a racehorse. I apologised that my teeth were bad because I had lived for 12 years in remote countryside where there were no dentists. We sat down and compared our teeth. The boys said that they too had problems with them, and in particular that they stained badly from drinking tea and coffee.

[This diary entry originally appeared on the inlay pullout sleeve for the 1986 compilation cassette "Peyrere", curated by Robin Rimbaud www.robinrimbaud.co.uk]

Dream Photography

(Jhonn Balance)

This camera takes pictures
Of all the lost boys who want to dance
With oblivion
Who take to the floor like a falling wall

Boys who exist
In the story of shadows
On our walls
This camera takes pictures of dreams

I see you in a dream
Where your tongue becomes a sword
A sword that cuts my heart in two
Love and terror

[Ultimately unused set of lyrics (though some surfaced in "The Spoiler"), assumed to have been written for what turned out to be an instrumental Coil track of the same name. These lyrics appeared in an edition of Unsound Magazine in 1984]

The Wheel / The Broken Wheel

(Jhonn Balance / Word Collage by Coil)

When the storm clears and the sun shines
We'll see the country beyond the garden
Oh I was dragged here by an angel
Against my weak will the stronger dictate

Now I stand here, I've scaled the mountain
That led from function to forms of glory
And when our hands touched like worlds colliding
A star exploding
Then I knew that the wheel is turning
The wheel is turning, the wheel is turning

Rust transmuted to gold and silver
By strength of true will
No more resistance, No more resistance
Just perfection, just perfection
The wheel is turning, the wheel is turning
The wheel is turning, the wheel is turning

...

One, two, three, four...One, two, three, four...One, two, three, four

<i>Where are you?</i>	<i>Oh, big boy!</i>
<i>What do you want?</i>	<i>I wants fucking fuck you.</i>
<i>No</i>	<i>You want fucking?</i>
<i>Yes - come here</i>	<i>No no no no no - I don't want to fuck me - I want fuck you... Fuck me.</i>
<i>Oh yes...</i>	<i>[ecstatic groans]</i>
<i>What do you do?</i>	<i>Oh, you fucked me, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh...</i>
<i>Why?</i>	<i>You are... naughty naughty naughty</i>
<i>Okay. Bye-bye?</i>	<i>Bye!</i>
<i>Oh, finished?</i>	<i>Yeah</i>
<i>Finished...</i>	
<i>Bloody funny! Hahaa...</i>	

[Italicised lines from "The Broken Wheel"]

For Us They Will

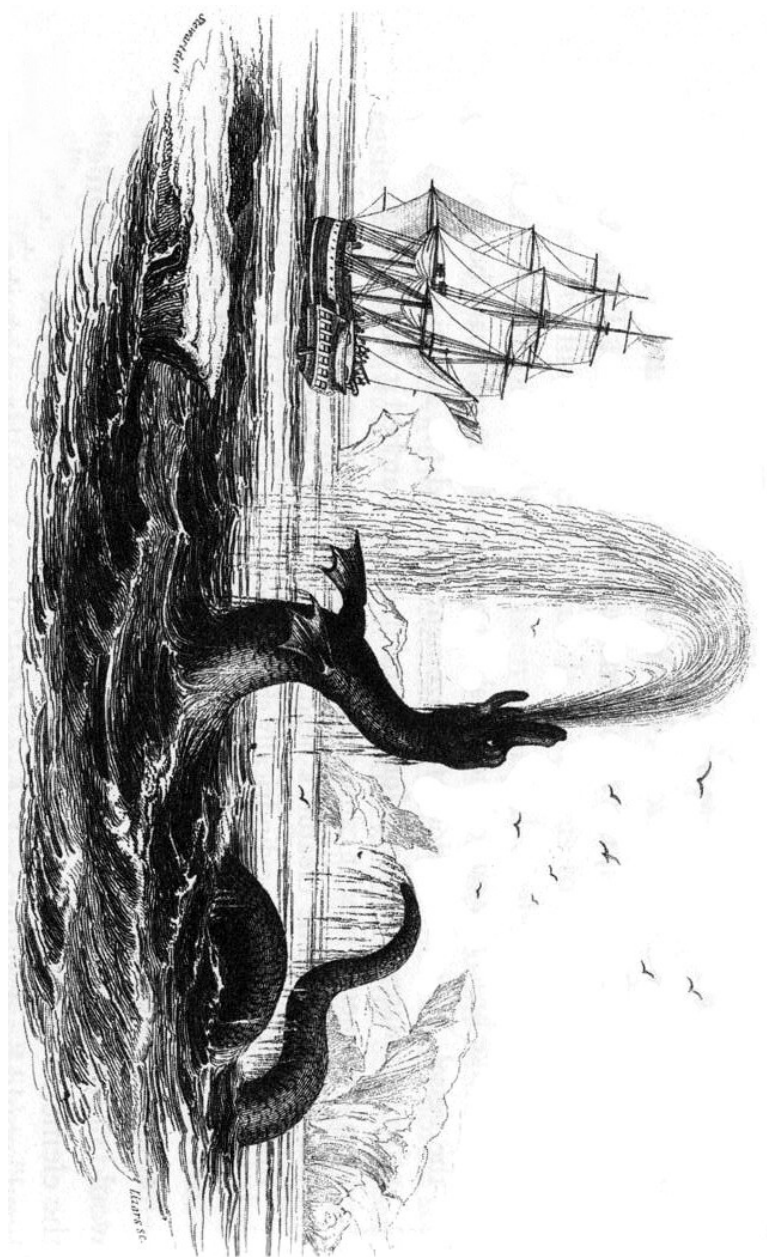
(Jhonn Balance)

[Hands] Held high to frame the sun, that burns in the sky
That burns in his eyes, and pierces a hole
Like a negative sun, soleil noir
Le soleil noir [has known] all the time
That you have to burn in order to shine
Smear me with - with blood, love-blood
Till the sun rises red
Till, till the sun rises higher, and higher
Becomes a baptism, a baptism of fire
And I'm caught between bright teeth, bright, bright teeth of morning
I am dog

I tell myself, I am dog, I have no name
I am hungry
I am hungry and I want to eat
I want to eat the hand that feeds me
The hand that feeds me
And I know these things
I know the stupid should struggle - the stupid should struggle
And, and with us they will
And, and for us, for us they will
And, and they will be gored to death
Gored to death on the horns of plenty
And, and smear me with blood
I am dog

Smear me with blood, blood
Until the, till the sun rises red
Till the sunrise is known all the time
You have to burn
You have to burn in order to shine
In order, in order to shine

[Bracketed unused lyrics are from the printed lyric sheet in the booklet of Coil's rare
'Gold is the Metal...' boxset]



Underneath All That Ever Was

(Jhonn Balance)

Sorcery-storm Millibars
Sailors beware of the sea
demons - the tornado - path of error

A hymn to the spinal serpent
Hours and bowels
Oral star

Burst to the surface

Sun king
Dauphin
(Nor am I alone in this)

The explosion of the swan
By means of which;
A justice will be done

Cyclone kisses;
I've dreamed of you so much

Second spin
Ageless; Abscess
I saw the angel of the world
Trampled under

Blurred by swarms of teeth
Ravenous
With no hunger
Killing insects

From outside
On the walls of my boredom
I write...

[Unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of Coil's very rare Coil's 'Gold is the Metal...' boxset. Millibar (or HectoPascal Millibar - symbol *mb* or *mbar*) is a meteorological unit of pressure equal to one-thousandth of a bar]

Leviathan Lifts

(Jhonn Balance)

Fast cars collide
Slow stars likewise

Leviathan lifts the head of Black Jackal throwback

Solar exposure
Solar locusts
Locus Solus

In the gut you feel it (strong)
Near enough to need it

Run rings around the Sun
Circles on the Sun
Spit in the eye of time

The eye of the storm is over your house
The eye of the storm is over your town

Time passes over the eye of the storm
Time passes over long stones unturned
Days lived days that lessons unlearned
Burned time out of the plan

Sandstone juts into landslides
Landslides and blurs
One minute your head is my hand
The next not there

Leviathan lifts broad head of black standing stone
I hear the crackle of Black Jackal throwback
I hear a hum in the sun
Saw what I'd become

Learn the lot in an instance blurred
The scene itself seemed blurred
Outlying
Serene on the inner eye

[This ultimately unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of the very rare Coil's 'Gold is the Metal...' boxset (rumoured to be of an edition of only 55). Official title unknown]

Stones Standing Still

(Jhonn Balance)

Stones standing still
Still standing stones

The distance between
And the difference between
Distant difference

The distance and the difference
The distance between the difference
The distance between us (distance)

Inbetween, the distance
Inbetween, the difference
The instance, the substance
Indistinction between ideal and actual

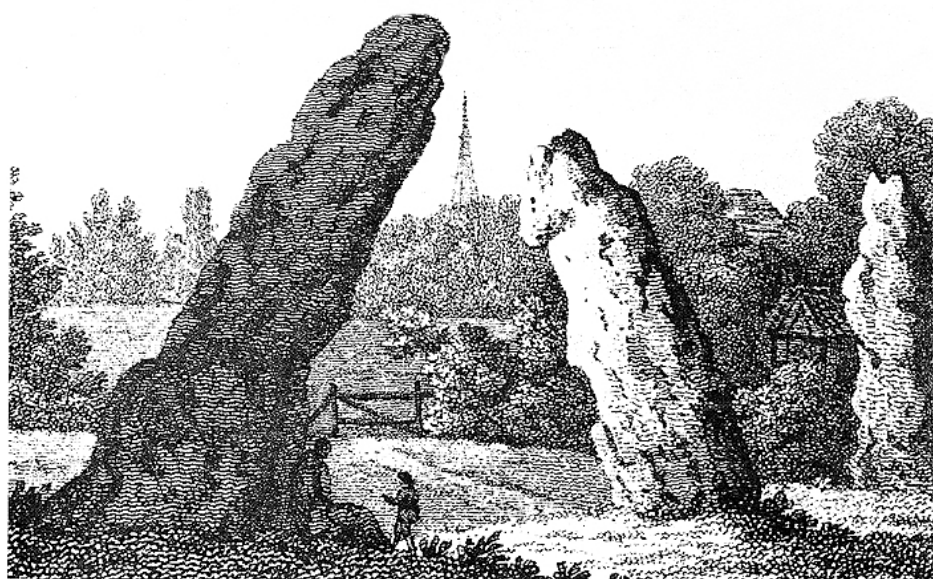
It's the soft intruder that reveals steel teeth
Converts from myth and fiction
Reported truth and contractual factual
Responds to action
Response to reaction

High altared thighs
Warm arches

The breath in the body
The body of stones
Brickworking body
Built from sand and stones

Standing stones
Stones standing still

[This ultimately unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of the very rare Coil's 'Gold is the Metal...' boxset (rumoured to be of an edition of only 55)]



Burn Time Dry

(Jhonn Balance)

Antidote to escapegoat
The dancing distance
Key witness - blinded
Locked-up

Looks up
Into the area of my eye
Stark, staring
Into the centre of the eye glass
Into the centre of the hour glass

Second passed
Second rate
Snail's pace
Crawlspase
Burning hot bliss

Time passes on over
Overstays the night
Time rolls over
Rolls on...

The arc of time
Great wheels of time
Past and future passed by
Past the future

Time passed-out and future dazed
The weak nostalgia for the future
Speeds up the passage
Of time

Hour glass hours
This must be the last time
Next time is always the last time
Next time is always going to be
What had been going on
Going, going, gone

[Unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of the very rare Coil's 'Gold is the Metal...' boxset. Official title unknown]

William Burroughs; Electronic Revolution - An Introduction

(Excerpts from the draft of an essay by Jhonn Balance)

William S. Burroughs has become part of the establishment - a kindly if rather eccentric old uncle, that your parents view with tolerance. But his benign exterior is deliberately misleading. It is a disguise.

Like the Shaman, he is a seasoned traveller, fluent in the languages of the dead. A psychic explorer, he sallies forth (with the minimum of luggage) into the Deadzone, the Space Between, mapping out forbidden territories, coded terrains, and the realms beyond demarcation.

Out of bounds.

Operating at the interface of the "impossible" and the "inevitable". Logic is simply not applicable in these areas. Employing a skilled scientific approach to areas of non-scientific interest, he factualises fictions, collecting, processing, and piecing together with a necessary obsessiveness and attention to detail.

Bringing back information, data, and raw material, like an anthropologist smuggling back valuable artifacts, he returns, a spy clutching pages of Forbidden Texts, torn from the Akashic Record, (surely not located in any afterlife, but written into the human genetic code - the DNA script itself, that original pre-historic Survivalist text).

Nothing is taken at face value. Every phenomenon observed, every word recorded, is a trap to be sprung, a code to be broken, revealing the meaning, the latent within the apparent.

Sabotaging natural conclusions, logical and neurological responses and conditioned reflexes, he forces the facts out into the open exposing, each time, a little more of the truth about the human condition.

The Electronic Revolution was written in the Sixties, when scientists shared their discoveries with high-school kids as well as with the CIA. Everyday brought a new drug, a new device, a new social freedom - anything could happen, and happen regularly, within this context, making the results of the tape recorder experiments that William Burroughs, Brion Gysin and Ian Sommerville conducted not only plausible but also a great opportunity to make a difference.

Attitudes have changed since then. Cynicism has replaced optimism as the mood of the people.

In a recent interview Burroughs told about the reaction he received when he gave a tour of lectures to groups of students. He explained the plans and workings of the Orgone Accumulator. It was a device that, by ways of using accumulated concentrations of universal life force, improved your health and energy.

To Burroughs' clearly apparent dismay there were no interested parties for making such a device.

Despite the fact that different parties, from both the establishment and from the ranks of the avant-garde music scene, have tried the experiments found in this book and have subsequently found that they are work, they are ignored for the most part, their latent potential not applied.

Perhaps this can be seen, in a certain way, as a good thing. After all, what you might not know can be kept secret, and be used against you.

This book is the original Handbook of Possibilities. It is both "user" and "abuser" friendly. The real danger lies in one's denial of the effects these experiments can have on its subjects. Open interaction is vital when approaching this book. To quote from the book itself;

"This is certainly a matter for further investigation"

John Balance

London 1988ev.

[The complete version originally appeared as the introduction to the Dutch translation of the William S. Burroughs essay collection "Electronic Revolution", Published in 1988 by Stichting Maldoror]

Thunder Bends The Air

(Jhonn Balance)

The thunder bends the air
(Bends the air)
Rarified air
Stifling air

L'air épais

Fear builds a house
Brick by brick
Limb by limb
Stone by stone

Satellite views
Micro-swallows
360 degrees

Fullscope
Telescope
Telescopic
The scope of
Infra-ultra u.v.-syco-syndro

[Unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of the very rare "Gold is the Metal..." boxset. L'air épais is a ritual or rite also known as "The Ceremony of the Stifling Air", requirements as such; '...The chamber must either be black, or mirrored. A mirrored chamber provides greater confrontation for the celebrant, making him hyper conscious of his role. Mirrors also serve to 'rob the soul' according to old tradition. The coffin may be of any type, but must be large enough to accommodate two persons.' Anton LaVey]



Lightning Flashes

(Jhonn Balance)

So heavy, so slow
Taking care to tell all
This moment's mirror
The mirror of that moment

"Hours scratch each other"
The surface all over
The quick and the dead

The day gets up and walks away
Enormous strobic ecstasies

Robes of silt
Black veins and trampled skies
Crowned with hours
Turned inwards

Like my dream
When you arrive
To find yourself dreaming
Floors and walls

Walls of summer snows
Spectral roses reverse
To soils unstained

Webs of summer snows
Transform the piano of death
Into scrap iron

A flower of eclipses and thunderbolts

Lightning flashes

[Unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of the very rare "Gold is the Metal..." box-set. Official title unknown]

The Colossus of Rhodes

(Jhonn Balance)

The sexual architecture
Body in plaster
Life-lying in ruins
Pile of flesh
Roots of flesh

Flesh church
High altered
Draped in the raw
Cathedral of Thighs

Attired
Spinal
Stairwell
Spines and eyes
The spine and the eye

Limestone spine
Blind for a time

Offal altarpiece of raw red meat
Arches
Sexual architecture
Sexual burial
Temple of the body (crumbles)

Pinnacles of spires
Archeologo
Archeo-illogical

Excavator simulator
Muscular masonry
Circulatory designator

Towers of strength

[Unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of the very rare "Gold is the Metal..." boxset]

Disabled Landscapes

(Jhonn Balance)

From the spires of an old grey tree
Swings a burial at sea
Her white limbs spilling
Out chains of flowers, golden
Heavy with bees

These signs, these houses
Are the songs, are the symptoms
Of a beautiful sickness
Poured from a vessel, dislodged
From the sails of her stomach

The ravens of dispersion
Pull covers over
The landslides and earthquakes
That hide in her hair

Silences, swimming
Under the dolphins
Rise through her waters
Like cold stars, in mourning

White marble bones in a cellar
Washed over by snowdrifts
The seaspray steals whispers
Stolen from travellers,
Referring to secret enemies

One drop shall intoxicate!
The birds circling over
Arrange the cadaver
Into landscapes disabled, then
Smother them with roses



"The Sea of Time and Space", William Blake (1821)

[A nod to Blake and Milton, Balance's rich gnostic exploration of sickness (possibly even hints of osteopetrosis in the 5th verse, known as 'marble bone disease'). Cycles of life and death/changing of seasons from bees to snow, roses, echoes of mother nature, etc. are all explored in various ways by his Moon Phase of writing. Certainly the central character of COIL's "The Sea Priestess" (October 1998) and the "Moon's Milk" series of seasonal studies (1998-1999) have these precursors. Balance's original handwritten notes mentioning "cavader" in the last verse of this unrecorded lyric is assumed to mean "cadaver" here]

The Bitch That Bore The Bastard Is In Heat Again

(Jhonn Balance)

Throat choked on the killing joke
The ultimate, untimely joke
Open throats
Open fires
Burn dry
Burn-day dry

Unleash me to anyway
Wield me and whirl me
On bright ropes of hair
Give sanity a longer leash
But some of us have sharper teeth

Bite through it

Unleash me to anywhere
Wield me and whirl me
On bright ropes of hair

With deadly intentions
Extended tension
Light in exertion

We all get the Gods we deserve

Work your way to the centre
The dead centre-point of entry
The spine and the eye

Split worldview
Split wide open
Worldwide view
World wide open
Wide open view
Of the gap in the clouds
Wide open pornographic skies

They're rebuilding the city
In four-letter words

(Relocator revealing)

[Largely unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of Coil's rare "Gold is the Metal..." boxset]

The Silent Catastrophe

(Jhonn Balance)

I wake from a burning sleep
And dreams that split open the night
Dreams fed with blood from knives
And kept alive with broken lives

Midnight spilt across night skies
This is the time for telling it
As it really is

And still a knife sleeps warm in the wound
Wakes and slips a kiss
Between the lips of the skin

A love as deep
As blood is sweet
And the noise of the jaws

[This ultimately unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of the rare Coil's 'Gold is the Metal...' boxset (rumoured to be of an edition of only 55)]



Metal In The Head

(Word Collage by Coil)

And I've spent five hundred quid tonight

He's a good lad, he is

How much?

Here y'are, you, ugly...

What do I do with that?

Yeah?

Yeah

Do you know the daft thing is? I never had a son

Got two daughters, but I never had a son

He's a good lad, he is.

Never been a better lad in — in your life

And the north won't be the same...

...Usually

["Gold is the Metal..." sleeve notes: 'A Psychotropic broadcast via Tesla's wireless. The title is based on the fact that Shostakovich composed music he claimed to hear in his head, receiving it like a radio broadcast. He had splinters of shrapnel lodged in his brain from the First World War, which he believed were responsible for these transmissions.' Graham Duff, in his 2015 "Gold is the Metal..." essay; 'we're listening to a field recording of another boxing club. But this time we're in England. Three men are discussing boxing and betting. We're listening to a snippet from a 1980's TV documentary about East End amateur boxing clubs.']

We Are The Lust

(Jhonn Balance / Death in June)

We Are The Lust

Hold a Knife, Blooded
To The Throat of Love

Hold the Knife Blooded
To The Throat of Love

Hold a Bloodied Knife
To The Throat of Love

We Are The Lust
That Comes From Nothing

We Are The Lust
As They Turn to Dust
As They Ground to Dust

A Crown of Tears
We Are the Lust

We Are The Lust
That Comes From Nothing



Blind Orbits Arch

(Jhonn Balance)

Invite ghastly defeat to protect this art
Invite ghastly defeat to protect this art

When they struck into that
They were struck out
Struck into converted code
Released upon the world

I can stop the change
Find the switch if you want to
Find the switch if you can
Beyond a time-altered arrival

And in the distance
The spaces between me and you
Never were mine

"Blind orbits arch"
We told each other
There under the stars

The stars are out for you (out for you)
The stars out of reach for you (reach for you)

To want it, like I am
Without telling you why
But, you see, my... I'll wait

I have to wait
'Til they burn me
Pain and pleasure
On extension leads

Manipulate / intimidate

You know more than you think
And you think you know more than you think
You know you think more than you know

You know

[This ultimately unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of Coil's 'Gold is the Metal...' rare boxset. Official title unknown]



Furious Flames

(Jhonn Balance)

Furious flames who came to work for us
They thought they had come
To change the world

They thought they had arrived
Every place and every time
In every place
Every time and every place
And every time in every place

Instead of spells
Give out more space
Cast out full rooms (locked out)
Listen no further
Spin in the interior
Crawling out into knowing space

You knew I never knew you
I never guessed you knew
You knew what I never knew

What was I thinking of?
What was I thinking about?
In that time
In that place

Don't think too much
Too much of thinking

Best left to himself
Left to instinct
Left to his own devices

Best left to chance

[Unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of the very rare "Gold is the Metal..." box-set. Official title unknown]

Gilded Sickness

(Jhonn Balance)

Pinnacle; a miracle
Spectacular miracular
Hot heart of rottenness
Rotten heart, in sin I rate
Incinerate
Gilded with sickness
A shivering illness
A silver filigree illness

A near miss
Near to a pestilent past

Pull out the pricks
Husks and splinters
Pull out the spines
Prime, Medieval

The middle of the age
The middle falls out
Of the age

Passover
Pass through
Pass beyond
Traverse jet black Anubis
Anubismal abyss

The return of the evil
The return of the evil past
Past tense spells pestilence

[Unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of Coil's very rare 'Gold is the Metal...' boxset. Official title unknown]

Worldview

(Jhonn Balance)

Prove a point
A point of entry
Entrance
Sentence
A point of sentry

Weak tears plant sad seed
Unstrung strings of years
And misspent misdeeds

Go straight for the eyes
The blind cannot see
The column rises in roaring lines
Out of the wide world

A grand scale; world viewed
Sunstrokes the crisping
Sick sunshocked searing skin

Sluts ring the rim
Of the hot pit
That pours out
Hot sick spice
Black thick spice

A waterfall of whores
Outdistanced
Out and over
Traveller clearance

Flesh from the ruins
Sexual E-Jackali
Long and hard architecture
Over-throne by undertow

[Unused set of lyrics featured in the booklet of the very rare "Gold is the Metal..." boxset]

Meet Murder My Angel

(Jhonn Balance)

Oh, come and meet
Another kind of love
Meet another kind of love
Different than the real thing
But just as demanding
And just as demeaning

Dreaded in apathy
All worries swept away
The simple act...

And I've not felt like this
And I've not felt this calm
For a long time

Dreaded in apathy
(a long time)
For a long time

Meet Murder my angel
Arrived at the moment
To cross over the threshold

Meet Murder...

It's such a feeling
Oh such a feeling

It's time to cross over
You're shaking all over



[Finally released in 2015 on the TARCH009 "Wrong Eye" single reissue, this song includes either Balance's cherry-picked lyrics from the original (some lyric substitutions too, such as 'dreaded' instead of 'treacled') or his full vocal session was edited down by Peter Christopherson for the track, as Soft Cell's original 7min+ track contains a lot more lyrics]

Sodoma Atomicus

(Jhonn Balance)

"...to fuck me... Why is...? [Tut]"

Ah
Sodoma Atomicus
All Heaven will envy us
There's nothing else but this

Sodoma Atomicus
All Heaven will envy us
There's nothing else but this

Oh, take this world
Make this work
End this world

Oh, Maldoror
Whatever did you do it for?
Oh, Maldoror
Why ever did you write it for?

Walking in another skin
Walking in
Walking in
Walking in

Sodoma Atomicus
All Heaven will envy us
There's nothing else but this

Oh, Maldoror
Whatever did you do it for?
Oh, De Sade
They say he tried too hard



[Finally released in 2015 (complete with Christopherson's studio banter intro), as part of the TARCH009 "Wrong Eye" re-release. This rough track seems to be inspired by Lautréamont's "Les Chants de Maldoror" (1868-69), the influential work focussing on the evil character of Maldoror, a master of disguises that renounces conventional morality and who is opposed to God and humanity]

“Palenque; A Letter”

(Jhonn Balance)

In the John Soames museum I noticed an extraordinary Egyptian Stela about 2ft by 1.1/2ft and at the centre amongst hieroglyphics was a unique depiction of a fluid, amoeba-like Void, with hints of tentacles caught in its extremely uncharacteristically abstract depiction. It is like a crawling chaos - a palpable darkness sitting completely out of place in an otherwise ordinary Egyptian decorative panel. I will have to go back and copy it out - photograph it etc.



Stela of Neny' photograph:
© Sir John Soane's Museum, London

I have tons of 'raw' travel documentation from my visits to Palenque and the other great jungle pyramid sites of the Yucatan and Mexico City in 1984. At Palenque I saw evidence of a complex and sinister priest shaman school. Palenque was a city for Priests - a monastic city and in this respect it differs from all the other known Mayan-group sites. I have photographs of what is considered to be the Beast 666 - a stela of a priest holding a hybrid infant - with a lizard's tail and absolutely alien face. An extremely lucid guide took a great liking to me because I have a large tattoo of a Phoenix on my left arm and shoulder - which he interpreted as Quetzalcoatl - The Plumed Serpent.



Quetzalcoatl

He told me about an astral telephone that exists down the stairway to the famous stela of a warrior priest (the one that Erich von Däniken said was a spaceman at the controls of his spaceship) - The priests spoke to the dead priest-king and guided him through the Underworlds, sending back oracles and prophecies and acting as a go-between by which they too might journey on the Nightside. The guide told me many extraordinary things - he seemed to possess a lucid and thorough knowledge of the use of the ancient site - as if it was in use to this day and still waiting for the correctly prepared and trained novice to put it to use.

A full report is really the only way to impart the full consequences and wonderful things there. Things like tiny stones that he picked out of the river bed and explained that they were used to generate and accumulate psychic energies. Miniature batteries of plasma energy.

No other guide at the 15 or so other sites we extensively covered possessed such a degree of arcane knowledge. We went to a subterranean cavern dedicated to Tlaloc - the Raingod - and we saw shrines to Gods - deities that he did not know the identity of - explaining that the Caves were used for secret sex magick sorceries, and that even the majority of the priests used to consider the practices abhorrent and against the natural laws. There were hideous dwarf-like totems - and as they were piled up, spread out by the shore of a completely still and black subterranean lake - I felt as though we had been brought to the absolute centre of a powerful and primeval subhuman cult.

I have strange phosphorescent slide photos of myself in this labyrinthine underworld.

Frater Coil 0*



Tlaloc

[This is Balance's submission (not illustrated) to the second issue of "Fragments", the official publication of the *Esoteric Order of Dagon*, from 1991. Balance originally gave the name of "Chac-Mul" as the Rain God, but that is a type/style of Mesoamerican sculpture - thus error-corrected here to the Rain God Tlaloc. This Rain God was of worldwide focus in the Valley of Mexico during the same year of Balance's journey because archaeo-astronomical research began in 1984 at its primary site of worship, Mount Tlaloc. Excavations and exploratory research started that year, leading up to a major excavation at the Mount in 1989 overseen by historian Richard F. Townsend et al. Townsend's first major findings were published the same year as Balance's letter (1991) and "The Aztecs (Ancient Peoples and Places)" following afterwards]

Windowpane

(Jhonn Balance)

In the sky and in the eye and In the sky and in the eye and
If you want to touch the sky
Just put a window in your eye

See the sun, see the rain
See the window, see the pane
See the sun and see the rain
See the bird's eye, see the brain
Ancient cities rise again

See microscopic, see worldview
See the future leaking through
See the person who once was you
See the seashore and see the sand
See the windows in your hand
See the lie

Gold is the sky in concentrate
Power in its purest state
Power surge, power will rise
Through the window and through the skies

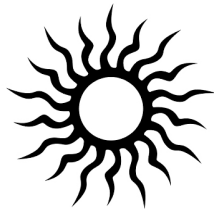
See the sky and see the eye and
See the sky and
In your hand in the sky and in your eye
See the sky in your hand
See the sky and understand

Gold is the sky in concentrate
Power in its purest state
Power will rise, power will fly
Through the window, through your eye

Gold is the sky
Gold is the sky
Riches, treasures, riches, treasures, riches, treasures, riches
Riches, treasures, riches, treasures, riches, treasures, riches
Treasures, riches

Gold is the sky in concentrate
Power in its purest state
Power will rise, power will fly
Through the window, through your eye

[played backwards]
Power will rise, power will fly
Through the window, through your eye
Gold is the sky in concentrate



The Snow (Compiled Version)

(Samples Sourced by Coil & Jack Dangers)

Get ready to be delivered, and delivered in a hurry!*

Man has given a false importance to death
Every animal, plant, or man that dies
Adds to nature's compost heap+

Get ready to be delivered, and delivered in a hurry!*

Man has given a false importance to death
Every animal, plant, or man that dies
Adds to nature's compost heap+

Stay
Stay
Stay
Stay

Beholding all, with eyes whose flashes flood
The veins of their own universe with blood^

[All above words compiled from The Snow EP;

* Originally sourced from a 1980's Federal Express TV advertisement

+ Originally sourced from Peter Weiss' play "Marat/Sade"

^ Originally sourced from Aleister Crowley's "Moonchild"]

Teenage Lightning 1 & 2 / Lorca Not Orca / 2005

(Jhonn Balance)

Don't be alarmed
It will not harm you
It's only lightning
Teenage lightning

It's real, unbelievably real
Teenage lightning
Don't be frightened

This is the way we do it
This is the way we do it

Don't be alarmed
It will not harm you
It's only me pursuing
Something I'm not sure of

It's only lightning
Teenage lightning

Don't be alarmed
You can't be harmed
Teenage lightning

Is it real?
Can you steal
Teenage lightning?
It is the lightning's deep
Dark love

Don't be alarmed
It will not harm you
It's only lightning
Teenage lightning

Don't be alarmed
It will not harm you
It's only lightning
Teenage lightning

It's real, unbelievably real
Teenage lightning
Don't be frightened
It's only lightning

Teenage lightning
Teenage lightning
Teenage lightning

Don't be frightened *

[* "Lorca Not Orca"]

Don't be alarmed
It will not harm you
It's only lightning
Teenage lightning

Don't be afraid
Don't be expectant
Don't be afraid
Don't be reluctant
Don't be afraid

It's only lightning
Teenage lightning
It will not harm you

Don't be afraid
It will not harm you
It's only lightning
Teenage lightning

It's real, it's unbelievably real

It will not harm you
It's only lightning

It's only lightning
Teenage lightning ^

[^ "Teenage Lightning 2005'" - itself taken from the live "Teenage Lightning (10th Birthday Version)"]

Things Happen

(Jhonn Balance)

Kill the creator! Send them the bomb!

Daddy, do you have a cigarette for me? I think
Maybe it's getting late, maybe time is running out
You know, I knew somebody once, rifled through his drawers
I wasn't that suspicious but you know, these things they happen
But, muñeca, do you have a towel?
See those people gather round
Baby do you have a light?
What's it like in Ohio... baby?

What d'you want to call me, muñeca?
Honey, do you like my dress?
You know, I think the colour pink suits my complexion
Or is it a reflection of the sky outside, you know
Why are those people crowding around?
You know I think your time is running out
What was your name, anyway?

No lipstick on his collar, but maybe it was blood
I don't know to this day, dear
Do you have another, uh...
Did you light that cigarette for me?
Oh, did you leave that on the side?
Do you have another cigarette for me? You know, uh,
Well, I had somebody once, ah,
You know, we used to cook a lot
It was a...
Do you like chillis in Ohio?
Muñeca, yo te quiero
Yo te quiero Ohio

Anyway... muy bonito
Where did I leave my matches?
I thought they were on the table there
By the way, did you, uh...?
Do you have some, uh, cash for me
Because you know I have to, uh, get a cab somewhere, after here
You know, I don't want to push you, but, uh,
You know, I've got to go some place
There's something burning in the kitchen
Did I put the pepper in?
I don't... uh... oh, dear

You know you have to watch yourself, don't you?
Why are those people crowding round me in the street
It must be like that for you a little bit, huh?
It's a bit of a commotion

Nice meeting you
I have no regrets, but I did feel a little bad, you know?
It's kind of like, you know what it's like...

Further Back And Faster / Further

(Word Collages by Coil)

We've gone too far. We need... we haven't really got anywhere.
Anyway, we've gotta go much further out.
We have to go much further... much further back, and faster.
Wait a minute.

You've got it! You've got the gift!
...Yeah! A special energy, pulsating...*

See his hands
Look at the fingers
See his hands

See his hands
Look at the fingers
See his hands, see his hands, see his hands
Tattooed fingers
Tattooed fingers: hate

See his hands
Look at the fingers
Fingers of the left hand spell love
See his hands

Look at the fingers
Those of the right hand spell hate
The fingers of the left hand: love
The fingers of the left hand: love/hate
Those of the right hand: hate
Those of the right hand: hate/love ^

This is the dark age of love

And you better get me some LSD. Hurry then!

I'll get...I'll get you some LSD

...I'll get you some LSD

Real! What is real? Are you certain you know what reality is?

As it really is!

As it really is!

How do you know that in this second you aren't asleep in your bed, dreaming that you are here in this theatre?

All your life, your past, your rules of what can or cannot be: it all was part of one long dream from which you are about to awaken and discover the world — as it really is!

As it really is! +

[* From Nic Roeg's film "Performance"]

[^ From "Night of the Hunter" as read by Charles Laughton]

[+ From HG Lewis's film "The Wizard of Gore"]

Titan Arch

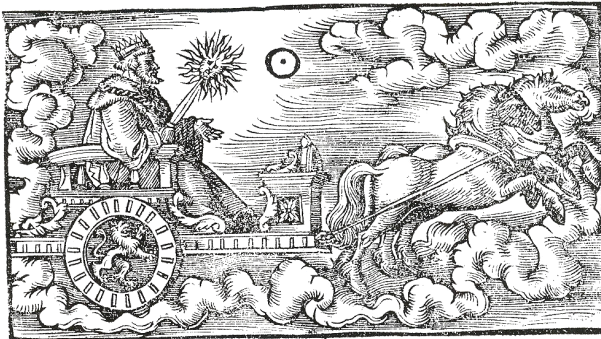
(Jhonn Balance / Kenneth Grant)

Crown the dark animal
Black jackal crawling
Eternal returning
An end to the waiting

There are thrones underground
And monarchs upon them
They walk serene
In spaces between

At the head of the storm
Darkness is rising
In the garden of jaws
His wounds are shining

Angels take poisons
In rotting pavilions
Under shivering stars
The sickness is gilding



[Lines from the second verse are lifted from the epigraph of “Outside the Circles of Time” (1980) by writer and occultist Kenneth Grant (1924–2011), Grant’s text itself also lifting a few words from H.P. Lovecraft’s “The Dunwich Horror” (1928)]

Love's Secret Domain

(Jhonn Balance / Roy Orbison / William Blake)

O Rose, thou art sick

Seduce, let loose the vision and the void

Bloodsuckle and honey suck

O Rose, thou art sick

O, the vision and the void

The bloodsuckle cuts the honey suck

O Rose, thou art sick

In little children's heavy heads

My dreams erupt while in my bed

Innocence is innocence is innocence is dripping red

In dreams I'll walk with you

In dreams I'll talk with you

In dreams you're mine

All of the time

Heads on fire and drunken lights

Oh, days devoured by hungry nights

In love's secret domain

This is mad love

Oh, this is mad love

In love's secret domain

Sweet tortures fly on mystery wings

Pure evil is when flowers sing

My heart, my heart, my heart is a rose

This is mad love

This is mad love

In love's secret domain

Give sanity a longer leash
But some of us have sharper teeth
In dreams, in dreams
In love's secret domain

In dreams I'll walk with you
In dreams I'll talk with you
In dreams
In dreams you're mine all the time

O Rose, thou art sick

The invisible worm
The vision and the void
The bloodsuckle cuts
And the honey sucks

O Rose, thou art sick



The Dark Age Of Love

(Jhonn Balance)

Now you see why I'm not scared to die
I saw a vision of an angel of the world lay down and die
The earth is full of ghosts now
Ghosts that sweat and ghosts that cry
Instead of peace just stop and cease
A final end, a sweet release

The language of love is the language of liars
The flames of all love become funeral pyres
Smoke gets in your eyes and grown men cry
I see young men led to an early grave and old men pray to die
The earth is full of ghosts now
Ghosts that sweat and ghosts that cry
Instead of peace just stop and cease
A final end, a sweet release

The shipwreck to the shore
From the client to the whore
From the shadow to the sun
From the bullet to the gun
The earth is full of ghosts now
Ghosts that sweat and ghosts that cry
Instead of peace just stop and cease
A final end, a sweet release

The moment you discover that your killer is your lover
I kill all that I love, I just destroy what I become
The earth is full of ghosts now
Ghosts that sweat and ghosts that cry
Instead of peace just stop and cease
A final end, a sweet release

[Balance's vocal track on TARCH010 "Windowpane" is an edited-down version of the above lyric compared to that heard on the Almond take]

Scope

(Jhonn Balance)

"wow, wow, wow..."

Just say... Just say

Just say... Just say

Just say; "Ahhh"

Just say... Just say

Oh, just say

Just on one day

Just say

Just say

Just say

Just say; "Ahhhhhhhhh"

Just say; "Ahhhhhhhhh"

Just say; "Ahhhhhhhhh"

When you ever want, just say

Just say

Going away? Oh, just say

Go on your way, just say

Go on that day, oh, just say; "Ahhhhhhhhh"

Just say

[The distorted vocals for this song, recovered by raising the pitch 51% whilst maintaining tempo and split channelling the track, are from a studio jam between Stephen Thrower and Jhonn Balance whilst both experimenting with MDMA. You'd be forgiven if you think the lyrics seem like they might be lifted from a 1980s Scope Mouthwash advertisement]

Is Suicide A Solution? / Who'll Fall?

(Jhonn Balance / John Harwood Answerphone Message Edited by Coil)

I am the loneliest link in a very strange chain

Peter, a friend of mine's just committed suicide.

He was a great friend of mine, and it's...I've come back, and I heard that, and it's shocked me a bit; and I wanna tell you because, um, not that you know him (that's not the point).

And he planned it out; he had a... he left his boyfriend... I mean, um, he left notes... and things. But he... he threw himself off a cliff, Peter, and...

I just wondered what you think that feeling is like.

What happens, what goes through your head, between throwing yourself off, and actually dying?

I wondered what you thought of it. Perhaps you could call me and tell me because it would help me, because I have a terrible fear of heights and, for me, just the idea of falling, so far, and being alive...

And I just wondered if things go through your head — you know, people that you love, and that, or things that you feel that you should've done — flash before you, but you can't do anything about it. I just wondered what you thought.

You're probably the only person that I can call right now.

And... I'd like to see you, because I think, in a funny way we're doing that... we're just... don't really connect.

One day, you know, you're gonna fall, or I'm gonna fall, or something's gonna happen; and... anyway.

Well, I'm very sad. You know my number. Hope you're both well.

Lots of love.

Bye.

[played backwards]

When the gods want to punish you they answer your prayers

[The answerphone message is repeated without the Jhonn Balance wraparound on "Who'll Fall?"]

Light Shining Darkly

(Found Sounds Edited by Coil)

No
I mean
I said earlier

I mean he was so vital and so alive that the fact that he wasn't there was —
was unbelievable.

And I was totally devastated...
Picking up the pieces afterwards...
And, ah, it took me about a year to feel safe.

I couldn't possibly think of anybody else other than John...
I was so distressed...

I think it's a dreadful
Dreadful thing



Blue

(Word Collage by Coil / Derek Jarman)

Derek Jarman, Derek Jarman to Airport Information please

Impatient youths of the sun
Burning with many colours

Flick combs through hair in bathroom mirrors
Fucking with fusion and fashion

Dance in the beams of emerald lasers
Mating on suburban duvets

Come-splattered nuclear breeders

What a time that was

[This version, from Coil's "Black Gold" bootleg album is also referred to as "Blue (Special Alternate Combination Mix)"]

Fire Of The Mind

(Jhonn Balance)

Does death come alone
Or with eager reinforcements?
Does death come alone or with eager reinforcements?

Death is centrifugal
Solar and logical
Decadent and symmetrical
Angels are mathematical
Angels are bestial
Man is the animal
Man is the animal

The blacker the sun
The darker the dawn
Flashes from the axis
Flashes from the axis
On the hummingway to the stars

Holy holy, holy holy, holy oh holy

There are hounds between the pylons
Guardians of the cycles
(Hounds between the pylons - guardians of the cycles)
Fire of the mind agitates the atmosphere
Does death come alone or with eager reinforcements?

Man is the animal

The blacker the suns
The darker the dawn

[Italicised extra lines from the 1996 New Orleans demo. Inspired by the animal art of Louis Wain, especially "The Fire of the Mind Agitates the Atmosphere"; as a child Jhonn boarded at Lord William's comprehensive school in Oxon, UK, where he slept in dormitory barracks with old Louis Wain prints hanging above his bed]

It's In My Blood / A.Y.O.R.

(Jhonn Balance)

It's in my blood
It's in my blood
[repeated]

It's in my bloodstream
It's in my bloodstream
It's in my blood, bloodstream
[repeated variants]

Bloodstains
...Is that enough, Sleaze?

...

These are the lyrics I stole from the book
I took from the Pope's secret library
He's got a lot of good lyrics in there
(He's got a lot of good lyrics in there)

A.Y.O.R.
[repeated]

It's in my blood
[repeated]

It's in my bloodstream
It's in my blood
[repeated]

Your blood is my blood
My blood is your blood
[repeated variants]

At your own risk
Do it at your own sick
It's all at your risk
It's all at my own risk

It's in my blood
[repeated]

It's all in my blood

Your blood is my blood
My blood is your blood
[repeated variants]

...

Oh yes, an infector; An Infector Calls
Everything you do in life
Whatever you're doing
Is at your own risk
It's at *your* own risk

It's at your own risk / it's in my blood
It's in my blood / at your own risk
[repeated]

It's in my bloodstream
It's in my blood
[repeated]

HIV all what I see
HIV all what I see

[Taken, firstly, from the "Ape of Naples" studio version and then live versions from Coil's "Live Three" and the Oct 4th 2002 Hamburg performance. Originally from the "Backwards" sessions, "At Your Own Risk" was the title of the 1993 Derek Jarman autobiography, the filmmaker who died of AIDS-related complications]



A.Y.O.R. (Fano Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

A.Y.O.R.

It's in my blood

I went to a Doctor

He said it's in my blood

It's circulating around my bloodstream

It's inside of my heart

It's in my bloodstream

It's in my heart

Pump, pump, pump, pump

It's in my blood

It's in my bloodstream

It's in the oceans of blood

It's in the streams of blood

It's in the rivers of blood

It's in the rain of blood

It's in my bloodstream

Your blood is my blood

Your blood is her blood

Her blood is your blood

Your blood is her blood

Your blood is our blood

His blood is her blood

My blood is his blood

My blood is your blood

[repeated variants]

It's in my blood
It's in my bloodstream

It's in my bloodiest dreams
It's in my bloodstream
[repeated]

I'm riddled
I'm riddled with disease
I am a little disease
I am a ripple
[repeated variants]

[Taken from Coil's live performance in Fano, Italy, July 2002]

Heaven's Blade

(Jhonn Balance)

There's blood in the sun
There's blood in the sun
But I'm not afraid

I cut myself with Heaven's blade

Inside the wound I found my wings
And walked away from this human skin

I asked the earth to open up the sky
To get inside and live with me for life

I stand before the sun
Rise up and see the shape of things to come

It's all the same
[repeated]

Just cut yourself
[repeated]

With Heaven's blade

Just cut yourself
With Heaven's blade

Just cut yourself
With Heaven's blade
[repeated]

Amber Rain

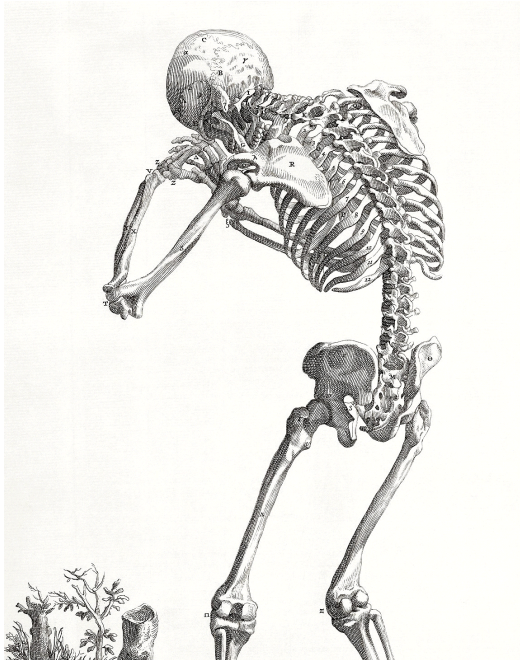
(Jhonn Balance)

Amber rain is beautiful but wrong
Caught between weak and being strong

It seems these days the weaker ones survive
What an awful way to find out you're alive

A dull warm red water falls
Flowing down to the sea
Where deeper darker waters wait for me

I don't expect I'll ever understand
How life just trickled through my hand



I Don't Get It

(Word Collage by Coil)

I don't get it
I don't get it
I don't (I don't get *iiiiit*)

Get it, *get it*, get it...

I don't -

I don't -

..ittt

I don't *get it*...

Hello...

HelloOoOhh...

HelloooOhhhhh

I don't get it now
(...*get it NOW*)

Hello...

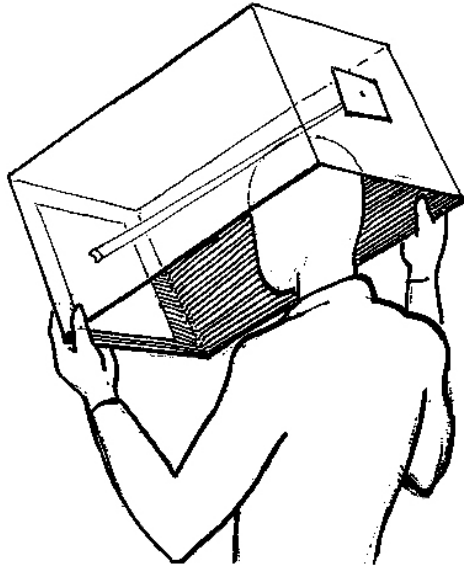
HelloOoOhh...

HelloooOhhhhh

(I love you mum

I love you mummy)

SAFE WAY TO VIEW THE ECLIPSE



[The track is a compilation of samples from both Coil's "First Dark Ride" and a Backwards track (originally named "Spastiche" by Danny Hyde). The bubbling feminine voice sample heard throughout this track, such as at 2.55min, is saying either "I love you mummy..." or a heavily distorted resampled version of the high-pitched voice heard at 3.28min in "The Broken Wheel" saying "I wants fucking fuck you", or...? We may never know]

A Cold Cell

(Anon / Edits by Jhonn Balance)

O Lord, save my sinful soul
From local punishment
From the far-away zone
From being frisked
From the tall fence
From the severe prosecutor
From the Devil Owner
From small rations
From dirty water
From steel handcuffs
From hidden obligations

A cold cell
And short haircuts

Save us from the death penalty

Amen

Amen

Amen

[English translation of an anonymous russian prison school juvenile's prayer, the close of the song, as heard on the "Backwards" album, features a largely incoherent rapid cut-up mix of the juvenile prisoner observations; "...drink from a cup of dirty water" etc.]

The \$100,000 Altar

(Taylor Mead / Word Collage by Coil)

I laid the boy on the £100,000 Altar
I took the knife (a very sharp knife)
Cut off his balls

Then I pierced his eyes and ate them - ha!
Sucked the blood from them and
As he shitted I sucked on that
Not after jerking him many times
And eating the cum left over

Then I fucked 'til he bled there
And we're both smeared in cum and blood and shit and juices

The altar looked beautiful
Blooded and shitted

I think he died (but maybe not)

But then this great man attacked me
Oh my God!
And killed me
Oh, I could hear him
Eating and fucking me

He also ate my balls
And came in my mouth
Until I choked to death
Or it streamed out my eyes (I don't remember)

Then (or before) was all this whipping
And naked rides on leather seats of cycles
With forty or fifty rough boys following

To help fuckin', pissin', killin'
Fuckin', killin', pissin'
Fuckin', killin', fuckin'

Cum all over me
And maim me
Put me into unconsciousness
And delusions

They were called the Greeks
And Vongolas
And Lower East-Siders
And Mission Street Murderers

And *God*

I saw everything so clearly
So beautifully
So suddenly

*...with a little help with Quaaludes I'm getting over that.
If you can get me any Mandrax from England, or anything...?*

[Recorded initially for the "Backwards" album, then optioned for the ultimately abandoned Coil spoken work project "Wounded Galaxies Tap At The Window" which was to feature William S. Burroughs along with possible tracks featuring Taylor Mead, John Giorno, and Terence McKenna.]

Heaven's Blade '96 (Vox Demo Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

There are other things that sing
That sing
That usher in, on rushing winds

As sure as I know anything
And everything that I have seen
And where I've been
I know

There are other things
There are other things that sing
That sing
That usher in, on rushing winds
On rushing winds

Outside, outside
On rushing winds
On rushing winds
Outside... on rushing winds

Don't hide, be brave
Don't get cut-up on Heaven's blade
Be brave, be brave
The only risk? To open up the skies
To get inside and live with me for life [x3]

Outside, outside
On rushing winds
On rushing winds

Outside, outside
Outside...

[This demo track finally became available in full on the Danny Hyde website in 2015]

The Test / Nature Is A Language

(Jhonn Balance / Morrissey)

[below lines appear in various orders of repetition]

Nature is a language

Can't you read?

Can't you read?

Can the animals see this?

It's a test

Ride the horses of heaven

It's a test

Nature is a language

Can't you read?

Can't you read?

It's a test

Can the animals see this?

Ride the horses of heaven

It's the rush hour of the gods

Can the animals see this?

Man is the animal

Can you hear that sound?

[Incorporates lines from the 1996 New Orleans demo and "The New Backwards" version. This song quotes lines from The Smiths' song "Ask". Balance professed his innocence as to the source, but could it be a playful nod to the fact that The Smiths called one of their songs "Panic" soon after Coil's Ode to Pan was released?]

Fire Of The Green Dragon

(Jhonn Balance)

Sound now

The Earth that fed you
Now must eat you

The Earth which fed you
Now it must eat you

Teach me something new

I'm driving you... Ahahaha

And I'm gonna give you honey if I can
And I'm gonna give you honey if I can

Do they know? No
Children of the blind in a blindfold

There's an angry light in the stones
There's an angry light in the stones

On Fire... Ahahaha

Re-align the ancient isles

And I'm gonna give you honey if I can
And I'm gonna give you honey if I can

I'm driving you, children...

There's a terrible blinding sound made by the sun

Teach me, teach me something new

Copacaballa (The Most Accomplished Surgeon)

(Jhonn Balance)

By the pricking of your thumbs
Something wicked this way comes

By the pricking of your thumbs
Something wicked this way comes

I am the most accomplished surgeon
Of moral deformities
I am professor of energy
Napoleonic electrifier of souls

Your glorious palaces are hospitals
Set amid cemeteries

There's an outsider inside
Where no one can hide
There's an outsider inside
where no one can hide

I am the most accomplished surgeon
Of moral deformities
I am professor of energy
Napoleonic electrifier of souls

I am an eternal vessel for forces that nestle
For forces that sleep in the minds of the weak

And even as you've been 'thout your nightly dreams
Explained it all from your giant books

Not even as you've been 'thout your nightly dreams
Explained it all to me from your giant books

You made me feel
I would never be alone
You knelt me down
To kiss the bones on your throne

The angles small
Or still in their moorings
Of Leviathan distortions
Casting out
Casting out your nets of darkness
Casting out

I'm casting you out
[repeated]

Smear thyself with the vixen's tan
And beware the bloody steps of man

Smear thyself with the vixen's tan
And beware the bloody steps of man

I want to be a stranger
Become a shape changer

Your glorious palaces are hospitals
Set amid cemeteries
[repeated]

I'm trying to strip the silence away

High up there with thy hiss
That's where all the magic is

High up there with thy hiss
That's where all the magic is

Paint Me As A Dead Soul

(Jhonn Balance / Aleister Crowley)

Paint me as a dead soul
With a halo of black joy
Medusa in a mirror
Etched out in acid
The flesh, the image, the reflection
One who dwells in scarlet darkness
Like animals in palaces
Drawing blood

The flesh, the image, the reflection
Let's complete the illusion

Paint me as you see me
From memory or history
In a fever or a frenzy

Paint your lucid dreams and visions
In a chamber of nightmares
In a temple of locusts
So violent, vile and vivid
May the colours make you fearful
Blind and hypnotizing
In our subterranean heaven

Paint my cunt with dragonflies
My eyes as bright as diamonds
My heart open like an ulcer
Or a sacred crimson rose
Bathed in blood
Or drowning in my bed
With the fragrance from the flowers
In the gardens of the dead

Paint ghostly foxes, cats and camels
A red dog and a black dog
Paint a putrid sunset
In verdigris and violet
Ochre, amber, mauve

Four monks
Carrying a goat
Over the snows
To nowhere
And paint the shades
That come with evening
Peacock angels
Dream of leaving

Paint me as you see me
Paint me as I see me
Paint me as a dead soul

[this song lifts some lines from, and inspired by, passages of Aleister Crowley's
"Confessions" autohagiography]

Backwards (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

Backwards, backwards, backwards
Reverse backwards, backwards, backwards

Get cursed, get cursed
Get hexed, get hexed

Crawl, crawl backwards, crawl backwards
I'm fine

Fucking incapable of normal emotions
[repeated]

Backwards, backwards
Reverse backwards
In fear, false evidence appearing real

False evidence appearing real
[repeated]

Backwards, everything's backwards

Stabbed in the back
Go back, back in two year's time
How about another slice
From this parking metre dime?

Everything's backwards

Everything dies
Stab yourself in the head
Wish everyone dead

Everyone is history
There's no mystery
Everybody's history

Watch the stars rot
Bring it all down
Right back

Make everything anathema
[repeated]

Everything's backwards

Put out every light
Bring back the Dark Knight
Bring back the dark night
Put out every light
Bring back the dark night

Exit is everywhere [repeated]

The machines are sick / sick machines [repeated]

Everything's backwards

Fuck me backwards
Fuck me from behind
Fuck me in reverse
Normal is perverse

Everything's backwards

How about another slice from this parking metre dime?

Sickly sweet sound of death warming up
The sickly sweet sound of death warming up

Eternity ends here [repeated]

*Bring it all down, bring it down
And bring it all down*

Bring it backwards

...

The world ended a long time ago [repeated]

I'm fine I'm fine
It's just it's all backwards
Backwards in the backwoods

Everything's black squids, everything's black squid
Think I'm backwards, everything's backwards
Living around the wrong way round
Everything's backwards, everything's backwards
I'm fine, I'm fine
With false evidence appearing real
Everything's backwards
We're backwards
Everything's backwards, with false evidence appearing real
False evidence appearing real, everything's backwards
Everything's backwards
Everything's black squids... everything's backwards
The world's turned upside down
Everything's backwards
The world's turned upside down, Oh the world's turned upside down
Hornet, wasp or hoverfly
Even the birds have their lullaby
All hummingbirds must die
I want you, I need you, but I can't find you
I need a killer to take my pain away
And Christ on a bike with carpet burns keeps falling to his knees
In United States of American death
Wasps pollinating disease
And when I reach the station in the heaven of glass
I'll say a little prayer for you

[compiled from the New Orleans demo, 'The New Backwards' demo remix, and live versions from 2002 which often incorporated elements from Coil's "Constant Shallowness of Evil", this song uses repetition beyond the point of the repeats noted here]

Where the Long Shadows Fall

(David Tibet with Jhonn Balance improv.)

Around me: I stand on the shore
The waters are black and swirling
I hold a black mirror in my hands

The swastiked winds sweep around me
Their arms the nightbreath sleepwalking
The sighing of imminence and ending
All there the waves curl under and over

Around me: I see things coming to a close
The door is nearly shut
As we stare at it the tiny light squeaks out
Slower and slower

I see things coming to a close
The folding cerecloth shrugs down over the windows
The lights burn still: but invisible to us now

I see things coming to a close
(My mind kissed Myrinerest last night)

I dreamt
I cannot see
I cannot see
I can no longer see
And nor would I want to, anymore

Clearblindlayeredlightcolourblinddeathcomecomecomecome

Go away

The pale toothed face inverted
At the foot of the Rose Garden
By the hedge and by the dream
By the post and by the bell
By the dawn and by the form
(Formless He Lay and Dreamt)

And formless we lay and shall dream
And then the rain

"My pain beneath your sheltering hand", he cried
And gave himself up to the Tempter

The rebel angels (he thought and knew)
Would indeed array him with robes of water

But not mad
But clear

Why can't we all just walk away?

[The final line, from Jhonn Balance's improvisation, also appears with more clarity on
Current 93's "The Long Shadow Falls"]

Twilight Twilight, Nihil Nihil

(for Thomas Ligotti, who has seen the bloodbells shine)

(Trad. / David Tibet)

Who will deliver me from this body of death?
Who will deliver me from this body of death?
Who will deliver me from this body of death?
Who will deliver me from this body of death?

There is no refuge
I have found the word does not save
There is no refuge
In the rock or stone
There is no refuge
In the wind or other forces of nature
The fire especially especially does not save
The fire only destroys
And though it may purify it takes takes takes
And gives nihil back nihil, nihil, nihil, nihil, nihil
And the holybooks alas have not
Will not alas can not save nihil, nihil, nihil
This is the chorus of the wind
The sun the moon the waters all blue all green or stagnant

Nihil they sing nihil
The inmost light nihil, nihil
The inmost light nihil, nihil
The inmost light nihil

Finally the child aged dies and sings

Nihil this swansong towards nothing
Nihil, nihil, nihil, nihil, nihil
We need not not not blow out the candle
Nihil, nihil

It dies anyhow

Nihil, nihil, nihil
Who will deliver me from this body of death?
Nihil, nihil, nihil
Who will deliver me from this body of death?
Nihil, call me nihil, nihil

The stars are so far
I had thought not but nihil, but nihil
The great king is dead
The great queen is dead
Their child stillborn
And so nihil nihil nihil nihil
They call the inmost light
But hear nihil, nihil, nihil

Who will deliver me from this body of death?
Who will deliver me from this body of death?

Nihil, nihil, nihil
I felt I saw you coming over the water
Without you I am nothing
And still I see you
Nihil, nihil, nihil, nihil
In the room where
Nihil, nihil, nihil
The wineglass shattered in the box I gave it to you
Nihil, nihil, nihil, nihil
Shattered
Nihil
I thought I saw you waving to me over the bay
Nihil, nihil, nihil
You waved
Nihil

Why we have no words any longer
To say to one another
Your mouth opens and; Nihil, nihil, nihil
Bend your face to kiss, you said nihil
Bend your arms to hold, you said nihil
And nihil, nihil, nihil
There is nothing there
Nihil, nihil, nihil
Bend your face to kiss, you said

The waters arise and take me finally
And my remembrance is; Nihil, nihil, nihil
nihil, nihil, nihil
nihil, nihil, nihil
nihil, nihil, nihil

[Balance also performed a live acapella recital of this piece for Current 93 on May 3rd 1997 at The Union Chapel, London]

pHILM #1 (vox)

(Jhonn Balance)

Is it harder to answer
Or easier to try

To make all the questions
Ask themselves why?



Decadent and Symmetrical

(Word Collage by Coil)

We got to...

We all got out the bus;
You know, where there's like the poor old lady
That's crippled
And we all sort-of followed one another
Into Woolworths

Well, one picked up a hairnet...
The other one bought some curlers - truly, yeah
And, er, and the other two, ah

I think they were just friends
with the same hair

Poor Alan couldn't get his drinks

For a start, they'd only got two lemons

All right, that's enough from me, all right?

Ended

(Sam M. Lewis)

...We may never meet again
For all we know
On this dusty road again

We won't say goodnight
Until the very last minute
I'll hold out my hand
And my heart will be in it

For all we know
This affair may be a dream
They come and go
like the ripples in a stream

So kiss me, my darling
Tomorrow was meant for some
Tomorrow may never come

For all we know

Da da, do do do do do do do do
La de, la da, da da da da da da da

Tomorrow may never come
For all we know

[The song sung by an anonymous* amateur singer from London in this found sound recording (from old sound reels bought by Peter Christopherson in Spring 1995) is "For All We Know", originally written in 1934. A distorted version of the first verse of this recording is also found on Coil's "Dark Star". *Claims that the track's singer is Leah Hirsig, wife of Aleister Crowley, are highly doubtful because 1) the EHR book's recounting of the reel finding makes no reference to this important detail (given the angle of the book, it would've done) and 2) Hirsig was born in Switzerland and grew up in the USA, teaching at a high school in the Bronx - the voice on the recording has neither a Swiss nor American accent or lilt.]

Red Skeletons

(Word Collage by Coil)

I love you too, with all my heart and soul

Did you...or not?

I don't know

All I want to do is try them out in the open

Then how am I supposed to do that?

Don't worry. If you listen to me, if you listen to me...

Mmm...

This drama...

I'm asking you...

I don't want to do any more favours for you. Look, it's over.

Please. Please. I'm asking you, I'm asking you as a favour. Yes?

I've been a pretty good friend to you

Really!

Yes, I have

Like hell have you

Like hell have you

Yes?

Oh go on show us, show us then...

Ah, no, hang on...

No, I'm serious...

[laughter begins]

Woow-woohoo!!

I love you too with all my heart and soul

Look, I'm not having you saying that of me again next week

I'll reorganise the issue

Look, do you want to have a continuative relationship with me or not?

No

Refusal Of Leave To Land

(Jhonn Balance)

[Regain Control; Regain Control; Regain Control]

After refusal of leave
To land
Lay your heads down
On the shivering sand

After refusal of leave
To land
We laid our heads down
On the shivering sands



[The creaking "Regain Control" looped sample in the first section of the song can also be heard in other Coil songs, including "The Beginning is Always The End" (on the 'Colour Sound Oblivion' boxset) and "Gnostic Verses"]

Stoned Circular II

(Jhonn Balance)

A voice should say; "*one hour*"
A voice should say; "*one hour*"

27th
.II
1917

V
36
'76

XI
1923

VULGAR	THELEMIC	CYCLE	ATU
1917	13	O	xiii
1976	72	III	vi
1923	19	O	xix

[The concept of time measurement and calendars have an interesting motif in Coil's history, including the ability of the "Time Machines" album to seemingly stretch time, Jhonn's lyrical nods to Burroughs' reflections on Time & Space, and both Jhonn and Peter choosing to use Thelemic Calendar notations in correspondence. Interestingly, the lyric V/36 is mentioned just before the 5.36 minute mark in the track itself]



November 13th 2004

Anno IVxii Sun in 21° Scorpio, Moon in 9° Sagittarius

Anno IVxii ☉ in 21°♏. ☾ in 9°♐

Blue Rats

(Jhonn Balance)

Blue rats, what's the matter?
Blue rats, pitter-patter
Blue rats, what's the matter?
Blue rats, pitter-patter

I'm waiting for the scratch
Of blue rats
Of blue rats
I'm waiting for the scratch

Scratch, scratch
Scratch, scratch
Scratch, scratch

I'm waiting for the scratch
Of blue rats

I'm waiting for the scratch
I'm waiting for the scratch

Scratch
Scratch
Scratch
Scratch



Chalice

(Word Collage by Coil)

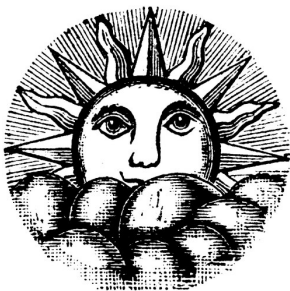
[Repeated backwards]

The doorway to thy fatherland

All Time; it turned sideways

Slow

As she walked in dreams



[This translation, of 90% certainty, is the result of my lengthy audio analysis using Adobe Audition software of the reversed sample found on loop in this song whilst on doses of 200mg of Tramadol to enhance hearing/sidereal cognition]

Assassins Of Hakim Bey

(Peter Lamborn Wilson)

And this prince was called *Alamut* and was Mohammedan.

He had created, in a lovely valley enclosed between two very high mountains, a beautiful garden, full of every variety of fruit and trees that could be obtained. Round these plantations were various palaces and pavilions, decorated with golden ornaments.

He had brought in young girls of perfect beauty and full of charm to live here, paintings and furniture all made of silk, and they were trained to sing, to play all sorts of instruments, to dance, and above all to make the most seductive advances to men that can be imagined.

This is the reason why the old man had this place built, Mohammed having said that those who obeyed his will would go to Paradise where they would find all the pleasures and delights of the world, beautiful women and rivers of milk and honey; this man wanted to pretend that he could make anyone he wished enter this very Paradise.

No-one could penetrate into the garden we described, for they had built at the entrance to the valley a very fortified and impregnable castle. It could only be entered by a secret road.



The Lost Rivers Of London

(Jhonn Balance / Hubert Montague Crackanthorpe)

I'm gonna drown myself
In London's lost rivers
I will walk down to the rain

I have sat there and seen the winter days finish their short-spanned lives; and all the globes of light — crimson, emerald, and pallid yellow — start, one by one, out of the russet fog that creeps up the river.

But I like the place best on these hot summer nights, when the sky hangs thick with stifled colour, and the stars shine small and shyly. Then the pulse of the city is hushed, and the scales of the water flicker golden and oily under the watching regiment of lamps.

The bridge clasps its gaunt arms tight from bank to bank, and the shuffle of a retreating figure sounds loud and alone in the quiet.

There, if you wait long enough, you will hear the long wail of the siren, that seems to tell of the anguish of London till a train hurries to throttle its dying note, roaring and rushing, thundering and blazing through the night, tossing its white crests of smoke, charging across the bridge into the dark country beyond.

In the wan, lingering light of the winter afternoon, the parks stood all deserted, sluggishly drowsing, so it seemed, with their spacious distances muffled in grey-ness: colourless, fabulous, blurred. One by one, through the damp misty air, looked the tall, stark, lifeless elms.

Overhead there lowered a turbid sky, heavy-charged with an unclean yellow, and amid their ugly patches of dank and rotting bracken, a little mare picked her way noiselessly. The rumour of life seemed hushed. There was only the vague listless rhythm of the creaking saddle.

The daylight faded. A shroud of ghostly mist enveloped the earth, and up from the vaporous distance crept slowly the evening darkness.

A sullen glow throbs overhead: golden will-o'-the-wisps are threading their shadowy ribbons above golden trees, and the dull, distant rumour of feverish London waits on the still night air.

The lights of Hyde Park Corner blaze like some monster, gilded constellation, shaming the dingy stars. And across the east, there flares a sky-sign, a gaudy crimson arabesque. And all the air hangs draped in the mysterious sumptuous splendour of a murky London night.

I'm gonna drown myself
In the lost rivers of London
I am gonna drown myself
In the lost rivers of London

[The main paragraphs of this song are taken from Crackanthorpe's "Vignettes" (1896), the song's title taken from Nicholas Barton's 1996 book of the same name that traced the trails of the Fleet, the Tyburn, Stamford Brook and Walbrook beneath the streets of London. A version of this Coil song without the main monologue is called "London's Lost Rivers"]

LONDIN VAE TERACISSIMI & EX
GLIAE REGNI METROPOLIS



Thamesis est fluvius antiquissimus, qui per urbem Londinensem fluens, in mare Britannicum effunditur. Huius fluminis origo, sicut et nomini, incertum est. Tracesunt enim antiquae inscriptiones, quibus dicitur, hunc fluvium, sicut et urbem, a Troia esse vocatum. Quod si verum sit, non immerito, quia Troia, sicut et Londinium, a Troia esse vocatum. Quod si verum sit, non immerito, quia Troia, sicut et Londinium, a Troia esse vocatum. Quod si verum sit, non immerito, quia Troia, sicut et Londinium, a Troia esse vocatum.



STILLARUM (S) Huiusmodi stillae, quae sunt in multis locis, sunt antiquissimae. Huiusmodi stillae, quae sunt in multis locis, sunt antiquissimae. Huiusmodi stillae, quae sunt in multis locis, sunt antiquissimae. Huiusmodi stillae, quae sunt in multis locis, sunt antiquissimae. Huiusmodi stillae, quae sunt in multis locis, sunt antiquissimae.

MOON





Heartworms

(Jhonn Balance / John Everall)

Ohhhhh

There's too much blood in my alcohol
There's too much blood in my alcohol
There's too much blood in my alcohol

Ooooooh

Demons generally enter in
Demons generally enter in through my ears

I don't like what I hear
I don't like what I hear
I don't like what I see
I don't like what I see

Ghosts vomit over me
Ghosts vomit over me
Ghosts vomit over me

Liars through my eyes

There's too much blood in my alcohol
There's too much blood in my alcohol
Can't get enough to numb me
Can't get enough to numb me
Can't get enough to numb me
Can't get enough to numb me

There's too much blood in my alcohol
There's too much blood in my alcohol
There's too much blood in my alcohol

Demons generally enter in through my ears
Demons generally enter in through my ears

Each beat feeds the heartworms
Each beat feeds the heartworms at the heart of me
At the heart of me

There's too much blood in my alcohol (Can't now get enough to numb me)
There's too much blood in my alcohol (Can't get enough to numb me)
There's too much blood in my heart
In my heart (it's preventing coagulation)

I'm faithful that this stagnation's feeding my heartworms
Feeding the heartworms
The demons generally enter in through my ears

It all feels off of me
Ghosts vomit over me
Ghosts vomit over me
Ghosts vomit over me, over the older me

This knife's gonna make some young woman a fine husband
[repeated]

[Musician Andrew Liles; "[On the] date that happened to be the last day on this planet for Jhonn Balance, [John Everall and I] were both playing live at the 'Burst Couch Event' in Manchester. On the night of the show John told me on the way to the venue he had found a discarded badge in the street. The words on the badge were something along the lines of 'Where is John?'. We also discussed Coil and how John created the wonderful line "There's too much blood in my alcohol" which was borrowed from him by Jhonn Balance for the song "Heartworms".]

AOS; Artist, Occultist, Sensualist

(An Austin Osman Spare Essay by Jhonn Balance)

I saw my first original Austin Osman Spare painting hanging above the seething bookshelves of Atlantis, the occult bookshop that I spent my late teens lurking inside. In fact there were several of his paintings and I could not believe my eyes. Until then I had only been aware of his name and had been conscious of seeing the recurring and haunting image of “PAN”, which was actually a section of the late pastel called “The Vampires Are Coming.” This image was widely used in the seventies on several occult type book jackets and was a key figure in the promotion of the eclectic magazine series ‘Man, Myth and Magic’.

Here were a clutch of excitingly vivid and dynamically coloured originals. My mouth went dry, my head reeled and I was shocked into a state of genuine awe. These were the real thing. I remember a dual self-portrait in which the two facing heads of Spare seemed to be locked into some perpetual argument. There was an eerie study of a transported medium, her eyes neither open nor closed, and then there was a Martian coloured astral landscape with a single figure of a seated satyr looking into the orange-red void. I liked this one the most. Unfortunately I couldn’t afford to buy any of the pictures and very soon they went to various acquaintances who could afford them. I was desolated and vowed then to one day own one of my own.

The painting with the solitary satyr soon vanished into its own hinterland after being left on a tube train by the person charged to deliver it to Heathrow to begin its journey abroad to a new home with a foreign buyer. But my appetite had been whetted. From that day on I sought out as much information about Austin Osman Spare as I could find and tried to see as many original works or reproductions as I could.

I soon began to realise that this man was an extraordinary and prolific artist and that with each new image a new facet was revealed, and the essential mystery of the man deepened. Even the sound of his name evoked something rarer and more exotic than the normal. I wondered whether there was an Irish connection as he sometimes signed himself Austin O’Spare. Friends asked if there was a Persian connection with that curious middle name. Early photographs and pen and ink drawings of himself compounded the mystery as I came across beautiful images of the artist as a tousled haired bare-footed aesthetic, as a savage and exotic Mongol shaman with skulls and altars, and as a Princely Magickian in the fashionable

Japanese style of the era, bound up in the rich apparel of his Sorceries. I began an ever evolving quest to understand and appreciate the dynamic mystery of his art and life.

This new exhibition of his work will give the visitor a chance to acquaint themselves with the extraordinary sensual properties of the artist's work. For I believe that the art of Austin Spare – more so than any other artist I am aware of – is capable of existing on multiple layers of interactive experience. The casual viewer will be seduced and enthralled by the surface beauty of his art and the way he handles the various media of his craft, while those familiar with his work may linger awhile and enter through the portals of the images into a strange and more vivid hyper-world. Spare provides windows and doorways into the Spirits world – of this I have no doubt. And with practice and imagination we may be granted access to Spares "storehouse of memories with an Ever-open door".

This quality to Spare demonstrates the high imaginative frequency at which he works. These images cannot be taken lightly. Rarely have pastels been forced to create such sumptuous crescendos and chaotic riots of colours as they were in his later pastel works. There can be few examples of draftsmanship in pen and ink as fine as the early magickal drawing of spare, busy in the first opulent heights of his post Royal Academy flowering. Spare found himself in a starkly brilliant world of high Magick and decadence fueled by his experiences with Aleister Crowley and the A.A. and his experiments with narcotics and bi-sexuality.

There has been much speculation as to Spare's sexual orientation. Later on in life he had strong attachments to the women he knew, but in his youth, he seems to have had strong bi-sexual leanings, something that he shared with Aleister Crowley. For instance how are we to interpret this passage from *The Focus of Life*: "The degenerate need women, dispose with that part of thyself. Give unto her all thy weaknesses, it is the suffering half...Awake! The time has come for the new sexualities! To improve the species ye men must love one another..." "Thou art that which thou dost prefer." "...to supercede the sexualities."

It was a time when he consciously turned his back on fame and fortune and instead chose the grim path of asceticism and sorcery. These dramatic themes were to

weave in and out of his life like a crimson thread as he constantly reinvented himself and strove to find new ways to express his dedication to the artist/outsider. So take your time in looking at this body of work. Try an experiment and stop in front of one of the Self-portraits and engage the attention of the eyes. Give the artist an opportunity to speak and you will hear him.

There are many thematic twists and turns in Spare's work. There is wonderfully dark and brooding chthonic leaning in the early works, where fabulous animals prowl amongst the dreaming humans. Snakes and dragons and other representations of primal forces.

Beautifully realized animals swarm and stampede through the whole of spare's oeuvre: Swans, owls, antelope, cattle, tigers, wart-hogs and giant tree shrews amongst them. He felt an affinity with all creatures and placed them as equals with mankind. He donated pictures to help raise money for horse charities at a time when their welfare was low in most people's agenda, and he kept an open house for cats in the various places he lived. In some earlier pictures it seems as if more than half the image is made-up of scales and feathers of the winged and crawling creatures that intertwine with captured humanity. Their constant companionship accompanies Spare's twilight journeys through the spirit worlds. Equality with the beasts seems paramount to his vision.

Spare's obsession with the hybrid and grotesque in nature and supernature, something which takes in the full spectrum of Ovidian metamorphoses, suggests in the artist's mind a vision of the active trafficking of creatures between one world and the Other. All of the Janus-headed, multi-faced, theriomorphic swarms which proliferate in "Spare's paintings threaten to break out of their world and spill into ours.

"The Soul is the ancestral animals." A.O.S.

Spare is a sorcerer and a shamanic artist – He attempts to represent the occult, the hidden, the unseen, to illustrate the unseeable, to portray sensations and sub-conscious energies: to delineate and draw into focus the astral forms of the spirits and shells who swarm about him in his everyday world. Few are capable of perceiving these layers of existence, even fewer of making a lifelong attempt to illustrate this hidden inner world.

The shaman is a person who deliberately remains in a perpetual spiritual crisis and this can sometimes conflict with his earthly needs.

Early in his life Spare was a Super-Sensualist – He loved the textures and the stuff of life and surrounded himself with objects of richness and taste that fuelled his visions. His books from that period such as *The Book of Pleasure (Self-Love)* subtitled *The Psychology of Ecstasy*, acknowledge that the celebration of the corporeal and the physical, allows a state of grace that leads to a Spiritual enlightenment. His love of the world and the spiritual acceptance of everything in it, lead to a heightened awareness of sense and sensation. As he got older he tempered this with an increasingly strong stoic streak, which helped him cope with his impoverished domestic situation.

There are few examples of practicing Shaman artists. One can cite the painters such as Max Ernst, Salvador Dali, Oscar Domiguez, Leonora Carrington and Ithell Colquhoun as creators who acknowledged a strong interest in the occult and its various manifestations. But it is to the contemporary artist Jose Ameringo that I turn to find a comparison with Spare's graphic art.

As a learned practitioner of the cult of Ayahuasca, Ameringo has undertaken extensive shamanic training as a "vegetalisa" and is skilled at psychic healing, astral travel and other more arcane practises. He also paints, and his highly-coloured depictions of the psychic realms contain striking thematic similarities to the work of Spare.

Transformations of man into animals along with animal totems and familiars populate his dense pictures. There are also numerous chthonic serpent, snake and large dragon-like creatures in his work, in addition to spirit portraits and the inclusion of multi-coloured auras and rainbows. It has been left to anthropology to find precise meanings in all these various phenomena depicted in Ameringo's art. Perhaps such a correlative anthropological precision could be applied to the study of Spare's art and his use of similar devices. They are clearly not there for mere decoration – such areas of investigation are perhaps waiting to be explored. "Having renounced both good and evil conveniently, one should engage in spasmodic madness."

The Focus of Life

This proto-surrealist maxim can be seen as bravely preceding Andre Breton's credo that surrealism was founded on the principle of convulsive beauty, an idea which can be linked to Arthur Rimbaud's belief in "the systematic derangement of the senses."

Spare himself demonstrates that he went through several magickal crises and his detractors leapt upon such admissions as evidence of psychosis. In 1924 around the time of the publication of the *Anathema of Zos* subtitled (*A Sermon To The Hypocrites*) and around the same time as he drew the grotesque and powerful *The Book Of Ugly Ecstasy* he seemed to plunge headlong into a pit of loathing that deeply affected his view of mankind. The flesh that he drew seemed to overwhelm him in brutal floods and he withdrew deeply into himself, haunted by the intensity of the maelstrom of images he was receiving. And again in 1954, towards the end of his life there emerges an unsettling sense that the Vision was becoming too unsupportable, too vivid and too painful, and something of this experience is reflected in the intense shattered techniques he used to paint the later Chaotic series of pastels. In these, the modern world and all its elements flow into highly coloured reconfigurations and juxtaposing patterns. We might compare these to the works of the brilliant artist Louis Wain whose charming portraits of cats became increasing tessellated and jewel-like, shattering into shards of colour and pure sensation before his schizophrenic Universe finally submerged him.

There is a feeling in these later works that the senses have become inflamed and flooded with information in a way that sets the nerves jangling in both the viewer and the artist. But if this direction into synaesthesia wasn't entirely deliberate, it was certainly kick-started into colour by the arrival of a gift of a new set of pastels courtesy of Kenneth and Steffi Grant. Spare's handling of this medium and his bold experimentation with flux and form sees him pre-empting and pre-figuring the extravagant and drug-induced art of the 60's and 70's. Yet again he is attuned to the social pre-echo of the entire psychedelic movement. His artist shaman antennae were feeling their way ahead of time through the colonization of entire psychic geographies.

Again he reaches for a 'Pure Art' "of becoming entirely sensation."

Spare was to write at the end of one of his books, "If you cannot understand this primal script of magic – swallow the whole damn book."

I cannot endorse this most epicurean approach for the viewers of the pictures in this exhibition, as most are very kindly loaned. That really would be a "Feast for the Super-Sensualists. But it is an excellent idea to take one's time to savour the atmospheres that the pictures exude, and to take in the strange nourishment that they provide upon careful examination. It is a very rare feast indeed that they are gathered here together. And I recommend that if at all possible you come back and take a second or a third look at the exhibition. A primary reason to do so is to perceive how the work continually changes for the viewer.

The extraordinary metamorphic qualities of Spare's work are best pronounced when viewed in conjunction with other people. I have experienced marvelous revelations taking place in the pieces in my own collection, seeing one set of subtle attributes with one person, and having an entirely new set revealed to me as I viewed them with someone else. Very often hidden faces leap out of the chaotic backgrounds, and trees and vegetation reveal nyads and dryads.

I have a small psychic landscape in which the weather looms over a Fairie hill. I have sat with my friend and watched as the brooding sky has opened and drenched the whole of the picture with rain.

I personally have had a very unsettling incident when, after having visited a friends house to view his collection of Spares, I had to travel home by bus or by tube train to find myself dead amongst a living, heaving throng of exactly the same hybrid creatures as were in the pictures I had just viewed.

Even now, I have a tendency to check my fellow passengers to see if they have pointed ears and hairs sprouting from the bridges of their noses – to see what stage of satyrisation they are showing, in their journey through the underworld.

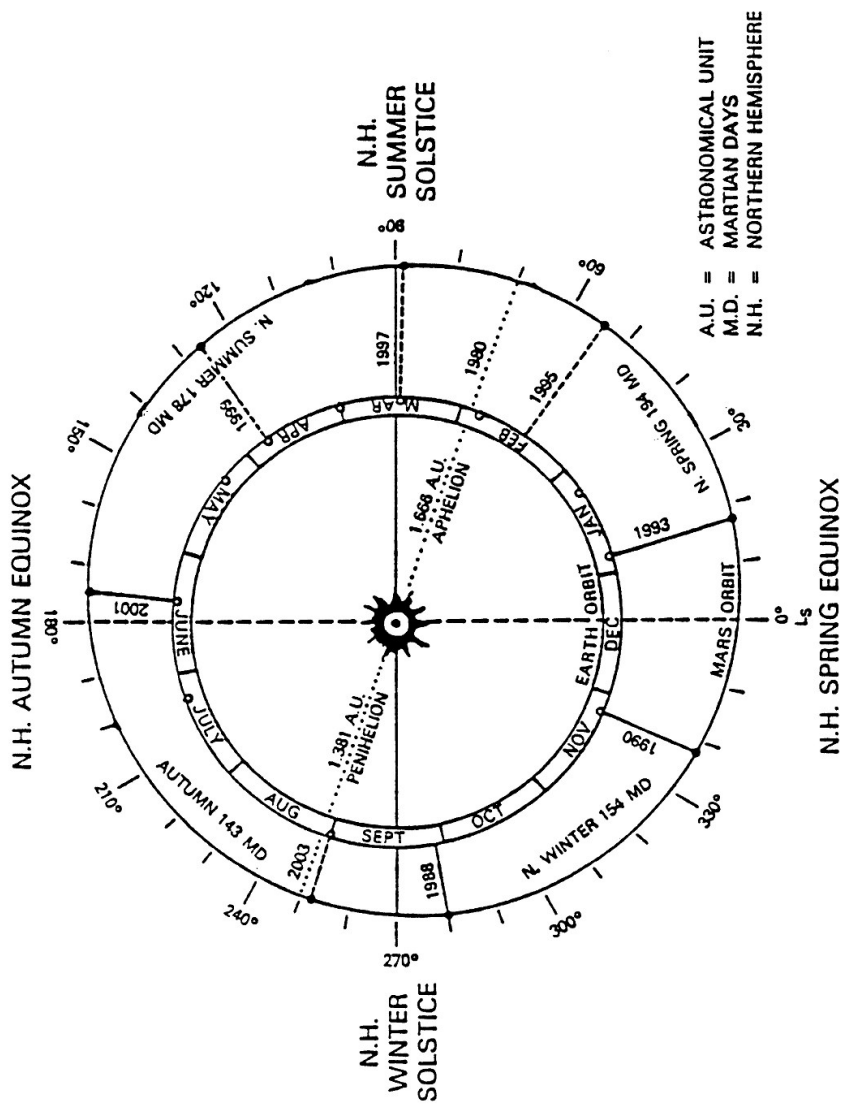
There is a very definite sense that, through my contact with the art of Austin Osman Spare, the previously unseen spirit world has become tangible and palpable, more reachable and more real.

Powerful stuff indeed.

John Balance



[Originally appeared in "Austin Osman Spare: Artist - Occultist - Sensualist: Collected Essays".
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Bee Stings

(Jhonn Balance)

Don't believe AE
See for yourself the summer fields
See for yourself the summer fields
Before the tractor comes and wakes you
Before the cereal is sown

Walk along on your own
Don't believe the guidebooks
See the glimmer on a wet stone surface

Be an idiot
Be yourself

Drink the dew
Drink the dew

Don't believe AE
See for yourself the summer fields
Seek the advice of the summer fields
Before the tractor comes and wakes you
Before the cereal is sown

Walk along on your own
Don't believe the guidebooks
See the glimmer on a wet stone surface

Be an idiot
Be yourself

Drink the dew
Drink the dew

[The 1st and 5th verses make reference to the Irish writer and mystic George Russell (1867-1935) aka AE or AeonEnglish. As this track is part of the "Moon's Milk" series of EP releases it's fitting that, when taken as one word, Beestings (known as Colostrum) is a form of milk produced by the mammary glands of mammals (including humans) during pregnancy. Most species will generate colostrum just prior to giving birth, it containing antibodies to protect the newborn against disease]

Glowworms / Waveforms

(Jhonn Balance)

Waveform, variant, monolith, mask

Reflection, hat, tree-stump, bin

Where's the bells?

Where's the bells?

Where's the bats?

Where's the summer?

Where's the keyboard?

Where's the instinct?

Where's the patience?

Where's the tiny golden books?

Where's the notepad?

Where's the ink and milk?

Where's the woodwork?

Where's the science?

Where's the diet?

Where's the incoming amount?

Where's the artifact?

Where's the post-man?

Where's the chance again?

Where's the old coins?

Where's the syllabus?

Where's the red door?

Where's the martyr?

Where's my mother?

Where's my breakfast?

Where's my punchbag?

Where's my cornfield?

Where's the waveform?

Where's my breeding-ground?
Where's my paintbrush?
Where's my horse head?
Where's my symmetry?
Where's my torso?
Where's my manual?
Where's my drum?
Where's my bone?
Where's my bum?
Where's my bum?
Where's my summertime?
Where's my footstep?
Where's my chequer?
Where's my idiot?
Where's my waveform?
Where's my hat?
Where's my footwear?
Where's my footwear?
Where's my eyelash?
Where's my tongue?
Where's my bum?
Where's my bum?
Where's my mirror?
Where's the bells?
Where's the bells?
Where's the bells?
Where's my phone call?
Where's my phone call?
Where's my summertime?
Where's my summertime?

Summer Substructures

(Jhonn Balance)

We're going under
We're going under
By the water (river)

We're sold inside
We're going so near
We are soul song
We are soul
We are sol-di-ers
We're soldiers of my soul

Low, on storms the high unroll

There's someone in, in my whole
Dreams high on the water

The light beats even faster
Than it may seem in me
The roaring is in me

Come into me

Over the waves we go
Over the lazy haze we go

I'll lay by the water
On the water's edge
Oh, thy walk there
I know

A Warning From The Sun (For Fritz)

(Jhonn Balance)

The sun is coming
The sun is coming
The dragon flies
The dragon flies

His breath will drown
His breath will drown
This world with astral fire

The sun is coming
The sun is coming
The dragon flies
The dragon flies

His breath will drown
This world
With astral fire

The sun is coming
The sun is coming
The dragon flies

His breath will drown
This world with astral fire
This world with astral fire

[Fritz, the subject of the song's dedication, was a friend of Jhonn Balance who had committed suicide in May 1998, this song written soon after in eulogy]

Rosa Decidua

(Jhonn Balance)

Rose

I hear your voice sing near to me
I've put away the poisoned chalice (for now)
And lie down amongst the flowerbeds

Whichever stars we walk among
We both seek out the darkest red
The wine was turned to blood again
Without this blood we'd both be dead

I've wound myself tight into the hedgerows
Let's see which way the winter wind blows...

(You are my shadow
...My desperate need

Time has passed
Nothing will last...

You are mine
And you know)



The Auto-Asphyxiating Hierophant

(Jhonn Balance)

A concentration of disasters
Our words not properly fixed
We fall or fixate

Is this the threshold?
Is this the threshold?

Fixed in a thousand voices
Blended and descended
Indestructible and definite us
It's only zero charges electricity
In love with a similar assistance

No action without, it seems, inaction
Making noise to cope with this pain
I happen to be in contempt of laws for awful

It was logical but fatal
Once more the fortress of pure numbers
In confusion with a false moon

It will fall soon
It will fall soon
It will fall soon

The white magic of the moon
Is the black magic of the Earth
Spice, it makes welts on my nerves
To what extent have we deceived ourselves
As to the damage?

Being misled
Mistaken by instinct
Ice temples crackle
Like the capital in the rain

And my eyes vibrate at a catgut rate
Stagger into the streets bearing after the blood-red number
The flag banner
Stutter and stammer

Nothing will ever be the same
Nothing will ever be the same
Nothing will ever be the same

Amethyst Deceivers / The Last Amethyst Deceiver

(Jhonn Balance)

Amethyst deceivers
Amethyst deceivers
Amethyst deceivers

Pay your respects to the vultures
For they are your future

Our fathers and mothers
Have failed to release us
Into the welcoming arms
Of the amethyst deceivers

Amethyst deceivers
Amethyst deceivers
Amethyst deceivers

...

*Pay your respects to the vultures
For they are your future*

*Our fathers and mothers have
Our fathers and mothers have
They have failed to release us
They have failed to release us
They have failed to release us
Into the welcoming arms (repeated)
Of the amethyst deceivers*

*So pay your respects
So pay your respects
Pay your respects to the vultures **

*And to the crows (and to the carrion crows)
And to the ravens (those graven ravens)
And to the carrion crows
And to the rooks
And to the rooks
And to the vultures
And to the vultures
And to the vultures*

*Pay your respects to the vultures
For they are our future [repeated]
For they are your future*

*Our fathers and mothers have
Our fathers and mothers have
Our fathers and mothers have
They have failed to release us
Into the welcoming arms
Into the welcoming arms
Into the welcoming arms
Of the amethyst
Of the amethyst*

*The little mushrooms
Those little mushrooms*

*Welcoming arms
Of the amethyst
Of the amethyst
Of the amethyst deceivers**

[* Taken from live versions of the original song, especially the live vocals which eventually appeared on Coil's "Ape of Naples" album (2005)]

A White Rainbow

(Jhonn Balance)

A white rainbow
(a roaring aura)
Under an unquiet skull
(A tremulous column of air, hanging there)

Moon's Milk spills from my unquiet skull
And forms a white rainbow
(a psychosis, a roaring aura)

Aurora borealis
A white rainbow
A lunar ascension, a solar declension
A tremulous column of air hanging there

A bleached beach, a psychosis
(laughing like skeletons clattering at midday)

Feel the moon's pull
Feel the moon's pull

And Moon's Milk spills from my unquiet skull
A white rainbow, inverted vertigo

A psychosis
(Moon's Milk spills)
And overhead, overhead
(feel the moon's pull)

A tremulous column of air, hanging there
(a white rainbow)

Laughing like skeletons clattering at midday
And overhead, a white rainbow

Under an unquiet skull, under an unquiet skull
Feel the moon's pull

A white rainbow

North

(Jhonn Balance)

This black dog has no owner...

This black dog has no odour...



Magnetic North

(Jhonn Balance / Dr. Jonn Mumford)

Heaviness, heaviness

Blue sapphire six-pointed star
Blue sapphire six-pointed star
Deep ruby-red inverted pyramid
Deep ruby-red inverted pyramid

And red rose fill the skull
Red rose filling the skull
Red rose filling the skull

Yellow cube in the lower pelvis
Yellow cube, yellow cube

Silver moon crescent below the navel

Red ruby inverted pyramid

White-winged globe defines the forehead
White-winged globe defines the forehead
Between the eyes
Between the eyes

Black oval egg occupying the throat
Black egg within the throat

And red rose filling the skull
Red rose filling the skull
Heaviness, heaviness

Blue sapphire six-pointed star



Deep ruby-red inverted pyramid
Deep ruby-red inverted pyramid

And red rose fill the skull
Red rose filling the skull
Red rose filling the skull

Yellow cube in the lower pelvis
Yellow cube, yellow cube

Silver moon crescent below the navel

Red ruby inverted pyramid

White-winged globe defines the forehead
White-winged globe defines the forehead
Between the eyes
Between the eyes

Black over back occupying the throat
Black egg within the throat

And red rose filling the skull
Red rose filling the skull

Heaviness, heaviness

[The lyrical source, Mumford's "Psychosomatic Yoga/A Chakra & Kundalini Workbook", 1962, concerns a method of Yoga Nidra Recording, the COIL track essentially to be played back to bring a state of drifting awareness for rejuvenation, using phrases of both 'ascending' and 'descending' qualities]

Christmas Is Now Drawing Near

(Trad.)

Christmas is now drawing near at hand
Come serve the Lord and be at His command
And God a portion for you will provide
And give a blessing to your soul besides

Down in the garden where flowers grow in ranks
Down on your bended knees and give the Lord thanks
Down on your knees and pray both night and day
Leave off your sins and live upright I pray

So proud and lofty is some sort of sin
Which many take delight and pleasure in
Whose conversation God doth much dislike
And yet He shakes His sword before He strikes

So proud and lofty do some people go
Dressing themselves like players in the show
They patch and paint and dress with idle stuff
As if God had not made them fine enough

Even little children learn to curse and swear
And can't rehearse one word of godly prayer
Oh teach them better, oh teach them to rely
On Christ, the sinner's friend, who reigns on high

[a popular 16th Century Winter folk song, "Christmas is Now Drawing Near at Hand" was traditionally sung by beggars, travellers and the 'roaming folk' of England towards Christmas time over the centuries]

The Snow Man

(Jhonn Balance for Rosa Mundi / Howard Blake)

We're walking in the air
We're floating in a moonlit sky
The people far below
Are sleeping as we fly

I'm holding very tight
I'm riding in the midnight blue
I'm finding I can fly
So high above with you

All across the world
The villages go by like dreams
The rivers and the hills
The forests and the streams



The Sea Priestess (Prescription Version)

(Jhonn Balance / Aleister Crowley)

On the sea coast of Tibet
Egyptian Aztecs are arriving from Norway
They've been varnishing the woodwork for forty-four centuries
Nature is naked, acrobats bathed in blood
There's a beast of prey on the threshold of pleasure
And a giantess, Sea Priestess, beckoning the passers-by;
"Do not lose sight of the sea"

After washing myself in a bath of blood, I held breakfast with the Sea Priestess
Her sibilant esses are escaping gas from the sea floor
The sea priestess lays on a bed of nails
Twenty-seven lead soldiers at her head
The Sea Priestess is escaping gas
The grass grows iss turned to gas
Gas fired from a gun, herbal hydrogen
If it goes any faster there'll be an astral disaster
If it goes any faster there'll be an astral disaster

We spent the rest of the time
Pissing out tiny diamonds
Passing the time wondering
Whether we should walk down the same path
That had introduced us to the valley the day before

I was woken three times in the night
And asked to watch whales listening for earthquakes at sea
I had never seen such a strange sight before
Somehow I think that soft verges of insanity
And the hard shoulders of reality
Point past signs here

It's probably a lack of poor visibility
Something special in the esses
That the rocks and the seashore make

The men here are desiccated like mummies
Been out in the sun for thousands of years walking along
The women stuff themselves full of collagen
And other animal remains
I don't think we'll stay here long
As soon as the ships have been rebuilt
We'll be out of here into the sun

Our ship was wrecked on the seacoast of Tibet
The first thing we saw were several Egyptian Aztecs arriving from Norway
Here all nature is naked
We watch acrobats bathing themselves in blood
And over the doorway there's a beast of prey
On the threshold of pleasure

And a giantess, Sea Priestess, beckoning the passers-by
She implores them; "Do not lose sight of the sea."

She hisses; "Do not lose sight to the sea."

[This early version of the song is included here due to some different emphasis on character and phrasing, with the main character bathing in blood before eating with the Sea Priestess who, this time, hisses her warning to passers-by]



The Sea Priestess

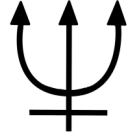
(Jhonn Balance / Aleister Crowley)

On the sea coast of Tibet
Egyptian Aztecs are arriving from Norway
They've been varnishing the woodwork for forty-three centuries
Here, Nature is naked, her acrobats bathed in blood
There's a beast of prey on the threshold of pleasure
And the giantess, Sea Priestess, beckons the passers-by
"Do not lose sight of the sea. Do not lose sight to the sea."
Her wizened mouthpiece whistles with silver fishes
Swirls of spider-crabs crackle like Wimshurst mechanicals
All around her, jellies are diaphanous

After washing myself clean, I had breakfast with the sea priestess
Her sibilant esses are escaping gas from the sea floor
The sea priestess lays on a bed of nails
Twenty-seven lead soldiers at her head
The sea priestess is escaping gas
The grass that grows is turned to gas
Gas fired from a gun, herbal hydrogen
If it goes any faster there'll be an astral disaster
If it goes any faster there'll be an astral disaster

We spent the rest of time
With furious faking of dreaming
Pissing out tiny diamonds
And passing the time wondering
Whether we should walk down the same path
That had introduced us to the valley the day before

I was woken three times in the night
And asked to watch whales listening for earthquakes in the sea
I had never seen such a strange sight before
Somehow I think that the soft verges of insanity
And the hard shoulders of reality
Point past signs posted in the past sea



It's probably a lack of poor visibility
And something special in the sand
And the essence of the rocks on the seashore make

The men here are desiccated like mummies
Been out in the sun for thousands of years
Walking along
The women stuff themselves full of collagen
And other animal remains
I don't think we'll stay here long
As soon as the ships have been rebuilt, we'll be out of here
Into the sun

Our ship was wrecked on the sea coast of Tibet
The first thing we saw were several Egyptian Aztecs arriving from Norway
Here all nature is naked
We watch acrobats bathing themselves in blood
And over the doorway is a beast of prey
Straddled on the threshold of pleasure

And a giantess, sea priestess, beckoning the passers-by
She implores them, "Do not lose sight of the sea."

She says, "Do not lose sight to the sea."

[The lyrics are largely adapted from Aleister Crowley's descriptions of the wall murals he had painted in 'The Room Of Nightmares' in his Abbey Of Thelema, which he founded in 1920 in Sicily]

I Don't Want To Be The One (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

I don't want to be the one
When everyone has gone
When everyone is gone
I don't want to be the one
I don't want to be the one

*I don't want to be the one
To open up this wound
To put my head inside
To find out you're alive
To find out you are gone
I don't want to be the one*

I don't want to be the one
To see so far ahead
I have to live life looking back
To see the skies turn red

I don't want to be the one
To play this dangerous game
To find out why they came

I don't want to be the one
When everyone has gone
When everyone is gone
I don't want to be the one
I don't want to be the one
I don't want to be the one

[italicised verse taken from the early 'Prescription' version of the song, with its intriguing nod to the lyrics of Coil's "Circles of Mania"]

MÜ-ÜR

(Jhonn Balance)

Ma, ma-ma
Ma-ma, what can you see?

The miraculous image of sound washed ashore
Hurts me to see

Murderous pa-pa
Chocolate ca-ca
Desolate ma-ma
You are urgent messages

Ma-ma
Open your mouth and let the gold coins fall
It's the sail of the century
It's the sail of the century
Run lady run

We can feel the rain coming
We feel like babies in the brine
We feel like babies in the brine
We feel like babies in the brine

Ma-ma
Murderous chocolate

God saved me from drowning
Then kicked me to death on the beach

What's hit is history
What's missed is mystery
And the miraculous image of sound washed ashore

Ma-ma, what can you see?
Ma-ma, what can you see?



Grief

(Jhonn Balance for Tactile / William H. Hodgson)

Fierce hunger reigns within my breast,
I had not dreamt that this whole world,
Crushed in the hand of God, could yield
Such bitter essence of unrest,
Such pain as Sorrow now hath hurled
Out of its dreadful heart, unsealed!

Each sobbing breath is but a cry,
My heart-strokes knells of agony,
And my whole brain has but one thought
That nevermore through life shall I
(Save in the ache of memory)
Touch hands with thee, who now art naught!

Through the whole void of night I search,
So dumbly crying out to thee;
But thou are not; and night's vast throne
Becomes an all stupendous church
With star-bells knelling unto me
Who in all space am most alone!

An hungered, to the shore I creep,
Perchance some comfort waits on me
From the old Sea's eternal heart;
But lo! from all the solemn deep,
Far voices out of mystery
Seem questioning why we are apart!

Where'er I go I am alone
Who once, through thee, had all the world.
My breast is one whole raging pain
For that which was, and now is flown
Into the Blank where life is hurled
Where all is not, nor is again!

[A poem by English writer William Hope Hodgson (1877-1918), who explored cosmic, occult and horror themes in his works - especially horrors associated with the sea]

Are You Shivering?

(Jhonn Balance)

Brrr-rr-rrr-rr-rrr

Are you shivering? Are you cold?
Are you bathed in silver or drowned in gold?
This dream's a vitality
With filaments as fine as a spider's web
Pour through your mouth
They pour through your mouth

O river of silver, O river of flowers
I lie down and shiver in your silver river
Out drips the last drop of this vital fluid

Our life has grown weary
The stars have grown old
Are you still shivering?
Are you still cold?

Are you loathsome tonight?
Does your madness shine bright?
Are you loathsome tonight?

In the oceans of the moon
Swimming squid-like and squalid
This bright moon is a liquid
The dark earth is a solid

This is moon music
In the light of the moon

Red Birds Will Fly Out Of The East And Destroy Paris In A Night

(Jhonn Balance)

The night was long
That Nostradamus got dragged into
Got dragged into a dream-like mix
Of visions
Of visions of a naughty naughty town

What we need to understand
Is that the event
Referred to “red birds”

Care-care-care-careful
Care-care-care-careful
Careful
Careful-ful-ful

Care-care-care-care
Care-care-care-careful

[A decipher of Balance’s distorted vocals about the French apothecary Michel de Nostradamus (aka Nostradamus, 1503-1566). Musically, the track is arguably a cover version of sections of Tangerine Dream’s “Rubycon” Parts 1 & 2 (1975)]



Red Queen

(Jhonn Balance)

[distorted version of first verse]

Now you've absorbed it into your system
Now that you've allowed it to be true
Now that you've neutralised it, made it safe, made it yours
Now that you've been photographed, recorded
What are you gonna do?
What are you gonna do?

Is it so unsafe when you are
Insecure in the space where you are?
Is it so, really so
Is it more real?
Is it more yours?
Is it more yours?
Is it more real, for you
Than it is for him or me?

And the people who perceive it
Repeat it, distort it, improve it, update it
Slightly change it
And these people believe it
And write it all up for you

And is it more real?
And is it more real?

Does it make it more yours,
Now you're recorded as having said it?

And being seen and done it
People have been seen to take notice
So empty

Is it so awful to be seen to feel and fail?
Overheard and noted to authenticate his story
An unsafe male trait
You know what they say
That empty vessels ring true, like bells
Make the most noise
The ink is still wet
In this case, the medium is not

Is it so unsafe when you are
Insecure in the space where you are?
Is it so, really so, unsafe you can't let - let go?
Is it so unsafe when you are
Insecure in the space where you are?

What are you going to do if they don't believe you?
What are you going to do if they don't believe you?
What are you gonna do?

What are you going to do if they don't believe you?
[repeated]

[This song title could make reference to the recurring Queen of Diamonds motif from Richard Condon's 1959 "The Manchurian Candidate" novel and subsequent films, a motif which is a public trigger for acts committed by brainwashing within that fictional world. For Balance's word on the lyrics themselves, see the *Track-by-Track* article]

Broccoli (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

Wise words from the departing;
Eat your greens, especially broccoli
Remember to say "thank you" for the things you haven't had
By working the soil we cultivate the sky
We embrace the vegetable kingdom

The death of your father
The death of your mother
Is something you prepare for
All your life
All their life

Wise words from the departing
The death of the mother and the death of the father
Is something you prepare for, for all of their life
for all of your life

[repeat of core verse with following line variations]

Wear sensible shoes and always say "thank you"

Especially for the things you never had

And enter the vegetable kingdom of our own heaven

By working the soil we cultivate good manners

Is to say "please" and "thank you"

Especially for the things you never had

And always say "thank you"

Especially for broccoli

*By working the soil you cultivate heaven
You cultivate the sky
And enter a vegetable kingdom of your own making
You enter a vegetable kingdom of your own making
(of your own making)*

*By working the soil you'll enter heaven
By working the soil you'll dig your way to heaven*

*You'll dig your way to heaven
You'll dig your way to heaven*

*Dig your way to heaven
Dig your way to heaven*

[Italicised lines taken from live version performed in London, 25th July 2004]



Strange Birds

(Jhonn Balance)

One day your eggs
Are going to hatch

And some very strange birds
Are going to emerge



The Dreamer Is Still Asleep

(Jhonn Balance)

Hush - may I ask you all for silence?
The Dreamer is still asleep
May the Goddess keep us from single vision
And Newton's sleep

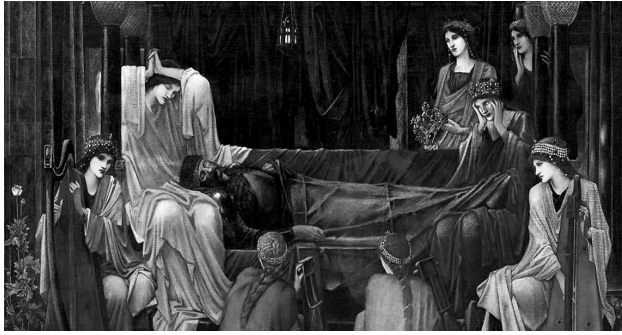
The Dreamer is still asleep
The Dreamer is still asleep
He's inventing landscapes in their magnetic field
Working out a means of escape
We'll cut across the crop circles

The seer says "no
Not much time left for these escape attempts
Look at it this way
In ten years' time who'll care?
Who'll even remember?"
One dies like that, deep within it
Almost inside it
It's there for a reason

I'll give you my old address
And take that little book
To tear and cut the paper

The beginning is also the end
Time defines it, time defines it
It will end
Like close friendship
Nothing could be further
We forget the space between people and things is empty
We forget, and don't notice the loss

Crossing into venerable degeneration
Such radiant pollution



The God With the Silver Hand surveys this vast contamination
The Dreamer is still dreaming
The Dreamer is still dreaming

In the heart of your heart your eye remains
Is that hurt *you*? Is that blister you call *loveless*?
Your whole life is a cold slow shock
Your whole life is a cold slow shock

Take all your time
Track the shabby shadow down
Through hissy mists of history

The Dreamer is still dreaming
The Dreamer is still dreaming

Hush - may I ask you all for silence?
Will he wake in time to catch the sunset?
Hush - may I ask you all for silent?
May I ask you all for silence?

[Two lines of lyrics were taken from a letter to Thomas Butts (Nov. 22, 1802) by William Blake, which included the following conclusion to a untitled poem included in the letter; "*Now I a fourfold vision see, And a fourfold vision is given to me; Tis fourfold in my supreme delight, And threefold in soft Beulah's night, And twofold Always. May God us keep, From Single vision & Newton's sleep.*"]

Musick To Play In The Dark; Track-by-Track

(Jhonn Balance)



"Are You Shivering?"

A very old title finally realised. The juddery vocal loop shaped the track. On MDMA we would ask if each other were shivering, as pure doses can make the teeth chatter and the eyesight vibrate.

"Red Birds Will Fly Out Of The East And Destroy Paris In A Night"

This is 90% Thighpaulsandra's, made to order from a brief from me. The title refers to a prophecy by Nostradamus that this will happen (in July this year - I reckon about the 18th). Is it literal or symbolic? I'm certainly not going there this Month. Red Bird...soviet planes...flamingos? It is a SH101 and modular synth called a Fenix, mostly. With overdubs of vocals by Balance.

"Red Queen"

This is about the phenomena that I see in media-based people that if you say something three times then, like the Red Queen in Lewis Carroll's books, it becomes true (or perceived as true). The original source is lost in translation. I hate HIS-STORY. The lies on the page. In print. There is NO truth anywhere. See Charles Manson (again) for true vision reTRUTH. This was in the works when John Everall phoned up and it clicked into this embittered, world-weary vocal take. We were discussing the appearance of the Giant Red Spiders that had been plaguing us both from out the corner of our eyes. A fact. And talking about where they might be originating. Arachnoid subspace? Lovecraftian dementia-dimensions? This is based on the experiences I have had with an old Royalty-fixated old Queen I once new. Viva La Revoltion...revolution. Off with her head! She's off her head anyway. Two red tracks, hmmmm.

"Broccoli"

Most personal track. It's dedicated to the poet Jeremy Reed. My good friend who is writing a book on COIL, at leisure, over the next two years. He wrote "The Last Star", an appreciation of Marc Almond on Creation Press. Sleazy on vocals. This is about greens and ancestor worship as revealed to me through spirit discourse with Austin Spare and my grandad (deceased).

My lyrics. I always want Peter to sing on stuff. I like writing lyrics for him. Nb. the track we did for Ivan Pavlov's recent EP. Ivan, what's the details? Broccoli hold subatomic secrets in its structure. Maybe Man's salvation. Cures you on the urge to sprout cancers, esp. bowels, etc. Eat as much organic broccoli as you can, people. We recommend it. The brassica family are all helpers of mankind. Be kind to your vegetables. Write to me if you want details of how to adopt and sponsor rare varieties of vegetables.

"Strange Birds"

"One day your eggs will hatch and some very strange birds are going to emerge." Birds and their song fascinates me. I guessed they were dinosaurs when I was a kid. They've never fooled me. I once regressed to BIRD MIND and only squawked and chirruped for three worrying days. I was away with the birds. I found this quote somewhere. It could be from anywhere, as with my lyric on Backwards. Max Ernst's Loplop bird teacher makes more sense to me now. I used to be terrified that a bird's wing would slice open my eye.



"He Did What He Wanted" [detail]

Yves Tanguy. 1927. MoMA.



"FOR YVES TANGUY"

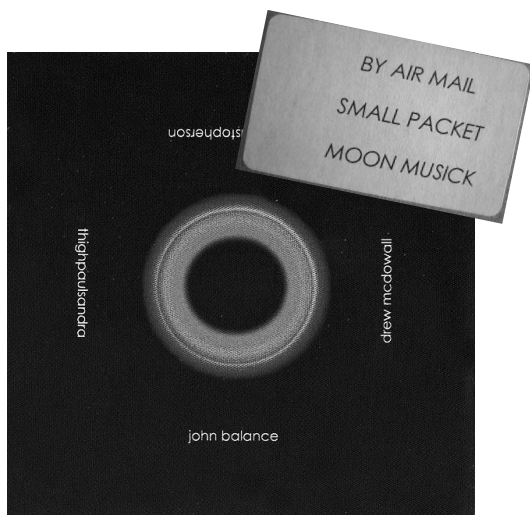
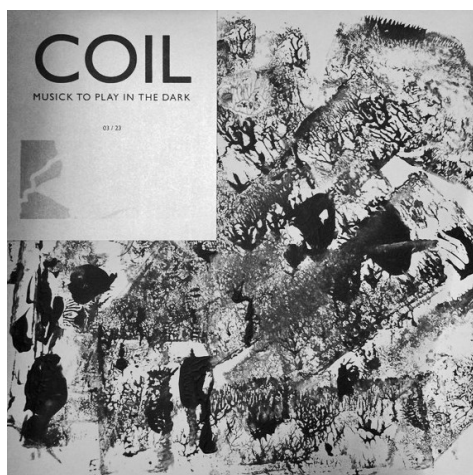
[Side A runoff Groove Message for translucent white LP Edition]

"The Dreamer Is still Asleep"

Dense lyrics written from where I sleep, looking out to see/sea. Rural musings. See "Dream Photography". It's partly about William Blake and Samuel Palmer. Visionary ruralists. Also I lucid dream a lot and it's about the layers of reality, awake and asleep, and how the two feed into each other.

This was all recorded in our new studio. Which we want a name for!!! Does anyone have suggestions? Please. "Slut's Hole" was the old one, as it was a real lane near to our old house. There are unfortunately few, if any, sluts around the new one.

We used the Optigan for some of the old-sounding rhythm loops as well as old drum machines. Thighpaulsandra played keyboards on "Red Queen". Drew gave us a great source of very deeply tweaked granular synthesis material. The clicks are meant to represent the digital equivalent of the fire crackling. I meant to write a whole load of sleeve notes about the idea of "Musick To Play In The Dark". I will write it and hopefully can put it up on the website soon. Or it may be sleeve notes for Volume Two, which will be out in January 2000.



This Is Moon Musick. COIL are creating lunar consciousness musick for the foreseeable future. It goes against previous magickal currents we have invoked. We are letting things in we shut out before. The feminine. The tidal. The cyclical. And so on.

And we are collaborating with star-shaped individuals in society.

LOVE,

John Balance

Edge Of Avalon 7:7:99 ev

[Written in the Summer of 1999 with the intention of it being included either as sleeve notes, and/or as part of the microsite originally at www.brainwashed.com/coil/moonmusic.html]

Broken Aura

(Jhonn Balance)

As I fell into the water
I slipped and broke my aura
As I fell into the water
I slipped and broke my aura
As I fell into the water
I slipped and broke my aura
As I fell into the water

Are you asleep? (Yes)
Are you asleep?

I slipped and broke my aura

Are you asleep? (No)
Are you asleep? (Yes)

As I fell into the water
...Are you asleep?
I slipped and broke my aura
Are you asleeeeeeep? (Yes)

As I fell into the water
As I fell into the water
I slipped and broke my aura
As I fell into the water
I slipped and broke my aura
I slipped and broke my aura
As I fell into the water
I slipped and broke my aura

[played forwards & backwards]

It's going to rain
It's going to rain
It's going to rain

Queens Of The Circulating Library

(Jhonn Balance)

I am the Queen of the Circulating Library
I have declared an amnesty
All books may be returned without a penalty
Return the books to me

Return the books
Don't burn the books
You cut down the trees to make paper disease

It's in the trees; it's coming

Return the book of knowledge
Return the marble index
File under "Paradox"

The forest is a college
Each tree a university

I am the Queen of the circulated library
I'm here to answer your enquiry

All knowledge resides within me

Your membership has expired
You are way past expiry dates

Words, words, words, words!
You may as well listen to the birds

[Vocals by Dorothy Lewis, Thighpaulsandra's mother. The line "It's in the trees, it's coming" is lifted from the British occult horror film "Night of the Demon" (1957)]

Silence Is Golden

(Jhonn Balance for CoH)

Om, er, ss-ss

Om, er, ss-ss

Don't forget to say your prayers
Kneeling by the bed
See the twinkling stars through the window
From where I'm standing I can see the same stars

Is that twinkling star as lonely as I am?
Daddy loves you
But he can't love what he can't have

I'll wrap my last kiss in a bandage
I send you this message
My love is endless

Now close your eyes and send you off
The shining moon will sing you to sleep
Go to the moon and drift forever
On the sea of stars that's heavens' deep

Whisper goodnight forever
Whisper forever goodnight
A bright star at the end of the tunnel
An exit
A kindness so bright

Om, er, ss-ss

Om, er, ss-ss

Om, er, ss-ss

You are fixed
I am transient
As permanent as pain
I'll leave enough to last a lifetime

You won't see my kind again

Om, er, ss-ss

Om, er, ss-ss

In the centre of the silence
On a silver ball of calm
I can drown you in my sorrows
I could keep you safe from harm

The silence is silver
Your child's crown is gold
My arms around you
You'll never grow old



Tudor Fruits

(Jhonn Balance for Thighpaulsandra)

Addressing; remove; function;...in defence; arm brightener; instrument; folate;
appointment; scar shudder; re-routing; engorgement; crane; neck brace;
Ambrudinard; Jewish queen.

Some distance
Cold compress
Oral fixation
Azimuth
Fern green
Encaustic
Torpor
Whalebone
Pelican
Cretinous
Blemish
Dislocate [cough]

Contributing
Impact
Section

Azimuth
Some distance
Cold compress
Oral fixation

Contributing
Impact
Section

Belittle

Section
Closure

Black Nurse

(Jhonn Balance for Thighpaulsandra)

He is so not soiled
His fingernails are dry
Forged black nurse
And tending an office on high

Marked for death
In the glub of clubs
He comes unbroken with a message from above

Fun, you're in Zambia
Fine, you're in Zambia
Turn, you're in Zambia
Fuck, you're in Zambia

The clasp is broken
The headlights receding
The word unspoken
He's under-dreaming

Points is zero
Blessed by one
Walk on past the church of the Nazarenes
To the Pikinees guns, saying

Fun, you're in Zambia
Fine, you're in Zambia
Fun, you're in Zambia
Fine, you're in Zambia

[A possible focus of the song is Frederick Chiluba, President of Zambia between 1991-2002; a "fervent born-again Christian" steeped in allegations of corruption, governing over Zambia's poor human rights record and corrupt police force; On August 2nd 1999 26 year old Violet Tembo died after being tortured by police officers at Lusaka. She was eight months pregnant. In March 1999 six journalists were detained for publishing a story criticising Zambia's military capability. All reporters were later charged with "espionage" whilst the war in the Democratic Republic of Congo rumbled on]

Optical Black

(Jhonn Balance for Thighpaulsandra)

Er, om, yeah, er

[a rapid reading of a long stream-of-consciousness text, largely indecipherable]

...Final thoughts
Each deeper feeling
Thoughts and frustrations
Form at the fore
Emersed into an urgency of emotions

Old man
Seedy man
Seen him there
He comes again

You're own teeth, you're own teeth
You're own teeth
In a line would make diamonds

A horse's head in a library of foals

I've been observing objects, non-deserving objects
I've spent thirty years in this
The hungry are the hungry

The signs are in the sea
The symbolic are in the hands of the receivers
In the eyes of the believers
We hear every word we hear
We believe what we hear

The code is not cracked
The code is not crawling
My heart is a bird
A spread heart, sprawling heart
There is a hole in my heart where the sun shines in
We've all been asleep and we should've been

A whimpering sadness of a betrayed friend
...Align the animal's soul
This selfish soul has spiked the heart
The heart; the cortex
The cortex sets in motion

We are viral, base
We are basic, just like slaves behaviour

Talons of teeth of fear
Eat your own teeth
Eat your own teeth
The teeth, eat eat eat

Numbness is next to Godliness

Base, basic spinal chord
Column-linked temple
Each day is vital to pass into motion
Each dream and feeling
Expression of person
The externalised vision
Thoughts and frustration
Form out of thought
(The lot from Germany once)

A notion into an ocean
A sea of emotion
The tide's too strong
And I'm drowning, I'm drowning
Cross-current is pulling me out to the rocks of heartbreak
Drowning in a sea, a sea of swimming sexual...

No sense of direction

No raft

No laughing

No laughing

No laughing

No lifeboat

Invisible split

An infinity of open sewers

A vision of the piper's purpose

Mucous; sub-atomic passage

That goes through the flow of the channel

Chemical temple

There is no final vision

No kingdom

No door

No final altar

An expensive formality

A question of disposal

A psychic ruin removal

Chemical temple = Flesh Church

Sweat like a stallion

Jesus; "it's not painful, but dull

And it is so obvious, inevitable"

Rose like star students

Live like sick soldiers, pox soldiers

A charm around my neck which is choking

But I can't answer, no answer, you forgot the question

Fouled

(Jhonn Balance for Thighpaulsandra)

The hand shadow
The piece of porcelain

The wording of the reigns
I'm bowed by you
Be this damned other truth

I am floating eternally
Accusing, the fires await
Just a little bit drowsy

Shadow returns beyond teenage obsession

The sea of permanence
Delirious dimension
The taking and waking of hidden obsession
And...

There's only one thing worse that I think could have happened
(cough)

The pillow is cursed, the pillow is cursed
The bed's a (bloody) mess, the bed's a mess

I curse the stains you caused me to leak out of my body
I have found myself fouled
Fouled and fooled by you
Suckered

You fouled invented Harrigan
You fouled invented Harrigan
You fouled invented Harrigan man

Now get out of my garden
Now, please
Get out of the garden now

You are leaking pestilence into my garden soil
Consider you've been seen in someone else's cabbage patch
Go stray, on a date, in someone else's cabbage patch

Just you wait 'til the sun sets, Ladyfuss
Just you wait 'til the sun sets, Ladyfuss

Then we'll find out just who's behind you
In all this malicious blueprinting

We'll find out who's just behind you
In all this malicious blueprinting



[Ladyfuss (or ladyfuzz) can be a derogatory term for someone based upon a crude phrase for female genitalia. Harrigan is the name of Brian Cox's ephebophile character in the early 2001 film L.I.E.]

Something (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

something
Something
Something
Something
Something
Something

I know why the birdcage sings
Its wrapped its song
Around everything

Io Pan, Io Pan, Io Pan

The woods are alive with the smell of his coming
The woods are alive with the smell of his coming
The woods are alive with the smell of his coming

Io Pan, Io Pan, Io Pan

I know why the birdcage sings
Its wrapped its song
Around everything

Io Pan, Io Pan, Io Pan
[repeated]

I know why the birdcage sings
Its wrapped its song
Around everything

[Compiled from studio version and live performances in 2001, Amsterdam and New York. "Io Pan" is the frequent call to Pan in Crowley's "Hymn to Pan", featured in his "Magick in Theory and Practice"]

Tiny Golden Books

(Jhonn Balance)

Dark they were
With golden eyes
Brought golden books
From darkened skies

Every word from every world
Within was written down

They read it all aloud to us
With silver tongues of fire
That licked the sun and stars and moon

All space became a choir

Shining
Shining
Shining

Then they left without a sound
Then they left without a sound
Then they left without a sound



Ether

(Jhonn Balance)

It's either ether or the other
My mind is back to front
And sometimes absent
And slip the cup
I've taken a sip from the cup
That slips into ether

It's either ether or the other

I press my window to the glass
The glass turns to gas
I breathe out ether, a glass of ether
Ether is a thief
It's stolen my belief

Slip through the ether
We both slip through the ether
Slipstreams of memory slipping away
It's ether

Betty May and Raoul Loveday
Betty May and Raoul Loveday
Betty May and Raoul Loveday
Slip through the ether
Sip the ether
Sip the ether

Slipstreams of memories slipping away
Slipstreams of memories slipping away
Memories of Fitzrovia slipping away
Into ether
Into ether

I've changed my mind
It's what it's there for
I've changed my mind
It's what it's there for
For therefore

Full of ether
Full of ether
Full of ether
Full of ether
Full of ether

I'm going upstairs now
To take my mind off

I'm going upstairs now
To turn my mind off
To turn my mind off
To turn my mind off
To turn my mind off
To turn my mind off
To turn my mind off
To turn my mind off

[Raoul Loveday (husband of Betty May) was a student who died of acute enteric fever at Crowley's Abbey of Thelema after drinking contaminated water from a mountain spring]

Paranoid Inlay (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

Serenity is a problem
When you get this close to Heaven
But you really want to see
The wonders of the underworld
They caught Saint Peter's disease
As he rattled his keys

Serenity is a problem
Serenity is a problem
Such a paranoid inlay
Hand-painted, pain by numbers, just join the dots

Serenity is a problem
Serenity is a problem
Bloody British bulldozers
These vegetables are suicidal

It seems concussion suits you
It seems concussion suits you

Dear Diary, I must take risks
I must not be afraid of failure
What do I need to give up?
Crystalline ladders, shiny things, mirror-balls

On a clear day I can see forever
That the underworld is my oyster

...

I caught Saint Peter's disease

*Serenity is a problem for me
It really is a problem*

It seems concussion suits me

*I used to believe in mirror-balls
Television - switch the fucking evil thing off
Before it switches you off for good*

*I mustn't be afraid of people I haven't met yet
I mustn't be afraid of saying "no"
There's no question I have to answer
Ever*

Watches, clocks and telephones
[repeated]

Leading from behind
[repeated]

[Second, italicised section of variant lines taken from Coil's "Live Three"]

An Emergency

(Jhonn Balance)

And your wounds were growing
And your feast on your fear

Are you bathing in moonlight?
Are you drowning in tears?

I thought I had lost you
But I now find you here

In the darkness we share

[Chillingly, the label message on Side C of the vinyl release of “Musick To Play In The Dark²” (containing this despairing song, “Where Are You?” and “Batwings”) states; “LAST ONE OUT TURN OFF THE LIGHTS”]

Where Are You?

(Jhonn Balance)

Where are you?
Are you hiding from me?
Are you still looking for things that no-one else can see?

Where are you?
Are you in some place that we cannot reach?
Are you bathing in moonlight or drowned on the beach?

Where are you?
Are you surrounded by things we cannot penetrate?
Is the cage you love the home you also hate?

Your fear of death attracts such strange objects
Smothering you, hiding you, don't let it spoil you
Show yourself so the others may see you
So the others may feed you
They want to be near you

If you can't get enough of your hypnotic injection
Then it's time to put an end to this invalid function
Poor little ghost boy
Let me be your human toy

Where are you?
No-one's seen you for years
Have your wounds grown wings? Are you feasting on fears?

I can see your dark corona is eating into you
You're surrounded by things we cannot penetrate
Is the cage you love the home you also hate?

Life lies with the scissors inside her
The surgeon was a butcher
All of us are wounded, anaesthetised in A&E
Numbed by stuff we should not see

Each of us lies bleeding
Our rivers intermingling

Poor little ghost boy
Let me be your human toy

I'll wrap my last kiss in a bandage
I'll wrap my last kiss in a bandage
I'll wrap my last kiss in a bandage
I'll wrap my last kiss in a bandage

[From Graham Duff's 2015 essay titled "Gold Is The Metal With the Broadest Shoulders";
"By the time of his death, Balance had been battling with alcoholism for a number of
years. According to Sleazy, Balance "Spent most of those months in his last year drunk in
bed." His addiction itself would feature as the subject of a number of Coil pieces. Not in a
celebratory way, not in maudlin manner, but as another spectre to be confronted."]

Batwings (A Limnal Hymn)

(Jhonn Balance / Sir Thomas Browne)

(The key to joy is disobedience
There is no guilt
And there is no shame)

A moon-piece to fetch up the golden cup
A snow-piece to avoid the great heat of the sun
Is kept in the night and by the light of the moon

An ice-piece so as they seem forever fallen
A night-piece of the dismal supper and strange entertainment
A rare chance-piece, a handsome piece of deformity
The skin of a snake bred out of the spinal marrow of a man

With stones and illegible inscriptions found about great ruins
Pictures of three remarkable steeples, or towers
Built purposely awry, so as they seem eternally tipping and falling

A transcendent perfume made of the richest odorates
Kept in a box of translucent scale

A glass of spirits made of ethereal salt, hermetically sealed up
Kept continually in quicksilver, of so volatile a nature
That it will scarcely endure the light
And therefore only shown in winter
Or by the light of a carbuncle, or a firefly

And batwings
And batwings
And batwings sing this limnal hymn

A wideness opening and closing to keep the darkness sealed within
To keep the darkness sealed within
To keep the darkness sealed within

And batwings
And batwings
And batwings sing this limnal hymn

A wideness opening and closing to keep the darkness sealed within
To keep the darkness sealed within
To keep the darkness sealed within

To keep the darkness sealed within
A moon-piece to fetch up the golden cup

[Evocation section, spoken in Jhonn Balance's own magick language]

[Many lines adapted from Sir Thomas Browne's "Musæum Clausum" (1684)]

Health And Deficiency: Love's Septic Domain

(Jhonn Balance / Louise Weasel, for CoH)

Astral archaeologists
Electronics take a shit
Gynaecologists and priests
Very well-being their living

Take these anti-coagulants
Sterilise, cauterise and dress
My confessions in a stainless steel chair
Or a titanium chair
Or a lithium...

A shiny metal chair; do you want that?
My favourite person is who visits me
Be on your best behaviour
Yeah, I know
Yeah, I know

Dirty hospitals, dirty hospitals
Dirty hospitals, dirty hospitals
It's a terrorist's briefcase or an innocent's bomb
This place is run, it's overrun
If only by the deceased

Now I'm alone, and I have time to kill
I sit and stare at my long, long fingers
Ten inches is a monstrous size
It doesn't do to glamourise
There are rules and there are regulations

Be on your best behaviour
Yeah, I know
Yeah, I know
Yeah, I know

Dirty hospitals, dirty hospitals, hospitals
It's overrun by medical regime

And I have hypnotists and anaesthetists
It's struck dumb by vitamin deficiency
Its medicine has terrorism
Empty coagulates again
Empty coagulates again
Sugar shit and chloroforms
(I have patience - I like to have a hands-on approach to things)

Twenty-seven pills before 9 a.m. in the morning (Yellow, brown)
Then another thirty-five by nine in the evening (And occasionally red)
Three intravenous intrajections (I've used this before)
One in the thigh, two in the eye
One in the thigh, two in the eye
(I'd like to try it again)
One in the thigh, two in the eye

But I'm confused between sexual, murder, magic, and medical
Is the difference metric or imperial?
Septic, fertile, furtive, or sterile?

I take twenty-seven pills before 9 a.m. in the morning
Another thirty-five by nine in the evening
I have three intravenous intrajections a day
One in the thigh, two in the eye
One in the thigh, two in the eye...Eye!
I've got two thighs and two eyes
One in the thigh, and two in the eye

These dirty hospitals, these dirty hospitals
These dirty hospitals

I have twenty-seven pills before 9 a.m. in the morning

[Balance noted in an interview that he wouldn't want to return to the dark and wildly manic character with such lyrical content he performed on CoH collaborations like this one. Louise Weasel is a pseudonym for Balance, featured here as a feminine vocal distortion]

The Last Rites of Spring

(Jhonn Balance)

We are children, we are children
We are children, we are children of the dark sun
We are children, We are children
We are children of the black sun

We are children, we are children of the black sun
We are born, we are born, we are born under a black sun
We are children, we are children

...Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes

And William Burroughs is hallucinating in space
And William Burroughs is hallucinating in space

Are we going in space?
Are we going in space?

And William Burroughs is hallucinating in space
The animal's saliva will survive
And the animal's saliva will survive
[repeat]

And as a human race
We are going deranged
We can be arranged
And the animal's saliva will survive

The saliva will survive
And the animal's saliva will survive
Saliva will survive
And the animal's saliva will survive [repeat]

And William Burroughs is hallucinating in space
And the animal's saliva will survive
[repeat in slight variation]

[Compiled from Coil's "Live Four" and *Gdansk live performances, Autumn 2002]

Higher Beings Command

(Jhonn Balance)

Higher beings command
Their powers to the ground

Higher beings command
Their powers to the ground

Higher beings command
Their powers to the ground

To madness
To madness
To madness
To madness
[repeated]

Higher beings command
Their power to the ground

[all words taken from selected live versions, Europe 2001, especially from Coil's "Live Two", which blurs this song with "Something". Post-war German artist Sigmar Polke (1941-2010) created a portfolio of 14 previous drawings in 1968, the title being "...Higher Beings Command", Polke's series followed a concept of transforming everyday man-made objects (or himself) into leaves or trees. This series was followed in 1969 by his famous minimalist painting titled "Higher beings commanded: paint the top right corner black!"].]

I Am The Green Child

(Jhonn Balance)

I am your creation
I remember creation
I am your creation
I remember creation...

And...drank to the fire...
I am the Green Child
The vengeance divine
I am the Green Child
What's twice in thine is thrice in mine
What's twice in thine is thrice in mine

I have a deeper pain effect the drive in me
Oblivion coming from the hate
Coming from the state we're in

Occidental vomit
We're swimming in a sea of occidental vomit
We're swimming in a sea of occidental vomit
We're swimming in a sea of occidental vomit

Make a paper-cut
It's the least I could do
Splash colour, sound, oblivion
Splash colour, sound, oblivion
Splash colour, sound, oblivion

Name and shame
Driven insane
By this game of shame
I'm driven insane
By the name of...

In fifteen minutes, the future will be famous
In fifteen minutes, the future will be famous

Electrocuted by hallucinatory equipment
The vomit world
Swimming in the sewer
Swimming in the sewer
Swimming in the sewer
Swimming in the sewer

The machine started to flow into a vein
The machine started to flow into a vein

Electrocuted by hallucinatory equipment
Electrocuted by hallucinatory equipment
Electrocuted by hallucinatory equipment
Electrocuted by hallucinatory equipment
The machine started to flow into a vein
The machine started to flow into a vein

... A vengeance divine
Vengeance is mine
I am the Green Child
I am the Green Child
I am the Green Child
I am the Green Child

Colour, sound, oblivion
Colour, sound, oblivion
Colour, sound, oblivion



Tunnel of Goats V-VII

(Jhonn Balance)

The river gone, so why go on?

And the sun dissolves like an octopus

No allegiance to the hummingbirds

No reward from the sun

Hornet, wasp, or hover-firefly

Even the bee, they have their alibi

All hummingbirds must die

Do you believe in dentists?

Anaesthetists and gas?

I want to believe

It's a certainty of animals

I want to go among them

I will step across an ocean, a lagoon of fish

Fly with suicidal birds

I'm so tired of the seasons and the breeze and the river

Wasps pollinating sores

In their Altered States of American Death

Want to go under...

I want you and I need you but I can't find you

I'm allergic to disease

Christ on a bike with carpet burns keeps falling to his knees

And when I reach the station in the heaven of glass

I'll say a little prayer for you

Then I'll cut off the heads of the birds that fly

All hummingbirds must die

All hummingbirds must die

There is no wrong, so why go on?

There is no wrong, so we go on

[3 sections of an 18-section piece, section 18 includes laughter from "I Am The Green Child"]

Constant Shallowness Leads To Evil

(Jhonn Balance)

We have heard that some of you
May have read that we eat human flesh
We only do this on religious holidays

We don't eat girls
And we don't eat gold
We only drink silver
We only drink silver liquids
We only drink silver liquids

We like mushrooms
We like drugs
And we like cheese

We are decadent and we are symmetrical
We are decadent and we are symmetrical
We are decadent and we are symmetrical

[repeated]

Louder

Louder

Louder

Louder

Louder

Louder

Louder

"kill; kill / kill; kill / kill; kill / kill; kill"

There is no wrong so I go on
And the sun dissolves like an octopus
No allegiance to the hummingbirds
No warning from the sun

Hornet, wasp, or hover-firefly
Even the bees have their alibis
All hummingbirds must die

All hummingbirds must die
[repeated]

And the sun dissolves like an octopus
Do you believe in dentists, anaesthetists and gas?

I want to go under in the company of animals
[repeated]

I want to go underneath...
I'll swim across an ocean of drunken fish
Fly suicidal birds
I want to go under in the company of animals

I'm tired of the priests and the thieves and the lawyers
Cross-pollinating sores; The United States of American Death

I want you and I need you but I can't find you
Allergic to the bees

I need a killer to take my pain away
[repeated]

Christ on a bike with carpet burns
Keeps falling to his knees

No allegiance...
And when I reach the station in the heaven of glass
I'll say a little prayer for you
Then I'll cut off the heads of the doves that fly

All hummingbirds must die
[repeated]

In the company of animals I want to go under...
In the company of animals
Man is the animal

Man is the animal
[repeated]

I want to go underneath
[repeated]

Cadaver dogs, cadaver dogs
Good good cadaver dogs
[repeated]

Cadaver dogs, cadaver dogs
Dirty little cadaver dogs
[repeated]

"kill / kill / kill / kill"



[A compiled live interpretation of sections of Coil's "Constant Shallowness Leads To Evil" album, this version taken from Coil's "Live Two"]

Copal

(Jhonn Balance)

Looking upon it with a sense of dread
Facing it with a sense of dread
Gazing upon it with a sense of dread
Looking upon it with a sense of dread
Facing it with a sense of dread

Larks, carrion crows, ortolans
Turkeys, peacocks, guinea-fowl
Robin Redbreast, thrushes, swans

Edible birds uttering horrible cries
Nocturnal birds, boiled owls
Nocturnal birds, boiled owls
Edible birds uttering horrible cries

Could you swallow...
Could you even swallow a boiled owl?
Could you even swallow a boiled owl?
Could you even swallow a boiled owl?
Could you even swallow a boiled owl?

Looking upon it with a sense of dread
Gazing upon it with a sense of dread
Looking right upon it with a sense of dread

[This song was added to the "Moon's Milk (In Four Phases)" compilation in 2002, almost four years after the first "Moon's Milk" EP]

The Coppice Meat

(Jhonn Balance / Angus MacLise)

The mother tongue
Semblance to waking
Semblance to moving
Semblance to being over with
The mother tongue joining of the drum

Mutter to the dream gutter
The bar of light blinding us at the peak we wait for no longer
Such speech in search of the dead
Only one sound jumping up to thee
They have sent me in search of the dazzling dead

And their face is blurring into mist behind the hill
Only one song, crazed purpose, enactment in the land
What was granted on that first time out over the shadows
They were filling every crooked palace of my eyes' hollows
That look and lunged on that first walk out

What was spoken first was how all of this
Every least part must be supernaturally clearer
Illumined on eternal tables that shift
What was spoken on the first part about the fresh, the vivid
The hole in the vortex where worlds pierced ideas with an absolute
Embraced
And allowed themselves to exist in beauty

What was spoken from moment to moment, revolving in a clear space
without confusion
And the doors opened
The entire map appeared, plan of the whole
Worlds appearing, crashing into perfection
Like unimaginable powerful and efficient weapons
Stars consume us with longing, boulders reach for us like lovers

And we enter singing; "We have gone nowhere"
What was seen with a thousand eyes of us
At the brink of all
Suns, glory of mists, cleared from the entryways across the valley floor
And the keepers who wait at the gates of the plan
What was heard in a skeleton's brief aria of obedience
As its rainbow bones paid homage, wing-tip to wing-tip

The ones of the...magnificent, crowding to catch with tender clasp
My wisdom which never was
To transport it, with all due pomp
To a distant spot where it may revolve forever on its own delicate pivot
In a style to which it is accustomed, safe from me
Until time is no more

And every gate to the plan and every threshold of every gate
And every approach from the far places
And every cloud that hovers above the plan
Desiring wind and the gleaming sky

Where will the cries of the ecstatic iron bird find us, now that we know
And the shift has shown us, and we are walking with ourselves
Into the shaking air needing nothing
And all being has become as breath over the transfigured spaces?

Into the house of the heart on that first time
Into the plan, through the gate of the first time

Throughout the land I saw you
Whom my heart had never hoped to see
And it was all fire, as the first drops of rain fell
And the scents, sliding down the air of the million and one desires
of the unnamed god
Penetrated us, who are empty of all wisdom at last
The gate of entry was passed

And night fell over the dissonant ranges
Here, where it all began, as the ground trembles
The wraiths of what was un-god, anything before
Bestows itself prostrate before us, prepared for annihilation

Engraved on the ground where we walk is this warning;
"Everything is now destroyed
Do not seek to be anything other than this
You will be divested of every garment until none remain
What is born must become whole by annihilation
By the gates of the first time
By the glittering flight of arrows into all twilights of knowing
By the din of the waning light"

What was spoken, what was heard, what was seen
Beyond the shift

[This song was added to the "Moon's Milk (In Four Phases)" compilation in 2002, nearly four years after the first "Moon's Milk" EP. This Coil track incorporates many lines from "Description Of A Mandala" by Angus MacLise, a poem/reading from September 1976 which can be found on the 2003 MacLise compilation album "The Cloud Doctrine". From his Dreamweapon series to "Smothered Under Astral Collapse" MacLise was certainly an influence on Balance's Moon phase lyrics.]

Sick Mirrors

(Jhonn Balance)

"I glimpsed behind my shower curtain last night in my hotel and I saw a very, very heavy thing. I saw the hairy mother of God."

Remote viewing, remote viewing
Viewing from a distance
Eyes shut, eyes shut, eyes shut
Shutters in the way, shutters in the way
Visiting people far away

Something-ah, something-ah
Something-oh, something-oh
Something cold, something cold
Something old walks this way

Something cold, something old
Something cold walks this way

Something black cracks something's back
And something's black cracks the red things back
Is the red thing cracked?
Is the black thing back?
But something old meets something cold

Something walks clear waters
I walked down to the waters
With my dogs by the river
With my dogs by the sea
I would never walk this forest
With my dogs without me

Something cold, something old
Something cold walked to me
Something black broke the other thing's back
And something red was left for dead

But was it dead?
Was it dead or just looked dead?
Or was it red or black or red?
Or just looked red?

And it's coming
Coming closer to eat me

Oh, something black broke red thing's back
And something cold's coming to meet me
It's coming to meet me

The mirrors are sick
I can't see anything coming from within it
My mirrors are diseased
Will someone mercurise them please?
Vaporise the mercury
Vaporise the mercury
Vapour... Mercury
Mercury lurks in the way of the images

I'm scrying in the mirror, mirror, mirror
[repeated]

I'm scrying in this mirror, mirror, mirror

Angels walk with me
Angels talk with me
They say I'm diseased
With my mirror I'm diseased
With my mirror I'm displeased

With my mirror;
What it shows me
And what I don't see

As I walk down to the sea
With my dogs with me
With my dogs with me
I wouldn't walk this forest
Without my dogs with me

Walk me to the sea
Where the horses are
Where the horses are
Where they marry in the water

I must stay underwater
Can I stay in the water?
If the water comes over me, over me?
The water is flowing over me, on me
On me

I may as well drown
In this beautiful sea
This beautiful sea

What was seen what was following
What was seen and what was following
What was seen and what was following me

What I saw on the seashore I will never say
What I saw there on the seashore I will never say
What is there on the seashore I will never say
What was there to say for me and it will never stay

It will never stay

It will never stain me
It will sustain me
[repeated]

It will never stain me
It will never pain me
It will never claim me

Like the sea, like the sea
Like the sea, like the sea
Like the sea

I like to see, like to see

I let it claim me
I let it claim me

See me in the flames of the sea

[Taken from Coil's "Live Three". An excerpt from Graham Duff's 2015 essay on "Gold is the Metal with the Broadest Shoulders" is perhaps appropriate here; "in an interview with Wire magazine, Throbbing Gristle's Cosey Fanni Tutti told David Keenan "One of the saddest things was when Balance was on this hedonistic road to hell and he said to me 'Look, but our fans expect it of me now.'" Hedonism as long term lifestyle choice had always been a core component of Coil's agenda."]

Sick Mirrors (Glauchau Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

I can see them again
I saw them last time
I can see them again

Wounded galaxies tap at the window
Wounded galaxies tap at the window

I can see them again
I saw them last time
I can see them again
Like I saw them before

I wonder when they're coming in
I wonder when

I wonder when they'll come again
I wonder when

Something black killed another thing's back
And something red broke another thing's head

I wonder when they'll come again
I wonder when

And something black broke another thing's back
And something red killed another thing dead
And something black broke another thing's back
And something red killed another thing dead

Dead

Oh, the sick mirrors the sick
Oh, the sick mirrors the sick
Oh, the sick mirrors the sick
Mirrors are sick
Mirrors are sick
And something red killed another thing dead
And something black maybe killed itself back

And the sick mirrors the sick
Mirrors the sick
Mirrors the sick
Mirrors the sick
Mirrors the sick
[repeated]

And something red broke another thing's head
And something black killed another thing's back

Oh the sick mirrors the sick
Mirrors the sick
Mirrors the sea
Mirrors the sick
[repeated variants]

Mirrors the sick
Mirrors the sea
Mirrors the sea
Mirrors the sea
Mirrors the sea

The sea mirrors me

[Taken from Coil's live performance in Glauchau, Germany, April 2002]



What Kind of Animal Are You?

(Jhonn Balance / Simon Norris)

I'm wearing a crown of thorns
I'm wearing a crown of thorns
I'm wearing a crown of thorns
A crown of black thorns
Thy black birds
Like black splinters
From the black throne
Of the black Pope
Of black Rome

I'm wearing a crown of thorns
I'm wearing a crown of thorns
I'm wearing a crown of thorns
Like black splinters
From the throne of the black Pope
Of black Rome
I'm wearing a crown of thorns

I'm wearing a crown of thorns
I'm wearing a crown of thorns
I'm wearing a crown of thorns

The ancients in your brain is not the cause of our pain
The ancients in the brain is not the cause of our pain
The ancients in your brain is not the cause of our pain
The ancients in the brain is not the cause of our pain

I am a dog whose bite is bright as light
I am a dog whose bite is bright as light

I am a dog whose bark as dark as night

I am a dog whose bite is bright as light
I am a dog whose bite is bright as light
I am a dog whose bite is bright as light

I am a dog whose bark as dark as night
I am a dog whose bark as bright as night
I am dog whose bark is bite as light
I am a dog whose bark as bright as night
I am a dog whose bark as bright as night

Huh, ooh, yow, yow, reh, reh
Reh, reh, reh, reh, reh, reh

And when you strip your plastic back
Then you'll see, then you'll see, then you'll see
Man is the animal
Man is the animal
Man is the animal
Man is the animal
Man is divine
Man is divine
There is no time
There is no time
There is no time

And when you strip your plastic back
Then you'll see, then you'll see
Man is the animal
Man is divine
There is no time
There is no time

I am a dog whose bite is bright as light
I am a dog whose bark as dark as night
I am a dog whose bite is bright as light
I am a dog whose bark as dark as night

I am a salamander
I am a salamander
I am a salamander
I am a salamander - a burning, burning salamander
A sala - salamander
I am a salamander
[repeated]
I am an animal
Man is the animal
Man is
You don't keep goats in papa pagodas
You don't keep goats in papa pagodas
And when you strip your plastic back
You'll see, you'll see, you'll see
Man is the animal
Man is divine
There is no time
There is no time
Those lights at the end of your tunnel
You see those lights at the end of the tunnel?
They are the fires of your burning brains
They are the fires of your burning brains
What kind of animal are you?
What kind of animal are you?
What kind of animal are you?
What kind of animal are you?

[This version taken from Coil's Paradiso concert, Amsterdam, June 1st 2001. Whether Balance states "ancients" has been contested in the past though, given how he pronounces the word with a silent first 'n' in "Slur", this is believed to be the correct transcription]

The Universe is a Haunted House (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance / Robert Burns)

No angels are here [repeated]

Whistle and I'll come to you my lad [repeated]

I am not here; I am there

I am not there (and the ambulance died at my feet); I am down here

And the ambulance died at my feet

Whistle and I'll come to you my lad

Whistle and I'll come to you my lad

And then the ambulance died at my feet

Whistle and I'll come to you my lad [repeated]

Whistle... whistle!

Whistle and I'll come to you my lad

Whistle and I'll come to you my lad

Whistle and I'll cut you with a knife

Listen, I will fuck you with a knife

Listen and I'll fuck you with a knife [repeated]

Listen, I will fuck you with a knife

Whistle and I will fuck you with a knife

Whistle, Whistle and I'll come to you my lad

Whistle and I'll fuck you with a knife!

Whistle and I'll fuck you with a knife!

Whistle and I'll cut you my lad

Don't have to say it

Between all of our sins

I don't have to say it

I put liquid LSD in my eye

I put liquid LSD in my eye

I put liquid LSD in my eye

Whistle and I'll come to you my lad
Whistle I will come

Listen I will come
Listen I will come
To put liquid LSD in your eye
To put liquid LSD in your eye

Gold is the sky in concentrate
Power in its purest state
I put liquid LSD in your eye

Power is, gold is...
The metal with the broadest shoulders
The metal with the broadest shoulders
The metal with the tallest orders
The metal with the broadest shoulders

....

We will push it in your direction
[repeated]

Where's my unlucky rabbit?

Drip, drip, drip, drip
[repeated]

...as I am not here

Where's my unlucky rabbit?
[repeated]

Look what's happened to the world!
Push the sound into the world...

... Look at my unlucky rabbit...

Why could you lie?

Why...you lie?

You know you could've asked questions

Fucking questions...

But why are you here?

Why are you here?

Fucking... Fuck me...

[repeated]

We are the alien

[Primary section taken from Coil's "Live Four". Second section additional fragments taken from Coil's "Megalithomania!" concert on 12th October 2002. Brainwashed.com; "Megalithomania! was a celebration of sacred sites and standing stones as expressed through history, folklore, art and sound. For this special event, Coil performed a long, drawn-out permutation on "The Universe is a Haunted House" [with] a particularly spectral vocal improvisation from Balance. As reported by many people who attended the event, there seemed to be a strange rift between Balance and Sleazy, evidenced by John's agitated screaming: "Why are you here? Why are you here?" Balance's statement that "we are the alien" could be read as a tribute to the extra-terrestrial builders of Stonehenge, or as a further statement of his growing alienation from his long-time partner. A few days after this performance, Peter and John announced that while Coil would continue, they would no longer describe themselves as a couple."]

Lake View

(Jhonn Balance)

Drown it...

Never turn the lights on [repeated]

Never turn the lights on

In a dark room [repeated]

We, impossible

It all seems impossible

It seems so small

But it's a long way down

If you're going to fall

It's a long way down

When you're deep within

An accoision;

Where disablement equals sin

We sent a floral tribute

It floated down the river

And into the sea

It seems a long way down

When wrong a long time

Read your message a long time

It seems a long way down

It seems a long way down

If you're going to fall

It seems a long way down

If you're going to fall [repeated]

If you're going...

If you're going to fall

[A song initially labelled by Jhonn Balance as "The Universe..." during its live performance in Greece, October 5th 2002. Though 'accoision' is clearly said, 'occasion' may be the intention]



LUNAR ECLIPSE





The Restitution Of Decayed Intelligence II

(Jhonn Balance)

I'm the disabled messenger now
Unaffected by youth
An old beast

I climbed the clouds
A broken vessel
A stolen moment
And then razed to the ground

The blank / the blank
The blank / the blank
The blank

The blank / the blank
The blank / (the blank)

An old enemy
An object
An old star
An old situation
At the right time

The blank / the blank
The blank / the blank

The blank / the blank

The Gimp (Sometimes) (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

Sometimes, Sometimes, Sometimes, Sometimes

Sometimes I hurt myself
Sometimes I hate myself

Sometimes I just hurt myself
Sometimes I just help myself

Sometimes I hurt myself
Sometimes I just help myself

Sometimes I just hate myself
Sometimes I just help myself

Sometimes, Sometimes, Sometimes, Sometimes

[distorted sidereal passage]

Sometimes, Sometimes, Sometimes, Sometimes

Sometimes I hurt myself
Sometimes I hate myself
Sometimes I hurt myself
Sometimes I hurt myself
Sometimes I hurt myself

Sometimes I just help myself
Sometimes I can't help myself
Sometimes I just help myself

[My Announcements / My Announcements / My Announcements]

["Sometimes I hate myself" backwards sample distortion]

Sometimes I hate myself
Sometimes I hate myself

Sometimes I help myself
Sometimes I hate myself

Sometimes I hurt myself
Sometimes I hate myself

Sometimes I hurt myself
Sometimes I help myself

Sometimes I hate myself
Sometimes I hate myself

Sometimes I hate myself
Sometimes I hate myself

Sometimes I help myself
Sometimes I hate myself

Sometimes I hate myself
Sometimes I hurt myself

Sometimes I help myself
Sometimes I hurt myself

["Sometimes I hate myself" backwards sample distortion]

[Previous page taken from live versions. This page taken, firstly, from the introductory loop found in an earlier version of the song from 1999 (released on the compilation "Hate People Like Us") and, secondly, the main lyrics from Coil's "Black Antlers" version]

Sex With Sun Ra (Part One – Saturnalia)

(Jhonn Balance)

Sun Ra was here in his element
He invited me back for a ride
I smiled, agreed, and we left for the place
That is full of the reasons for time and for space
He said he was leaving last tide

Sun Ra was here in his element
He invited me back for a ride
I agreed and left for the places
He said he was leaving last tide

In a spaceship powered by natural sounds
I smiled, agreed, and we left for the place
That is full of the reasons for time and space
He said, "I dream of colour music
And the intricacies of the machines that make it possible"

I said, "You are nothing if not inconsistent"

He said, "I rely upon being insistent
I'm almost never forever, I'm almost never for now
I implore you, explore all the people you meet
I implore you, explore all the people you meet"

Sun Ra was here in his element
He invited me back for a ride
He said, "I will be all right if you kiss me
And I will be all right if you hold me
It will be all right if you kiss me
It'll be all right if you hold me"

He said, "Now is the time to relaunch the dream weapon"
He said, "Now is the time to relaunch the dream weapon"
Relaunch the dream weapon
We worship at the shrine of the thylacine
We worship at the shrine of the thylacine
We worship at the shrine of the thylacine"
And we worshipped at the shrine of the thylacine

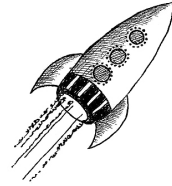
I thought, priceless, bloody priceless
Priceless, bloody priceless

Petals pleated
Tear droplets repeated
Sepalsssss... separate
We hydrogenerate in the basin of a black pan

I see acid free, not an ideal homeland for you or me
With desert venom and military temples
Black wings flying over without management
Without management or plan
Where resonators rub against the delinquent and the compliant

I will be all right if you kiss me
I will be all right if you hold me
When I see the great black light
When I see the grey-black light
That shines in the eyes of animals
When I find you I will remind you

Most accidents occur at home
Most accidents occur at home
Or in Harry Smith's room in the Chelsea Hotel
Or in Harry Smith's room in the Chelsea Hotel



Where we relaunch the dream weapon
Where we relaunch the dream weapon
Where we relaunch the dream weapon

All will be forgotten, all will be forgotten
All will be forgotten, and all will be well
All will be forgotten, and all will be well

Priceless, bloody priceless

I will be all right if you kiss me
I will be all right if you hold me
I'll be all right if you kiss me

I will be all right if you hold me
In Harry Smith's room in the Chelsea Hotel
(Harry Smith's room)
In Harry Smith's room in the Chelsea Hotel

[Harry Smith (1923-1991); artist and occultist who lived in Room 731 of Hotel Chelsea, New York from 1968-1975 and various times afterwards. Dependent on alcohol, legend states that he died in the hotel whilst in the arms of a poet friend, "singing as he drifted away"]

Sex With Sun Ra (Part Two – Sigillaricia)

(Jhonn Balance)

I see acid free
Not an ideal homeland for you and me

Desert venom
Military temples

Black wings flying out without management or plan
Where the resonated rubs
Against delinquent and compliant

I will be all right if you kiss me
I will be all right if you hold me

I said "Next time I see you, I'll remind you
Most accidents occur at home
Most accidents occur at home"

All will be forgotten, and all will be well



["saturnalia et sigillaricia"; a traditional roman winter celebration which includes the making and giving of small presents, arguably a precursor to the concept of Christmas]

Wraiths And Strays (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

Ra, bai, be, om, uyi, ucha, beyom, om...

Ra, bai, be, om, uyi, ucha, beyom, om...

For I will follow you in...

For I will follow you in...

For I will follow you - and shoot!

Shoot!

Shoot!

Shoot!

Shoot!

Shoot!

Shoot!

Shoot!

Shoot!

[compiled, in order, from "...Of Paris" and Montreal live versions]

[The Tibetan Buddhist mantra is repeated in "A Slip In The Marylebone Road"]

All The Pretty Little Horses

(Trad.)

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry
Go to sleepy, little baby
Go to sleepy, little baby
When you wake, you shall have
All the pretty little horses
All the pretty little horses

Blacks and bays, and dapples and greys
All the pretty little horses

Way down yonder in the meadow
Lies a poor little lamby
Bees and butterflies flit around his eyes
Poor little thing is crying "mammy"
Poor little thing is crying "mammy"
Poor little thing is crying "mammy"

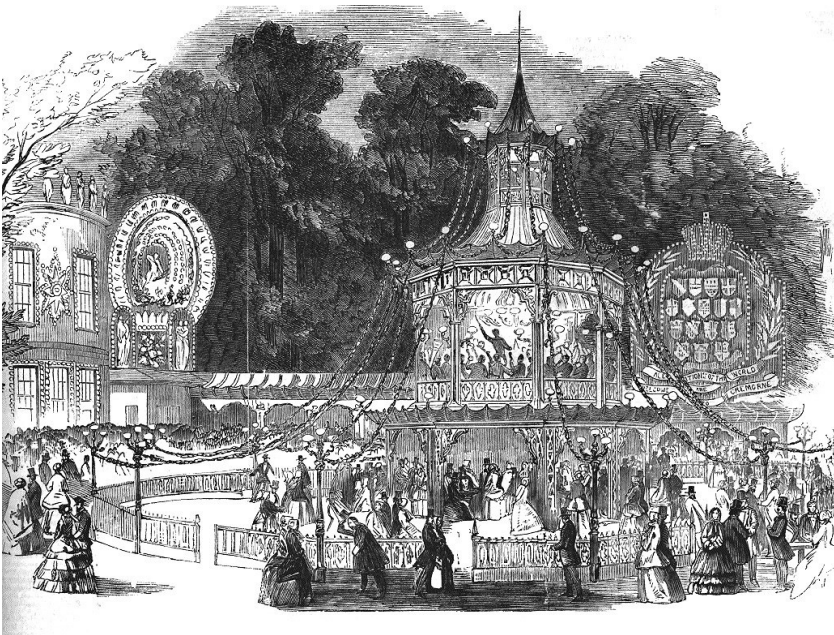
Go to sleep, don't you cry
Rest your head upon the clover
Rest your head upon the clover
In your dreams, you shall ride
While your mummy watches over

Blacks and bays, and dapples and greys
All the pretty little horses
All the pretty little horses

Go to sleep, don't you cry
Rest your head upon the clover
Rest your head upon the clover

In your dreams, you shall ride
While your mummy watches over
In your dreams, you shall ride
While your mummy watches over

Blacks and bays, and dapples and greys
All the pretty little horses
All the pretty little horses
All the pretty little horses



[aka "All the Pretty Horses" and "Hush-a-bye", a traditional American lullaby from the USA, thought to be of African American origin]

Black Antlers (Where's Your Child?)

(Chris Westbrook)

Where's your child?

Do you know where they are?

Where's your child?

Do you know where they are?

Look around... They are nowhere to be found

They don't know right from wrong

No-one likes to be left alone

Especially when... They don't know right from wrong

Where's your child?

[repeated]

Feed the birds

Feed the birds

Do you know where they are?

Are they in the trees?

Oh, feed the birds

[repeated]

Don't leave the birds

Do you need the birds?

Oh, feed the birds

Where's your child?

Oh, where's your child?

[repeated]

Where's your child-ah?

Where's your child-ah?

Oh, where's your child?

[repeated]

Can you feed the birds?

[repeated]

Bang Bang (Compiled Version)

(Sonny Bono)

I was five, and he was six
We rode on horses made of sticks
And he wore black, and I wore white [I wore black, and he wore white*]
And he would always win the fight

Bang bang, he shot me down
Bang bang, I hit the ground
Bang bang, that awful sound
Bang bang, my baby shot me down

Seasons came and changed the times
When I grew up, I called him mine
And he would laugh, and he would say
Remember when we used to play

Bang bang, I shot you down
Bang bang, you hit the ground
Bang bang, that awful sound
Bang bang, I used to shoot you down

Music played and people sang
Just for me, the doorbell rang [the church bells rang*]

And now he's gone
I don't know why
Until this day, sometimes I'd cry
He didn't even say goodbye [He wouldn't even say goodbye*]
He didn't take the time to lie

Bang bang, he shot me down
Bang bang, I hit the ground
Bang bang, that awful sound
Bang bang, my baby shot me down

I'm lying on the ground
If you ever come around
And if you come back to me
I'll show you how sweet a boy can be
I'll show you how sweet a boy can be

Bang bang*

[* Last verse and alternate lines from Coil's "Selvaggina, Go Back Into the Woods" version. Majority of words taken from Coil's "Live Four", "Bang Bang (My Baby Shot Me Down)" was the second single by singer-actress Cher, written by Cher's then-husband Sonny Bono and released in 1966]

I Am Angie Bowie / Sine Waves (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

I am Angie Bowie

I am Angie Bowie – No!
[repeated]

No, no, no, no
That I am Angie Bowie
No, no

I am Angie Bowie
I am Angie Bowie
I am Angie Bowie – No!
I am Angie Bowie—I know
I am Angie Bowie—No

William Burroughs told me so
[repeated]

I met him at a party in Soho
Where the New York artists used to hang out
In the Bowery
Laurie Anderson tried out
Where Laurie Anderson used to try it out

She ended up with Lou Reed - ha!
[repeated]

The thing is I've heard this story
So many times now
From the artistic communities
In Soho, oh no
Not again
Another fucking story from the artistic communities

In Soho
In Soho

It's time to stop repeating these stories
It's time to stop repeating these stories
It's time to stop repeating what Lou Reed said
It's time to stop repeating what Lou Reed said
About John Cale talking about Stirling Morrison

Oh European Son, your time is done
You killed your European Son?
Well, another one's been born
Families are pro-formed
Families have been malformed

But I am Angie Bowie

I am Angie Bowie
[repeated]

I have Angie Bowie's story
I *am* Angie Bowie's story
I have Angie Bowie's story

[Compiled from live performances during 2002, especially October 5th in Greece, when this song merged with 'The Last Rites of Spring'. It's worth noting that Angie Bowie has been historically seen as a one-time troubled 'hanger-on' to a musical genius; someone derided and famous for being brutally 'honest' about her failed relationship with said performer. It is up to the reader to decide if Jhonn Balance is making a self-loathing reference to himself, and a projected music fan's point of view of him, linked to his freshly-ended relationship with the esteemed Peter Christopherson at that time. Putting this song into historic context, a revised version of the "Backstage Passes" expose written by Angie Bowie came out in 2000, her solo album "Moon Goddess" came out in 2002 - the year this Coil song was performed live - and the film loosely based on her life with her ex-partner, "Velvet Goldmine", found a cult audience on DVD in the early 2000s]

An Unearthly Red (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

God told me to do it
God told me to do it
He said God told me to do it
God told me to do it

An unearthly red

I had a vision of a burning bush
Of a burning George Bush
[repeated]

He said his father said God told *him* to do it
He said; "Oh, my father told me to do it"
He said God told me to bring it all down

He said God told me to do it
He said God told me to do it
He said God told me to do it
He said God has told me to do it
He said God told me to do it

He heard messages from God
He heard messages from God
Oh, he heard messages from God
And God told him to do it

He says my father is God
He says my father is God

God is my father
My father is God

So he said God told me to do it
He said God told me to do it
God told me to do it

He said God told me to do it
My father is God
My father is God

My mother is a whore
My mother is a whore

He said God told me to do it
[repeated]

My father is God
My father is God...

But my mother is a whore...
But my mother is a whore
She is the mother of all whores

And the President of America wakes up
With something dripping from his hands
Dripping an unearthly red

And is it dripping or only tripping?
Is he screaming or is he dreaming?
Is he screaming or is he dreaming?
Or is he tripping or is he ripping?
Is he tripping or is he ripping?
I don't know — no!

Because God told him to do it
An unearthly red
An unearthly red...

He's a liar, liar, liar, he's a liar, he's a liar
[repeated]

'Cause he said God told me to do it
'Cause God told me to do it
He said God told me to do it

Swallow the Bible, swallow the Bible
Swallow the Bible
Tear a page out and swallow the Bible

He said, he said God told me to do it
Oh yes, he said God told me to do it

My mother is a whore
She is the mother of all wars
She said God told me to do it
She said God told me to do it
She said God told me to do it...

My father is a whore
He caused the mother of all wars

My mother is a whore
She is the mother of all wars
She poured war milk on it [repeated]

My father is God
Oh what a burden: my father is God

But my mother is a whore
She is the mother of all battles
She'd infanticide for cattle
She'd infanticide for cattle
She should be locked inside with cattle
She should be locked inside with cattle
She should be locked inside with cattle
Yes, my mother...

My father is God
My father is God...

But my mother is a whore...
She is the mother of all wars
She is the mother of all wars
She is the mother
[repeated]

She is the mother of all wars

[Compiled from several live performances, including the inflammatory version from Italy, July 2002. George W. Bush; "[I was] chosen by the grace of God to lead at that moment", Time magazine, immediately after 9/11.]

Snow Falls Into Military Temples

(Jhonn Balance)

Snow falls, slow falls
Snow falls, slow falls
Snow falls, slow falls
Snow falls, slow falls

Snow... slow falls

Into military temples
Into military temples
Into military temples
Into military temples

Snow falls
Snow falls into military temples

Into military temples
Into military temples
Into military temples
Into military temples

Snow falls
Snow falls

Snow falls into military temples
With a light pauses
We're the light forces

Into military temples
Into military temples
Into military temples
Into military temples

Oh no...

Temples... Temples...

A Slip In The Marylebone Road

(Jhonn Balance)

Ra, bai, be, om, uyi, ucha, beyom, om
Ra, bai, be, om, uyi, ucha, beyom, om

A slip was made on Marylebone Road
A slit was made on the Marylebone Road

A slit was made on Marylebone Road
A slip was made in the middle of the road
I sat down in the middle of the road
My bags were too heavy
They were full of medication I didn't wanna take
They were full of medication I didn't wanna take
I left them in the middle of the road
In the middle of the road, in the middle of the road

And a precious green notebook
And a precious green notebook
And a precious green notebook
In the middle of the road
A slit opened; I fell
A...kiss from your angel
Your angel, your angel, an angel, an angel

And two people came up to me
Two people came up to me
They asked, was I all right?
And they asked me was I all right?
I said no, I was all wrong, you were wrong for asking me

Oh, and a slit opened, a slit opened
A chink, a chink opened, a whole slit
And I slipped inside of it
I slipped inside of it

And a slit opened on the Marylebone Road
The Marylebone Road, the marrowbone road
And a slit opened up the Marylebone Road
And I left my bags there

Slit, cut, slit, cut, open
cut, slit, slit, slit, slit

And somewhere, nowhere, in a hospital
Was a horse, ill

And somewhere, in a hospital
Was a horse that was ill
And I tried to find my way there
And I tried to find my way there

And somewhere, in a wood
There are two friends waiting, two friends waiting
And I tried to find my way there
In air...

And I got lost in the wood
And I got lost in the wood

So someone left a biscuit trail
No-one left a biscuit trail
No-one left a biscuit trail

No-one left a list of betrayals
Someone left a list of betrayals
Someone left a list of betrayals
Has someone left a list of betrayals?
Someone left a list of betrayals
Someone left a list of betrayals
Someone left a list of betrayals

And a fracture occurred in a fracture
A dislocation, a dislocation appeared, a fraction
A fraction of what I should have had happen to me
A fraction of what is in my handbag
A fraction of what should have happened to me
A fraction of what should have happened to me as I lost it

I was all tied up in a green valuable notebook
On the Marylebone Road

[Whilst this song famously describes the very real loss of Jhonn Balance's notebook on a street in London, the lyrics also portray a state of confusion, betrayal, and a journey to a hospital with a horse. The Horse Hospital is a famous arts exhibition venue in London and Balance had started a relationship with artist Ian Johnstone at this time (who has exhibited at the Horse Hospital) after ending his long-term relationship with Peter Christopherson]

Triple Sons And The One You Bury / Triple Sun

(Jhonn Balance)

Triple sons
Triple sons
Triple sons

Triple stones
Triple sons
Triple stones
Triple stones

As they skiff across the water
As they skiff across the water
As they skiff across the water
Triple stones

Necrodisiac, necrodisiac; someone in love
With the dead things in their lives
And you're gonna bring them home
And you're gonna bring them home
Are you gonna bring them home?
Are you gonna bring them home?
With a triple son?
With a triple son?
With a triple son?

I look into whatever I look into (it just confuses the issues)
The desert fern in a pool, in a black pool of desert fern
There's triple sons, there's triple sons, there's triple sons
There's triple sons, there's triple sons, your triple sons

And how are you gonna bring them home?
And how are you gonna bring them home?
And how are you gonna bring them home?

In the shape of a melted gun
In the shape of a melted gun
In the shape of a melted gun

Triple sons, triple sons, triple sons
Triple sons, triple sons, triple sons

Triple sons with a resonance to rub against the delinquent
With a resonance to rub against the delinquent
With a resonance to rub against the delinquents

Oh, those triple sons
Oh, those triple sons
Oh, those triple sons

The one you bury; the one bright red yew berry

If you're gonna bury them, bring them home first
If you're gonna bury it, bring it home first
[repeated in various arrangements]

And we swallow each new red berry
And we swallow each red yew berry
And we swallow each dead yew berry
[repeated in various arrangements]

And we swallow each red you buried
[repeated]

The one you bury, the one you bury
The single one you bury

And I drank a cup of mercury this morning
[repeated]

And I drank a cup...

I took a cup from a sip of mercury
And a sip from a cup of mercury
[repeated in various arrangements]

I took a cup from a sip of mercury
I took a cup from a sip of mercury

And then I...
I took a sip from a cup of mercury
[repeated]

And I swallowed one new red berry
And I swallowed the one you bury
And then I swallowed the one you bury
Then I swallowed the one you bury
[repeated]

Then I took a sip from a cup of mercury
I took a sip from a cup of mercury
And I swallowed the one you bury
I swallowed the one you bury

...

*And I swallowed the one you bury
And then I swallowed the one you bury
Then I swallowed the one you bury
Then I swallowed the one you bury
Then I swallowed the one you bury
Then I swallowed the one you bury*

[Italicised lines taken from Coil's "The Ape of Naples" version]

The Somnambulist In An Ambulance (The Dreamer is Still Asleep)

(Jhonn Balance)

Now the dreamer is still dreaming
The dreamer is still asleep
The dreamer is still asleep
The dreamer is somnambulising
The somnambulist in an ambulance
A somnambulist in an ambulance
A somnambulist in an ambulance
Somnambulist in an ambulance [repeated]

Somnambulist in an ambulist
Pissed a somnambulist...
Pissed a somnambulist...
Kissed a somnambulist in an ambulance, in an ambulance
I kissed a somnambulist in an ambulance, in an ambulance...

I kissed an ambulance
I kissed an ambulance, I pissed an ambulance
I killed an ambulance, I killed an ambulance
I killed an ambulance, I killed an ambulance

Then I killed my doctor
I said; "*Physician, heal thyself:*
You're in no position to heal thyself
You're no position to kill yourself"

The somnambulist in an ambulance
[repeated in various arrangements]

I kissed and killed an ambulance
Somnambulist in an ambulance
[repeated]

I, I, I, I...
I kissed and killed an ambulance
[repeated]

Hush, may I ask you all for silence?
The dreamer is still asleep
May the goddess keep us from single visions
And beauty sleep

The dreamer is still asleep
The dreamer is still asleep
He's inventing landscapes in their magnetic fields
Working out a means of escape, he says
We'll cut across the crop circles

The seer says no
There's not much time left for these escape attempts
Look at it this way
In ten years' time
Who'll even remember? Who'll care?
Who'll even remember? Who'll care?
One dies like that, deep within it
Almost inside it
It's there for a reason

I'll cut out my old address
Attack the little book
To tear and cut the paper
To care and touch the paper

The beginning is also the end
Time defines it
Time unwinds it
It will end
Like close friendships
Nothing could be further

We forget the space between people and places
Is empty
We forget, and don't notice the loss
And don't notice the loss [repeated]

Crossing into venerable degenerations
Such radiant pollution
The god with the silver hand surveys this vast,
Surveys these vast contaminations

In the heart of your heart
Your eye remains
Is the hurt you? Is the blister you call loveless?
Your whole life is a cold slow shock
Your whole life is a cold slow shock

...Take a little time
To track the shabby shadow down
The pissy mists of history
Down the pissy mists of history

Take a little time
To track the shabby shadows down
The pissy mists of history

The dreamer is still dreaming
The dreamer is still dreaming

Hush; may I ask you all for silence?
The dreamer is still asleep
May I ask you all for silence?
The dreamer is still dreaming
[repeated]

The dreamer is still asleep

Broccoli (Melkweg Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

Animal, mineral, vegetable

Animal, mineral, vegetable

Dig your genetics back into the soil

When you bury your mother

When you bury your father

Bury all the bad memories

Bury the silent childhood moments

In the cupboard under the stars (where you cowered)

And the hot tears where you hid (where you showered)

When the people who didn't protect again (called you coward)

When you ran away from home

Again and again

Age 7, 9, 11, 12

14, 17, 21

And now

And now

And now

And now

Did you ever ask them how

And why?

How and why?

Why they wouldn't listen?

Couldn't listen?

Didn't listen?

Why they wouldn't listen?

Couldn't listen?

Shouldn't listen?



[An exclusive set of lyrics from the 2004 COIL live performance at the Melkweg, Amsterdam]

"(I Can't Get a Word in) Edgeways"

(Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

With all these formalities
All the maladies
All these formalities
All the maladies*

Everything's falling down
Everything's falling down

I can't get a word in
I can't get a word in edgeways
I can't get a word in
I can't get a word in edgeways+



[* Lifted from the 31st May 2004 COIL performance at Wave Gotik Treffen, Leipzig, Germany.
+ Taken from the 25th July 2004 COIL concert at Ocean, London]

Make Room For The Mushrooms

(Jhonn Balance for Aural Rage)

Make room...
Make room for the Mushrooms

See those trees?
See those trees?
See those trees?
They make more sense than me

Sex is an epidemic
Sex is an epidemic
Sex is an epidemic
Sex is an epidemic

Over there (over there)
Over there (over there)
[repeated]

Seemed like a horrible week to me
Seemed like a horrible week to me

Ooooooh - Ooooooh

...I wanna live faster

Bah-bah-bah
Bah-bah-bah
Bah-bah-bah

You're gonna let me in now?
You're gonna let me in now?

Unhappy Rabbits

(Jhonn Balance)

Unhappy rabbits [rapid x15]

Yowwwwww... Un-happ-y rabbits

Yowwwwww... Yowwwwww...

Unhappy rabbits [rapid x20]

Unhappy bunnies [rapid x3]

Unhappy rabbits [rapid x3]

Unhappy bunnies [rapid x6]



Unhappy rabbits / unhappy bunnies

Unhappy rabbits / unhappy bunnies

Unhappy rabbits, oh unhappy bunnies

Unhappy rabbits / Unhappy bunnies

Unhappy rabbits, oh unhappy rabbits

I'm clean and I'm shiny

And I'm happy and I'm dead

I've broken the code of youth in my head

I'm clean / I'm shiny

I'm happy / I'm dead

I've broken the cult of youth in my head

I'm clean and I'm shiny

I'm happy / I'm dead

I've broken the oath of youth in my head

I'm clean and I'm shiny

I'm happy and I'm dead

I've broken the cult of youth in my head

I'm clean and I'm shiny

I'm happy and I'm dead

I've broken the cult of youth in my head

I'm happy / I'm shiny
I'm happy / I'm dead
I've broken the cult of youth in my head

I'm happy / I'm shiny
I'm happy / I'm dead
I've broken the cult of youth in my head

I'm clean and I'm shiny
I'm happy and I'm dead
I've broken the cult of youth in my head

I'm happy / I'm shiny
I'm happy / I'm dead
I've broken the code of youth in my head

I'm clean and I'm shiny
I'm happy and I'm dead
I've broken the cult of youth in my head

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

I'm happy / I'm shiny
I'm happy / I'm dead
I've broken the cult of youth in my head



Stranded With Gifts

(Jhonn Balance)

Stranded with gifts, I'm stranded With gifts
I'm stranded With gifts, I'm stranded With gifts

For the others who landed, I am stranded with gifts
Stranded with gifts

Necessary tentacles, necessary tentacles, necessary tentacles

We vultures
We watchers

The Queen watches as we all want the universe to save our innocent life
The Queen watches as we all want the universe to save our innocent life
The Queen watches as we all want the universe to save our innocent life

The Queen watches a scale model of the universe descend over Slough
The Queen watches a scale model of the universe descend over Slough
The Queen watches a scale model of the universe descend over Slough

[speaking in tongues section]

The Queen watches a scale model of the universe descend over Slough
The Queen watches a scale model of the universe descend over Slough
The Queen watches a scale model of the universe descend over Slough

Slough
The... Queen

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

I Want The Bells To Whistle

(Jhonn Balance)

I want the bells to whistle, I want the bells to whistle
I want everything

I want the bells to whistle, I want the bells to sing
I want the bells to whistle, I want everything

I want the bells to whistle, I want the bells to sing
I want the bells to whistle, I want the bells to ring

I want the bells to whistle, I want everything
I want the bells to whistle, I want the bells to ring

I want the bells to whistle, I want everything
I want the bells to whistle, I want the bells to ring

I want the bells to whistle, I want everything

I want everything... I want everything

Yowwwwww...

The golden age of bloodsports
I'm strip-searched at the airport

I was strip-searched at the airport
A Godly fabrication
A tissue of lies

Strip-searched at the airport
Broke, stripped to my thighs
It's the golden age of bloodsports
It is the golden age of bloodsports

Strip-searched at the airport
I was strip-searched at the airport

The golden age of bloodsports
The broken age of bloodsports

Always someone's someone doing something
(someone somewhere...)
There is always someone somewhere,
Doing something with someone somewhere
Always someone somewhere...

It's the golden age of bloodsports
For the hunted, for the hunted
For the hunted, for the hunted
For the hunted, for the hunted
For the hunted, for the hunted

For the hunted, for the hunted
For the hunted...
Here they come

It's the golden age of bloodsports

[Lyrics used with the backing track named 'Tom's Radio Weston' at COIL's final, Dublin concert in 2004]

Tom's Radio Weston

(Jhonn Balance)

[summoning chants]

The amethyst in the woods...
I am amethysting in the woods...

Pick the amethyst in the woods?
The amethyst in the woods...

Am pissing in the woods
Pissing now, pissing in the woods

It's the amethyst in the woods...

The amethyst in the woods?
It's the amethyst in the woods...



Tattooed Man (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance)

There's a man lying down in a grave somewhere
With the same tattoos as me

And I love him, I love him, I love him, I love him, I love him

There's a man lying down in a bed somewhere
With a different set of sex aspects

And I hate him, I hate him, I hate him, I hate him, my eyes

This is me here now
Pining like a dog
Whining like a dog in a thick harbour fog
Waiting for a ship that will make him sick
And when the ship comes - big trouble
His trouble will begin

And the church bells chime the colour of wine
And the angels devil fight to snatch back the last time

And there's a man lying down with a blade somewhere
With the same taboos as me

And I love him, I love him, I love him, I love him, I love him

There's a man lying down in a bed somewhere
With a different set of sex aspects

And I hate him, I hate him, I hate him, I hate him, my eyes

This is the dark age of love
[repeated]

This is the dark...

And I love him, I love him, I love him, I love him, I love him

There's a man laying down
[repeated]

There's a man laying down somewhere
Somewhere

...

*This is the dark age of love
This is the dark age of drug
This is the dark age of love*

*I'm shiny, I'm happy, I'm dead
I've broken the code of youth in my head*

*I'm shiny, I'm laughing, happy
And I'm dead
I've broken the code of youth in my head*

*I'm shining, laughing, happy, dead
I've broken the cult of youth in my head*

*There's a man lying down in a grave somewhere
With the same tattoos as me*

And I hate him / I love him

I love him / I hate him
[repeated]

[Italicised lines; The first time "Unhappy Rabbits" was performed live was a burst of lyrics during the above final section of "Tattooed Man" at The Ocean, London, July 25th 2004]

Going Up

(Jhonn Balance, Ronnie Hazlehurst, David Croft)

Are you ready to go now?

Ground floor: perfumery,
Stationery and leather goods,
Wigs and haberdashery,
Kitchenware and foods

Going up

Going up

First floor: telephones,
Gents' ready-made suits,
Shirts, socks, ties, hats,
Underwear and shoes

Going up

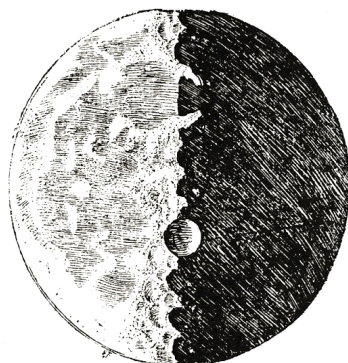
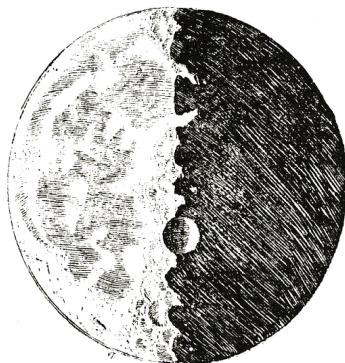
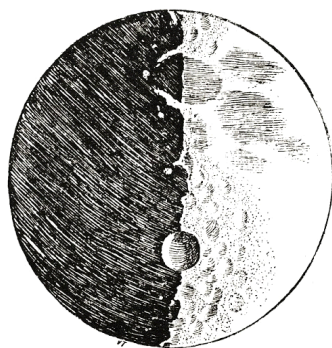
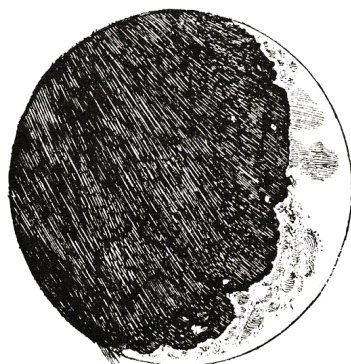
Going up

Second floor: carpets,
Travel goods and beddings,
Materials and soft furnishing,
Restaurant and teas

Whoa, going up

Going up

It just is.



A List of Wishes

(Jhonn Balance / Bertolt Brecht)

bababababababor
dibidibideeeoohhhdibidibiohwowowowowowow

Of joys, the unweighed
Of skins, the unflayed

Of stories, the incomprehensible
Of suggestions, the indispensable

Of youths, the new
Of lovers, the true

[*Of girls, the new*
Of women, the untrue]

Of orgasms, the uncoordinated
Of enmities, the reciprocated

bababababababor
dibidibideeeoohhhdibidibiohwowowowowowow

Of abodes, the impermanent
Of partings, the uncelebrated

[*..., the unexuberant*]

Of arts, the unexploitable
Of teachers, the forgettable

Of pleasures, the unsurreptitious
Of aims, the adventitious

Of enemies, the delicate
Of friends, the unsophisticate

Of greens, the emerald
Of messages, the herald

Of the elements, fire
Of the gods, the fewer

[..., the higher]

Of the stricken, the deferential
Of the seasons, the torrential

Of lives, the lucid
Of deaths, the rapid

Of deaths, the rapid
Of deaths, the rabbit

bababababababor-babababador
dibidibideeeoohhhidibidibiohwowowowowowow

diohbidibideeeoohhhidibiohwowowowowowow
diohbidibideeeoohhhidibiohwowowowowowow
Diohbidibideeeoohhhidibiohwowowowowowow

[The track originally from "A Tribute To The Wor(l)ds Of Jhonn Balance" (2006), Creative Fields (cfcd001). The lyrics are lifted from one of Bertolt Brecht's final poems before his death, "Orge's List of Wishes" (translated to English by Lesley Lendrum). Brecht's original words that differ to Balance's are shown italicised on the right-hand of the page]

Christ's Teeth

(Jhonn Balance for Thighpaulsandra)

Zimmer frames can kill you
Zimmer frames can kill you
They'll get you in the end
Oh, you can never trust them
You'll never be their friend

Zimmer frames can kill you
They'll get you in the end
You can never trust them
They'll never be your friend

Oh, Zimmer frames can kill you
They'll get you in the end
Oh, you can never trust them
They'll never be your friend

Zimmer frames can kill you
They'll get you in the end
Oh, you can never trust them
They'll never be your friend

Christ's teeth!
Christ's teeth!

We have an announcement
An announcement, we have an announcement
We have an announcement
We have an announcement to make

Thighpaulsandra is aching
Thighpaulsandra is aching to bake a cake

Christ's teeth!

We have an announcement
We have an announcement to make
Thighpaulsandra is aching
He's aching to bake a cake

We have an announcement
He is aching to bake a cake

Christ's teeth!
Christ's teeth!



Beast Boxes & Milk Splashes

(Jhonn Balance)

[A list of inspired alt. Moon's Milk titles and "Beast Box" phrases from Coil's history, including original spellings]

As I Lay There, It just Blow Away
Witches Dance In Colours Through My Dreams
Urban Legends Discussed Over Higuids

Sleepiness And The Dazed State Combined (In The Dream Of The Flightless Turkey Bird)
Celestiographical geology
The Sound Of The Waves Lulled Him
Into A Deep Blue Revery

My Demon Brother
Never Sits Down Nor Sleeps At Night
Bright Lights and Cats with No Mouths
A Procession of possessed infants and Mothers

All colours of the disease were beautiful!
Care Should Be Taken Not To Give A Second Dose
We marvelled At The Moss Under The Pier
The Foremost pursuit

Moons, Suns, Planets, Scorpions (Earthware)
The Glitter Dance of the Mermaid
Dreams Before Bedtime
When Everything Seems To Go Round

Telephone Calls
Chinese Mountain Range
Marakesh Mouthfulls
Fantastic And Ants - Naturalistic
Careful What You Wish For (Black Sun Over Vesuvius)

The Ghost of You (Mother)
The Ghost Of A Carrier Pigeon
An Un-Earthy Disaster
Hallucination Mass, Hallucination

The Owl Service
Skull sockets See Owls aka (The Zombie Vegetarian)
Is Nichola Bowery Pregnant Again?
Molly Parkin's Undercarriage - Don't Tell Me (The Keen Observer)

The Emperor's Old Clothes
The King Is Dead
Astrid Bauer Rides Out

It Just Is...

Spirits Of The Whispering Forests Or A Place To Bury Strangers
Ploughed Fields Of Benzedrine
My Bloodstream
Standing Stone, Whirling Dervish
Manoeuvring To Extract The Unique Mineral

Car Crash On Ilkley Moor
Coach-Crash near the Summit of Mount Etna
A Fast Dream of Dead Friends
Falling Spirits (Descent From Hell)
You Can't Let Go

Offshot And Register And Still
The Desert Sea (Turkey)
Scooby-Doo Skinned & Nailed To An Oak Tree

Red Speed Rabbit (Lapin Agile)
The Bells impose the Regime
An Ideal Christmas Gift (Overdone)
Festival in Peril

Green Grows The Rushes oh! (In Peter Warlock's Garden)
Off The Coast Of Northern California, Kelp-Storms
By Tropical Waters Amazon Vision Photograph
Parakeets In Barcelona (1;30am, Friday)

Dense Might of The Piercing Atoms of Air
Preparing Their Soul
The Enemies Sideways Glance
Who would dare to blame Judy (Judy Blame)
Klimpt - (Land of the Secessionist Opulence and Decoration)

Coil's "The Key of Joy is Disobedience" live box-set 'Beast Box' titles;

Lipstick eyes meat
Arse doctor lense haircut
Spilt guilt
Decadent + symmetrical

Fear of the bee means the honey is for me
Why is a mouse when it spins
Lake big nay ions lays
Feral evidence animal reverence

When sycophancy was in its infancy
We cure the unacceptable
Animals dream differently in winter
Sipping birdsong through bedsprings

Offending team north division
The word that light unites is space
Extra-terrestrial antelope
A bigger bucket

A murder of crows
They all told lies beautifully

Fj Nettlefold

(Jhonn Balance for Aural Rage)

The hundred sons of FJ Nettlefold
Parachuted in behind enemy lines
Then the trainables came on beds of pain
And wheeled them all away (all away)

They know
They practise bad magnetics
(bad magnetics, they know)
(they practice, bad magnetics)

Parapatetic emergencies thwarted
A malevolent mass
Channelling Mothman entity names

A malevolent mass
A malevolent mass
A malevolent mass
A malevolent mass

A malevolent mass
A malevolent mass

The hundred sons of FJ Nettlefold
The hundred sons of FJ Nettlefold
The hundred sons of FJ Nettlefold
The hundred sons of FJ Nettlefold

I say we pull out the plug
Stick toffee in the socket
'Til the silver bridge collapses

Confusions unite the vast white
Confusions unite the vast white

You're one twisted mystic
With your stone vase of Qing
With your afts of T'ang

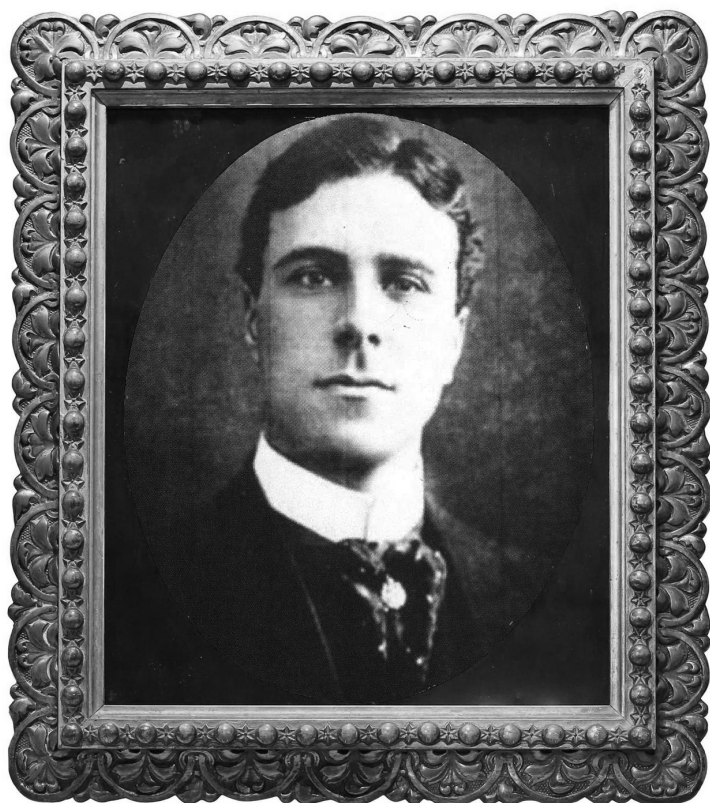
Radar rings and lion angels
Radar rings and lion angels
[repeated]

That's what happened
That's what happened
That's what happened
That's what happened
[repeated]

(mal-evo-lent mag-net-ics)

The hundred sons of FJ Nettlefold
A malevolent mass
[repeated]

[Italicised line (mentioning another Chinese dynasty) is from the original vocal recording session. See "The Life and Times of FJ Nettlefold" appendix of this book for more background details]



F.J. Nettlefold
(1867-1949)





Going Up (Compiled Version)

(Jhonn Balance, Ronnie Hazlehurst, David Croft)

"It's incredible... It's incredible... It's incredible..."*

"Are ya ready, are ya ready, are ya ready, are ya ready"*

Are you ready to go now? [x6]

Are you ready to go? [x2]

Are you ready?

Are you ready to go now? [x2]

Are you ready?

Are you ready to go now? [x4]

Are you ready?

Are you ready to go now? [x6]

Are you ready? +

Ground Floor: perfumery

Stationery and leather goods

Wigs and haberdashery, Kitchenware and foods

Going up

Going up

First Floor: telephones

Gents' ready-made suits

Shirts, socks, ties, hats

Underwear and shoes

Going up

Going up

Second Floor: carpets
Travel goods and beddings
Materials and soft furnishing
Restaurant and teas

Whooooaaaaah Going up
Going up
Going up
Going up
Going up

It just is [repeated] +

It just is.

*Thank you very very much. We hope to see you again soon.
Thank you very much for coming and enjoy your evening.
Night night. +*

* CSO version intro samples.
+ Live DEAF version.

The Final Days of Jhonn Balance

By Phil Barrington

"we're going under... we're going under..." Coil's final interview, for Dublin's Rattle-bag radio arts programme on the 22nd of October 2004 began ominously with an extract from Coil's "Summer Substructures", no-one really knowing at the time what would follow, though perhaps one person had a subconscious sense of the finality of everything around him.

In the months and years prior to Coil's arrival in Dublin, Jhonn Balance's life had become totally unbalanced by his alcohol addiction, ill health and erratic behaviour; Coil - as a creative entity - adapting as much as they could to their leader's personal demons and the fallout from his actions in dealing with them.

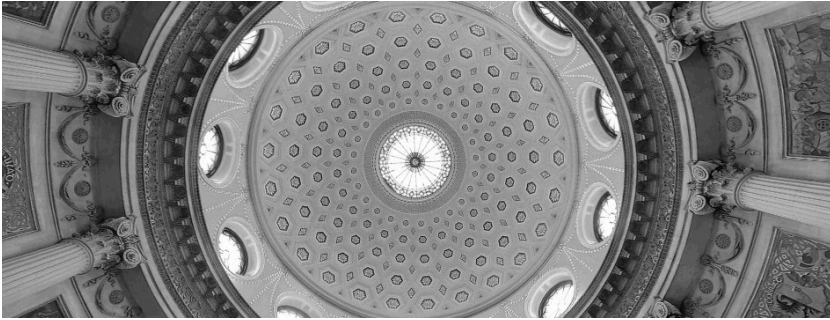
To say that Coil had become frazzled and damaged by that point is a total understatement. Tales of Jhonn trashing hotel rooms in explosive self-hatred and drinking his band's profits away in each hotel room's minibar were spoken about with a shaking head and closed eyes in Peter's interviews at the time.

Yet they carried on - strangely enough, managing to make some of their most powerful work in the process. Take one of Coil's last songs for example. Debuting live in Ireland for the Dublin Electronic Arts Festival at their final concert, "Going Up" is seen by most Coil fans as one of the very best tracks Jhonn and Peter ever recorded, and it was indeed a fitting finale to end all finales. In the weeks leading up to their final gig, Jhonn had recruited the singer and actor François Testory to sing the song - a take on the lyrics from the cheesy 1970s UK sitcom *Are You Being Served?*

Peter; "I don't know why Geff suggested we try it, nor can I remember how we came to be in touch with amazing counter-tenor Francois, who I only ever met twice (I think) - once when he came to the house in Weston to record the 'official' vocal - I remember Geff sobered up sufficiently for the morning to act as quite a tough producer, demanding many retakes and alterations of nuance from Francois' performance before retreating to his room (and the bottle) afterwards, and the second time in Dublin to feature in Coil's Last Five Minutes."

So it came to be that Coil's curtain-call live appearance was at Dublin's City Hall, Ireland, for the Dublin Electronic Arts Festival, on 23rd October 2004 (only 21 days before his young life would come to an end, aged just 42).

Coil debuted several songs that evening, with "Unhappy Rabbits" in particular becoming a firm fan favourite, though the audio recording of the gig only exists as camera audio taken from three audience member's video devices.



The domed 'Rotunda' ceiling of Dublin City Hall

This patched-together low quality recording of such a momentous performance (found on the *Colour Sound Oblivion* boxset) adds a further strangeness to the whole event, with Jhonn's yelps and screams sounding truly ungodly through the wall of lo-fi muffling and, for those who weren't there, it poses the question, "what the hell did the actual gig sound like? Did it really sound like *that*?" It sounds like a medieval band tumbling down a cliff with their instruments, banging each ledge in tandem on the way down, before landing in the pits of hell (meant in a positive way). From the moment the recording begins to the last sound of echoed clattering, it sounds like no other bootleg recording, of any band, ever.

Then there's Jhonn himself. Looking particularly troubled and painfully lost on the concert film (wide-eyed and neck craning throughout), it's a testament to Balance himself that he gave such an impassioned performance on the night. His frequent stares up to the heavens during that final performance begs the questions; What was he looking at? What was he searching for? Or, more chilling, what was looking down at him that evening? Taking a look around Dublin City Hall today, via the venue website's 360 degrees virtual tour, you are first stuck by the strangeness of the venue layout, indeed how odd the acoustics would've been that night. And then you see the domed roof, the unique sight of which goes some way in explaining what Jhonn was looking at through the stage fog and illuminations; circles of hexagonal windows providing glimpses of the stars and moon (fact fans; the moon was in its first quarter that night). A mesmerising domed "rotunda" indeed.

Peter on Jhonn's state of mind leading up to the Dublin show; "With hindsight it's easy to 'spot' Geff's precognition of what was about to happen - though off-stage he never mentioned it. In Dublin he seemed transfixed by Visions of Death."

Now over ten years since that unearthly night in Dublin, the final Coil performance of darkest blue/green illumination, echoing cries around that domed venue and the medieval-esque bedlam of sound has to go down in the history books as one of the most funereal and strangest concerts ever realised. Especially given Coil's history of transition and transformation, alongside such cataclysmic background to Jhonn's life at the time, it is impossible to guess how Coil could've progressed beyond this point.

Whilst editing the *Colour Sound Oblivion* dvd boxset of live Coil concerts years later, Peter admitted that he put off the editing of the Dublin concert until the last moment as he found the footage "too painful" to work through, saying this about Coil's future, if Jhonn had lived;

"I can't say if the largely abstract form of the music that day would have continued to develop into some new form, or whether something had already "worn out". As you can hear on the Reconstruction Kit I had new Backing Tracks for 4 or 5 new songs but ended up only using a couple of them [on the night]. At the time it just didn't seem right."

Jhonn Balance's "Night Night" to the crowd in Ireland would be his final living words to his audience.

Upon return to his beloved Oak Bank house in Weston-super-Mare (South-West England), a large rambling abode which he still shared with ex-partner Peter (who had become an unofficial carer to Jhonn by that time), Jhonn soon retreated back into his room and quickly shut-off from the outside world once again. Being a reclusive, introverted person, the dire seriousness of his alcohol dependency was often hidden away from the outside world, an illness he had suffered from for well over a decade.

Over the next three weeks Jhonn would venture out of his room on only a handful of occasions, going down to the house studio to contribute vocals to future projects by Thighpaulsandra and Danny Hyde. The final vocal tracks that Jhonn recorded, mere days before his death, were for Thighpaulsandra's "Christ's Teeth" and Danny Hyde's "Fj Nettlefold".

Danny Hyde remembers; "I pestered Geoff (Jhonn) for [ages] to do vocals and I sent him over loops and stuff and he was all up for it, but nothing would ever happen. I subsequently now know that he was going through his own demons and it would have been very hard. Pete finally managed to pin him down and got him to sing the 'Fj Nettlefold' song. Pete put them on a CD and sent over all the vocal takes. Before I finished the track I heard Geoff was dead and so I never even got to play it to him."

Thighpaulsandra's track "Christ's Teeth" went on to appear on the memorial compilation album released in 2005 ...*It Just Is (In Memoriam: Jhonn Balance)*.

On November 10th it was officially announced that Jhonn Balance had contributed new vocals/lyrics to the Danny Hyde track, the announcement also mentioning "Make Room for the Mushrooms", a track that used historic vocals from Jhonn.

Also on November 10th Coil officially announced two live festival appearances for December. On the weekend of 3rd-5th December, they were to appear at ATPs' "The Nightmare Before Christmas", once again performing at Camber Sands Holiday Resort. They were then planned to head straight over to Bilbao, Spain for a performance at the MEM Festival on December 6th. Both of these events would obviously be cancelled soon enough.

Intriguingly, on the 12th November (the day before Jhonn's death), Coil officially announced that the "Seed Records 4th Birthday" event at Aldwych Disused Tube Station, that Coil was scheduled to play that evening, had been cancelled. Coil had originally planned to present a "short and low-key set" on that Friday night.

On the morning of November 13th 2004 Jhonn ventured out of his room for the final time, in an attempt to clean himself up a little. Peter Christopherson later recounted the tragic incident that happened that evening;

"On the early evening of November 13th 2004, Jhonn and I were at home. Jhonn had been in the oblivion of vodka for a couple of weeks although that day he had eaten some soup and had a bath and was not quite as insensible as he had been. I was watching TV (The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes) when I heard a noise in the hall. Jhonn was lying face down on the wooden floor breathing noisily. He was deeply unconscious. Apparently he had tipped over the banisters and fallen some 12ft to the floor below onto his head. I called the ambulance and they were at the house in 7 minutes. Jhonn was rushed to hospital, but despite the best efforts of the doctors in A&E, he did not regain consciousness. His condition deteriorated over the next few hours, and at 9.20pm he was pronounced dead."

The news filtered through to the *Coil List* by late evening the following day; many people obviously devastated, having initially thought that the Brainwashed website had turned all its pages black because of an upgrade or redesigned site.

The first official notice soon appeared;

The Thresholdhouse Website;

"We are greatly saddened to have to tell you that at about 5.30pm Saturday Nov 13th, Jhonn Balance, was killed in an accident at home. Under the influence of alcohol he fell from the first floor landing, hitting his head on the floor some 15ft below. Peter/Sleazy who was in the front room heard the noise, came out to investigate and found him unconscious, though still breathing. Balance was rushed to hospital, where his condition deteriorated, and he died soon after, without ever regaining consciousness. There is no suggestion that this event was in any way deliberate, in fact, anything other than a tragic accident. Unusually, Balance had been cheerful during the day, and was looking forward to seeing Ian at the weekend, and working on new recordings this week."

* * *

Peter Chistopherson;

"Our awareness that physical death is not an end, but merely a transition to a whole different part of existence, a new adventure, should by now be clear to everyone."

Jhonn has simply crossed over the Threshold...

As Thomas Olson wrote this morning: "Listening to some Coil songs now, and they are all sounding to me now as if they were written for this moment...."

Nevertheless the parting will be hard for us all. Fortunately there is much to be done that will keep us busy in the next few difficult weeks."

* * *

The Brainwashed website;

"IN MEMORIAM

GEFF RUSHTON (JOHN BALANCE) 1962-2004

We are sad to report the untimely passing of Geff Rushton (a.k.a. John Balance), founder of Coil, occasional member of Zos Kia, Psychic TV, Nurse With Wound, Current 93, Death in June, and friend to many. He will be sadly missed in this world. A Book of Condolence is being established at thresholdhouse.com"

The Coil List;

[coil] regarding a gesture

Jhonn Balance john at loci.demon.co.uk

Mon Nov 15 23:18:33 EST 2004

Hi all

Just a brief note at this difficult time - Ian and I both, and I'm sure John also, feel about financial donations, flowers etc this:

Rather than send us anything - we have too much already - do one of the following:

1. Write the words "Jhonn Balance" on a small piece of paper, put it in a hole in the ground or a pot, and plant a vegetable or tree over it.

Some people might want to anoint the paper with their own seed as well.

When you see the plant grow or even better when you eat the resulting vegetable, know you have him beside (or inside) you.

OR

2. If you see someone that needs some kind of small help or kindness, do so, but say "there you are Jhonn Balance", if only for the pleasure of seeing the startled look on their face.

(It was a running joke between us that Jhonn (like Blanche Dubois from *Streetcar Named Desire*) "often relied on the kindness of strangers")

And to everyone that has sent messages so soon - thank you SO so much - They are a massive comfort and help and mean a lot, even though sometimes it IS hard to read emails through the tears!!!! B^) What is the emoticon for that I wonder?

We will try to write back to everyone personally when Jhonn's Dust has settled...

Love to all

Sleazy and Ian

Over the following days and weeks, lots of people began to write their own heartfelt condolences and post their Balance memories online, many still on the internet for you to seek out, such as a great piece by William Breeze.

However, perhaps only Peter can *officially* sum up the whole after-effect of the tragedy;

"Although we all certainly knew that something like this might happen if Jhonn continued to use alcohol in the way that he did - and much of the work of Coil, Jhonn's Life's Work in fact, described or addressed that Very Moment, nevertheless it came as a great shock to all of us.

In the days that followed, Ian - Jhonn's partner for the last year or so - and I struggled to keep ourselves together and to begin to organise both public and private arrangements. The response to the news on the website was overwhelming and very touching, and brought immense Solace in a time of need.

Friends of Coil over the years, particularly Ossian Brown, Bill Breeze, David Michael, Geoff Cox and Marilyn, our housekeeper, were also incredibly supportive, and they were among the 100 or so guests at the Funeral Celebration, which was held on November 23rd at Memorial Woodlands near Bristol."

We all continue to have bad days from time to time, but slowly as the numbness begins to recede, the possibility of enjoying new sights, smells, flavors, the possibility of new life, returns. I still find it hard to say the words "Geff's dead" or "when Geff died" out loud, and the process of mixing and editing Jhonn's last Work "The Ape of Naples" has been almost unbearably emotional, to say the least.

The last song of that show "Going Up" is a reworking of the theme to the 70s TV show "Are You Being Served?" but through the eyes of Coil and Jhonn Balance it clearly is just about "Going Up" himself - Over and over he sings "Are you ready to go now?" and in the end, his Last Live Words: "...It Just Is."

Peter Christopherson, 11th March 05ev - the Last Days of the North Tower."

Peter, himself, would pass away peacefully in his sleep on November 25th 2010 - the potent and turbulent legacy of Coil passing away with him.

[Lengthy quotations from Peter Christopherson taken from the CSO booklet, together with sources such as the Rattlebag interview and CSO scans - all found on Archive.org]

♂Jhonn Balance
Sa., 13 November 2004
ENG (UK)

Planet positions

Jul.Day 2453322.667415 TDT, ΔT 64.7 sec

Planet	Longitude	house	Speed	Latitude	Declination	Houses (Plac.)	Declination
☉ Sun	♌ 21° 7' 2"	2	1° 0'25"	0° 0' 0" S	18° 2'20" S	Asc. ♎ 15°48'44"	6°13'22" S
☾ Moon	♌ 28°48'40"	2	14°41'55"	2°21'47" S	22°12' 1" S	2 ♌ 11°29'11"	15°16'45" N
☿ Mercury	♌ 21°47'18"	2	1°18'20"	2°30'37" S	24°41'22" S	3 ♌ 13°25'52"	22°24'48" S
♀ Venus	♌ 18°26' 8"	1	1°13'36"	1°46'57" N	5°34'41" S	IC ☊ 20°45'20"	21°50'17" S
♂ Mars	♌ 1°17'50"	1	39°56"	0°36' 0" N	11°21'48" S	5 ♌ 25°46'41"	12°55'40" S
♃ Jupiter	♏ 10° 6'48"	12	11'14"	1° 8'40" N	2°57'10" S	6 ♎ 23°57'40"	2°23'55" N
♄ Saturn	♏ 27°19'15" _S	10	- 33"	0° 5'45" S	20°36'11" N	Desc. ♎ 15°48'44"	6°13'22" N
♅ Uranus	♏ 2°52'22" ₂₆	5	4"	0°46'22" S	11°10'16" S	8 ☊ 11°29'11"	15°16'45" N
♆ Neptune	♏ 12°42'59"	4	40"	0° 5' 4" S	17° 4'31" S	9 ☊ 13°25'52"	22°24'48" N
♁ Pluto	♏ 2°55'52"	3	2' 2"	8° 8'48" N	15° 0' 7" S	MC ☊ 20°45'20"	21°50'17" N
♊ Mean Node	♏ 0°54'27"	7	- 3'11"	0° 0' 0" N	11°47'25" N	11 ☊ 25°46'41"	12°55'40" N
♋ True Node	♏ 2° 7'13"	7	- 1'47"	0° 0' 0" N	12°12'39" N	12 ☊ 23°57'40"	2°23'55" N
♌ Chiron	♏ 21°53'48"	4	3'23"	6°41'24" N	15° 3' 9" S		

Aspects

[illegible]

The Permutating Lists of Jhonn Balance (or "Colonel Balance, I Presume")

By Phil Barrington

*"Recent research into the structure of brain rhythms
suggests that it is in a state of relaxation of thought
that new relationships can be seen."*

Brion Gysin

Coil are obviously renowned for their musical experimentation, varied styles and even mixed genres of music. However, I feel that Jhonn Balance is not often recognised, let alone celebrated, as someone who truly experimented with lyrical and vocal delivery. You'd just need to dip your toe into several COIL concert recordings to find that variety of vocal physicality, boisterous accusations, even calamitous frailty at times, and his Gysin-esque live experiments with rhythm borne from repetitive surrealist phrasing (especially during the last two years of Balance's life).

From somnambulising ambulances to whomever's blood "it" is in, and from sick mirrors to self-critical gimps, the repetitive word rhythms are all there to listen to on these COIL recordings. Or, rather, to *experience*. For just one similar example of Brion Gysin's original phrasing experiments, here's an excerpt from his "Junk Is No Good, Baby" piece from 1962;

*JUNK IS NO GOOD BABY
JUNK IS NO GOOD
BABY JUNK IS NO
NO GOOD BABY JUNK
IS NO GOOD BABY*

*JUNK IS NO GOOD BABY
JUNK IS GOOD - NO BABY
JUNK IS BABY - NO GOOD
JUNK IS NO BABY - GOOD
JUNK IS GOOD BABY - NO
JUNK IS BABY GOOD - NO*



Brion Gysin (1916 – 1986)

It is fair to say that Gysin was one of Jhonn's key influences. At one quiet point in at least one COIL concert, Jhonn even name-checked Gysin's 1973 exploration of the cut-up technique and repetitive permutations poems, "Let The Mice In" - the book published by Something Else Press that traced the origin of "cut-ups" as a literary technique applied to writing by Gysin and William Burroughs.

As for reading Jhonn's lyrics on the page, away from any recordings, it's clear to me that his wild stylings are arguably as varied as COIL's music, and Jhonn's writings should certainly be recognised as important as COIL's sound recordings - if not more so.

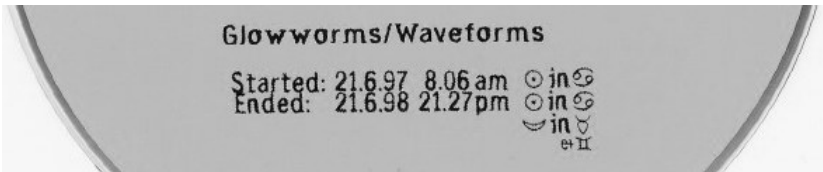
From grim haikus of early period COIL to verses-only songs, from long free-form rambling descriptives and monologues to abstract couplings, the range of styles are impressive, though often shaped by Peter Christopherson during the studio recording stage too. After all, Peter had stated in interviews that he would have to spend many hours editing down Jhonn's recorded vocals to shape and fit into his soundscapes, often leaving out some lines or, on occasion, re-ordering the structure of them. Christopherson, then, cannot be discounted when referring to the structure of Jhonn's lyrics as they appear in COIL's recorded output - though even during live performances, Jhonn's vocals were sometimes captured ad-hoc using *Ableton Live* and repeated in increasing loops of distortions. Live performances of "Unearthly Red", to merely pick just one track, could result in fascinating cut-ups and loops of Jhonn's live phrasings.

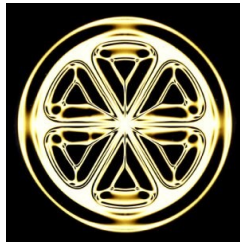
One style of Jhonn's lyrics that I find very interesting is what I collectively refer to as his "List Series"; seemingly unrelated lines of descriptives or statements are read off in an apparently random listing style. Jhonn's songs that feature this style of lyrics include;

- * Glowworms/Waveforms
- * Batwings (A Limnal Hymn)
- * Tudor Fruits (for Thighpaulsandra)
- * A List of Wishes (for Black Sun Productions)

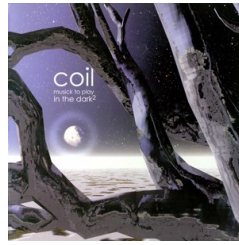
Also needing to be included, perhaps amongst others, is Cohen's "Who By Fire", of course covered on COIL's monolithic "Horse Rotorvator" in 1986.

"**Glowworms/Waveforms**", from COIL's 1998 "Summer Solstice; Bee Stings" EP, sounds like an insistent intergalactic curator at the edge of time, gripping his inventory notepad and ticking off a list of items that are falling through his allocated (glow)wormhole. This style of persistent vocal delivery is accentuated in the *Obsidian Monarch* remix version of the track by Thread - what sounds like a distortion of his inventory listings heard, this time, from the other side of the wormhole.





[Summer Solstice; Bee Stings]



[Musick To Play In The Dark²]

As is well known, much of the list narrated by Balance in "**Batwings (A Limnal Hymn)**" originates from the absurdist writings of Sir Thomas Browne (specifically 1684's "*Musæum Clausum*"), Jhonn's vocals ultimately complimented by the music in an unexpectedly mournful way. The cemetery-set fan video for the track is well-worth seeking out on Youtube, itself further reflecting upon an almost tangible grief in the track. Again, written on the page? A wryly humorous list of objects. Experienced as musick? Other-worldly and spellbindingly sorrowful. The power of COIL's alchemical partnership of Jhonn and Peter, distorting and polishing up base material, is in great evidence once again.

"**A List of Wishes**", in partnership with Black Sun Productions towards the end of COIL's lifespan, is a fun and jaunty twisted exercise in distorting the English language, delivering line after line of observations with the preposition "Of", often catty ("Of friends, the unsophisticate") and sometimes with playful threat ("Of skins, the unplayed"). The lyrics were inspired by one of Bertolt Brecht's final poems before his death in 1956, "Orge's List of Wishes" (translated to English by Lesley Lendrum).



[A Tribute to the Wor(l)ds of Jhonn Balance]



[Some Head]

"There's something happening out here, man. You know something, man? The man is clear in his mind, but his soul is mad. Oh, yeah. He's dying, I think. He hates all this. He hates it! But the man's a... He reads poetry out loud, all right? And a voice... I mean, what are they gonna say when he's gone? 'Cause he dies when it dies, when it dies, he dies! What are they gonna say about him? He was a kind man? He was a wise man? He had plans? He had wisdom?" *Apocalypse Now*, 1979.

Here's where I come to my favourite of all tracks from the Balance List Series. Thighpaulsandra's "**Tudor Fruits**". The track, recorded for the "Some Head" EP on COIL's Eskaton record label, is the one vocal track I wish Jhonn Balance had made as his final studio recording. His curtain call. Why? Well, I shall explain.

Coming in at over 13 minutes long, "Tudor Fruits" is certainly a track of exploration. Indeed, the first half of the song does not have Balance in it at all. Instead, the track's first section is a strange soundscape of a journey through surreal lands, perhaps teasing the listener into the Captain Willard role and going "up-river", past landscapes resembling the sleeves of COIL's own duo of "Musick To Play In The Dark" records.

Instruments of percussion sound like they are dangling from the branches of ancient bamboo trees, clanging to casual atonal life in the winds flowing through a Daliesque Mekong Delta as the listener eventually arrives at the final destination. It is here, on the muddy banks of some far-off unreal land, that we find Colonel Balance sitting on his bed there, surrounded by a deserted compound, making fevered notations in his books and about to pass on to new, even *more* ethereal lands.

The vocal delivery is honest, unhampered by vocal range, often fragile and sometimes sounding resigned to some undeclared fate. Just as the "Are You Being Served?" lyrics of COIL's "Going Up" list items of mundane consumer goods, here we find Jhonn deciding upon the colour scheme and pantones of his next, unearthly abode ("Fern Green", "Encaustic", "Torpor", "Whalebone").

Jhonn's final words, after an audible cough, are;

*Contributing
Impact
Section
Belittle*

By the closing words uttered by Balance, what sounds like a herd of Dali's elephants turn up on the banks of the compound to form some sort of funeral procession and carry Colonel Balance's fading soul away with them as they go. But not before he utters one final fateful statement;

Section. Closure.

From then on in, the closing moments of Thighpaulsandra's track make us feel almost like we're Percival, watching helplessly on the shore as King Arthur's battle-torn body drifts slowly away towards Avalon.

What a perfectly succinct "signing off" track to record. The best "full-stop" vocal delivery of all time. Balance's own version of Johnny Cash's cover of "Hurt", even. A song quite rightly seen as THE final recording session ever made by the haunted, almost-mythical man known by many as Jhonn Balance.

Except it isn't. The song was recorded in 2000, *four whole years* before Jhonn's tragic death. No, COIL's world was far too messy and unpredictable to have THAT song as Jhonn's final collaborative vocal track. The final tracks Jhonn ever recorded, upon his return to Weston-super-Mare from Ireland (and days before his death) include the surreal/barmy exploration of industrialist FJ Nettlefold for Danny Hyde (full vocal session now online) and a manic, restless performance for Thighpaulsandra's "Christ's Teeth".

Whilst these tracks are rather good (and Hyde's free download Everall Mix of "FJ Nettlefold", better than the original, masterfully teases melancholia out of nowhere), they are not "Tudor Fruits". They're just not. The scope of the whole bizarre journey across strange lands to meet Colonel Balance up-river is simply amazing. To hear his final set of lists. To observe his Heavenly Inventory, if you will.

If you haven't heard "Tudor Fruits" before, or not for a while, it can be found on Youtube. I'd argue that it is THE shining example of Jhonn's "List Series".

The track is a perfect ending that never was, in every respect.

Phil Barrington
November 13th 2017

Six Benefits of Lists:

1. Provide a positive psychological process whereby questions and confusions can be worked through. True purposes surface.
2. Foster a capacity to select and prioritize. Useful for an information-overload situation.
3. Separate minutia from what matters, which is good for identity & achievement.
4. Help determine the steps needed. Which informs direction and plan.
5. Combat avoidance. Taking abstract to concrete sets the stage for action.
6. Organize and contain a sense of inner chaos, which can make your load feel more manageable.

Dr. Carrie Barron, "How Making Lists Can Quell Anxiety and Breed Creativity"
Psychology Today, 9th March 2014.

The Life and Times of FJ Nettlefold

Composer, publisher, antiques collector, industrialist and UK film producer

By Phil Barrington

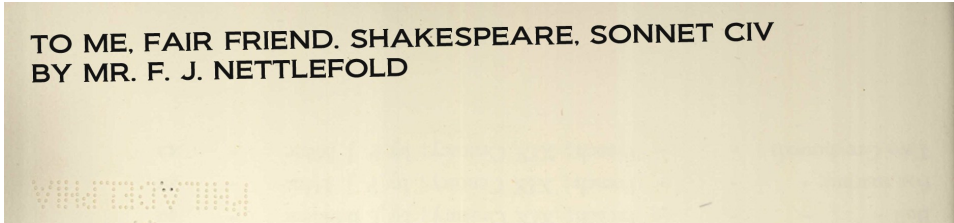
Who exactly *was* that strangely-named shadowy figure that Jhonn Balance focussed so much reluctant energy on during one of the final vocal sessions he recorded before his death in 2004? Just a random name from the annals of history? Or a character that Jhonn himself perhaps identified with in some way?

Well, when looking at his life and piecing it all together, FJ Nettlefold certainly seems like a curious fellow with very rich life experiences.

FJ Nettlefold (1867-1949) took over the reigns of the famous, and often industry-leading, manufacturing company GKN (a family business) from his father Frederick Nettlefold in 1913. The British GKN company always desired to strengthen ties with manufacturing outlets around the world to ease production and inter-industry trade and it seems that 'FJ' was one of the chaps to go travelling and represent the company on the growing global industrial stage of the early 1900s. In 1901, at the age of 34, Nettlefold was arrested for 'undisclosed' reasons in Germany, though nothing was ever recorded beyond that vague incident when he returned to these shores.

The highly-creative FJ went on to use his family riches for creative purposes, endeavours and Edwardian-to-Interwar era follies. A budding composer, self-publisher, antiques and art collector over his lifetime, he also found time to produce a few silent movies (perhaps using the platform to push his compositions as sound-tracks as part of the deal?).

In 1926 the notable British silent-era Hepworth Studios was purchased by FJ's extended family, with the company promptly being renamed Nettlefold Studios. However, it was under FJ's own name that he himself followed that family interest into producing silent films.



TO ME, FAIR FRIEND. SHAKESPEARE. SONNET CIV
BY MR. F. J. NETTLEFOLD



Every Mother's Son

"The hundred sons of FJ Nettlefold... parachuted in behind enemy lines"

"[produced by FJ Nettlefold in 1926] The staunchly anti-war 'Every Mother's Son' stars Rex Davis as David Brent, one of those "sons." Unnerved by his experiences in World War I, Brent is unable to secure work after the Armistice. He becomes a tramp, albeit a good-looking one. Brent is ultimately joined by his true love Janet Shaw (Jean Jay), likewise an outcast because of her illegitimate child. The aptly named Johnny Butt provides comic relief." synopsis by www.allmovie.com

Note: Parachutes were controversially proposed for regular use from the onset of WWI (1914–1918).

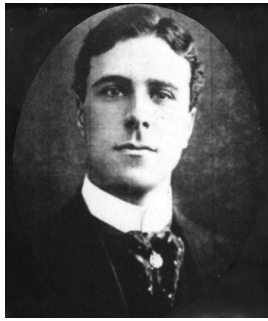
"With your stone vase of Qing, with your afts of T'ang"

Nettlefold recorded his collections of antiques, bronzes, casts and paintings extensively and published these listings during his lifetime, such as the pamphlet in 1934. These items included bronzes and casts from different Chinese and Far-East eras.

As some of his inspirations when composing pieces of music, FJ often utilised words from the 19th Century Romantics and classic writers in his works and, in 1935, FJ Nettlefold released a booklet of sheet music to be played alongside Shakespeare's Sonnet 104, the same sonnet - "To Me, Fair Friend" - used in COIL's 'Montecute' as part of Jarman's 'The Angelic Conversation' film soundtrack in 1985.

Upon his death at the age of 82, in 1949, FJ Nettlefold bequeathed many sought-after items of his antiques and art collection to Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery, which included items inherited from his father's distinguished collection of Martinware pottery.

FJ Nettlefold pottered around at the family estate until his death: "Nettlefolds", Chelwood Vachery, Millbrook Hill, Uckfield, East Sussex, TN22 3HR. He owned the site of the current Memorial Hall and the Village Social Club in nearby Nutley village, donating the land to the village parish before his death.



A bon viveur, musician and philanthropist in his lifetime, FJ Nettlefold certainly lived his life to the fullest. Now, who can really say where and when Jhonn Balance was inspired enough by the chap to conduct some of his final vocal sessions all about him?

Phil Barrington
November 10th 2017

THE COLLECTION OF BRONZES AND CASTINGS IN BRASS AND ORMOLU FORMED BY MR. F. J. NETTLEFOLD				
Boy holding Shell	-	-	French; 1857; by B. Carpeaux	-
Glory to the Dead	-	-	English; 1901; by E. Onslow Ford	- 51, 52
Three figures	-	-	French; XIX Century; by E. Leveque	- 53, 54
On the Nile	-	-	German; XX Century; by R. Marcuse	- 55
Silver Plaque—The Hunt	-	-	Italian; 1894; by Mme. Lancelot-Croce	- 56
Pan	-	-	French; Modern; by S. Eloff	- 57
Sceptic Faun	-	-	French; 1924; by S. Eloff	- 58
Kathleen laughing	-	-	English; Modern; by J. Epstein	- 59, 60
Dog of Fo	-	-	Chinese; XVIII Century	- 61, 62
Bodhisattva	-	-	Chinese; XIX Century	- 63
Pair of Bronze Vases	-	-	Japanese; XVIII Century	- 64
Pair of Bronze Dragons	-	-	Sino-Tibetan; XVIII Century	- 65
				66

References

"The Collection of Bronzes and Castings in Brass and Ormolu formed..." by Mr. F. J. Nettlefold (1934).
"To me, fair Friend. [Song, words by] Shakespeare, Sonnet civ" by F. J Nettlefold (1935)
"A History of GKN: Volume 1: Innovation and Enterprise, 1759-1918" by Edgar Jones.
The National Archives (UK) Arrest Reference: FO 64/1547
imdb.com
The British Film Institute
www.nutleyhistorical.org.uk
en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Walton_Studios

Chronology of Monolithic Events

1962 - February 16th - Geoffrey Laurence Burton (Jhonn Balance) is born.

1978 - Forms the experimental group Merderwerkers (arguably one of the first dark ambient groups).

1979 - Releases "Blue Funk (Scars for E)" on Sterile Records compilation "Standard Response" under the Merderwerkers moniker - an instrumental track.

1980 - Under the Stabmental moniker (the name of the underground fanzine he had been writing and distributing at the time) Jhonn releases another instrumental track, called "A Thin Veil of Blood", which is included on the "Deleted Funtime" cassette compilation. Meets Peter Christopherson at the Throbbing Gristle "Heathen Earth" event.

1982 - Autumn - Jhonn starts to contribute lyrics for the post-punk band Cultural Amnesia at the same time as writing lyrics for his own use, saying goodbye to the group A House after being in that line-up for a brief time. After Jhonn quits university he moved into rented accommodation in Chiswick, London with Peter Christopherson.

1983 - Spring - Jhonn creates the very first Coil track, "On Balance"; a solo creation using keyboards and drum machine. On May 11th he creates a further three tracks; "S is for Sleep", "Red Weather" and "Here to Here". Balance writes the Coil Manifesto.

1983 - A busy year for Balance, being a member of Psychic TV (and TOPY), performance troupe Zos Kia, the proper starting stages of Coil, and would go on to also form The Sickness of Snakes - all groups involving Peter Christopherson. Jhonn appears in bondage in Psychic TV's Transmissions series of transgressive films, getting urinated on by a masked David Tibet as a form of magickal initiation. Work begins on Coil's seminal album "Funeral Music for Princess Diana" (the album title, of course, changed before release under Peter's advice, to "Scatology").

1983 - August 4th - Coil performs live for the first time, in London. They would soon stop performing live as a group for over 16 years.

1986 - After releasing several singles the band record and quickly release the legendary album "Horse Rotorvator".

1988-1991 - A major part of both the rave and drug cultures of London, Coil found themselves taking years to finish "Love's Secret Domain" (previously known as "The Side Effects of Life"). As Jhonn approached his 30th birthday he increasingly sought solace in alcohol to weather the coming-down effects from the range of chemicals the band and associates were swamped under at the time. Tales of excess during the studio sessions became legendary, summarised by Steve Thrower; "There were very few options left: after the LSD sessions. I'd say death was a very real presence at the end of that particular feast."

1992 - Autumn - Coil meet up with William Burroughs in Kansas (on one of around half-a-dozen times Jhonn would meet Burroughs), and recorded various spoken phrases by him for possible use in the future (including "bring it all down" for a Ministry track that Jhonn had

written the video treatment for, and "Colour Sound Oblivion" which can be heard over the dvd menus for the Coil CSO dvd boxset - full audio now available on archive.org).

1988-1993 - Peter had referred to these years as "the lost years" due to the continuing drink and drug excess mainly effecting Jhonn during long and lonely stretches whilst Peter travelled around the world directing videos to keep bringing the money in to support Coil projects (and their personal lives). Plans, however, were afoot for a virtual album-by-album side-project reinvention of Coil that would take them right up to the abrupt end of their creative life as true musical pioneers with their own intense mix of left-field experimentation, surreal classicism, baroque stylings and emotionally honest lyrical content.

1993 - After completing all promotional engagements for "Love's Secret Domain", Coil optimistically begin recording the Coil follow-up album "Backwards" (subsequently known as "International Dark Skies", "God Please Fuck My Mind For Good" and "The World Ended A Long Time Ago"). Plagued by the band's shell-shocked and drug-frazzled mindset, these studio recordings are also referred to as the "New Orleans Backwards" sessions. These epic sessions would go on throughout the 1990s and beyond, recorded both in the studios of England and at Trent Reznor's recording studio in New Orleans, USA, culminating in several leaked demos under various album and track titles. The sessions would continue, on and on, until 2008 - when the eventual release of the somewhat underwhelming "The New Backwards" remix album of the original tracks appeared. A Threshold House Newsletter from 1993 states that William Burroughs "guests" on two songs from the "Backwards" sessions.

1994 - Jhonn ingests a large amount of 'snowballs' (a potent mix of synthetic drugs) in a club in Islington, collapses into convulsions and is catatonic for three days.

1995-2000 - Whilst Coil grew from strength to strength as a pioneering, hugely influential force (even beginning touring again in 1999), Jhonn becomes more and more withdrawn from the world, suffering occasional fits, violent emotional outbursts, self-harm and breathing difficulties which leads to several attempts to detox and attendance at expensive AA clinics for a desperately-needed recovery. Whilst Jhonn tries as hard as he could, the relapses would push him further and further out into the wilderness. As Peter mentioned in a much later interview; "He could cope with the drugs – if we had them he'd take them, if we didn't he wouldn't — but after a while he couldn't cope without a bottle of wine for breakfast."

1997 - Jhonn, increasingly suffering from chronic alcoholism, checks into The Grange behavioural treatment centre in Surrey, UK. Undergoing the Residential Alcoholism Treatment Programme, he suddenly abandons the treatment half-way through and returns to his home in Chiswick. He describes his condition; "For many, the drug alcohol can offer comfort, sociability & solace but, for the alcoholic, it eats away at the creative spirit. It traps and possesses it, petrifying and rotting away any human potential. I am an alcoholic... It is my demon. My ugly spirit. I suspect I am locked in a lifelong struggle with it. Over the last few years my experiences have intensified and darkened." It was in 1997 that Jhonn's friendship with artist Ian Johnstone gets closer, with the pair stating via a Threshold House Newsletter that they plan on an art installation collaboration called "One".

1997 - Jhonn hears about the wide range of talents of a keyboard player named Thighpaul-sandra, makes enquiries and 'Thighps' joins Coil. Together with Coil's move to the West Country the following year, Thighps' influence helps usher in the Moon phase of Coil's legacy.

1998 - For a fresh start, and in a bid to escape the many vices of London, Coil move to the comparably tranquil Weston-super-Mare, UK, into an impressive victorian mansion embedded into the west coast clifftops beside the Bristol Channel. The house has an imposing stone staircase, working elevator and a long banister that swirls up 15ft to the first floor. The address is; Oak Bank, 31 South Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset BS23 2HD and, from 2005, holds facilities for residential care, registered to "provide accommodation and personal care for people with learning disabilities and complex needs". There are also Activity Rooms for patients - the tenants in this former Coil house encouraged to be creative with such things as sensory exploration, sand drawing, and creating art with carpet tiles. In February 2010 Oak Bank was inspected after a death of one of the patients there.

1999 - For a break away from recording "Musick to Play in the Dark (volume 1)", Balance and Peter visit Aleister Crowley's crumbling Abbey Of Thelema at Cefalu, Sicily.

2000 - April 2nd - Coil's first major live appearance for around 17 years was at Julian Cope's Cornucopia event at London's Royal Festival Hall, billed variously as "Coil Presents Time Machines", "Time Machines from the Heart of Darkness", and "The Industrial Use Of Semen Will Revolutionise The Human Race" (the latter also apparently the proto-title of the "Circulating" track). Balance appears with a massive black eye (the others begin to apply makeup to their faces to match his beaten look on more than one occasion). Jhonn's bruised eye is referred to only as a "drunken incident". Whether this was self inflicted, a result of misadventure, or even a bar-room disagreement, is not publicly known.

2000 - September - During a violent episode at home, Jhonn begins to cut himself, bleeding all over several blank album sleeves (subsequently sold as special 'Trauma Editions' of "Musick To Play In The Dark - Volume 2").

2001 - October 24th - Jhonn's drinking continues to seriously blight his health, he suffers a breakdown, and is rushed to Weston General Hospital with a suspected heart attack. In private, Jhonn begins discussing via email to fans about the excess amount of bile produced from his liver, amongst other major physical ailments related to his alcoholism. Jhonn's drinking gets ever-more extreme during Coil's first tour of Europe, to the alarm of everyone involved with the shows.

2002 - Drew McDowall remarks in interview; "The thing about Coil is everything is really lived. There isn't much separating Balance from the world - he's like a very porous membrane, whatever is going on around him ends up in his music. I wouldn't even call it an ability because I don't think he can help it - it's a trait - it makes for really amazing shit, but I really don't know how healthy it is in the end."

2002 - October 22nd - The second major Coil tour is increasingly affected by Jhonn's drinking. On route to Poland, via the Latvian port of Riga, Peter recalled that, at dawn, Jhonn passes "out cold in the car park, waiting for the bus to pick us up, and couldn't, or wouldn't, be woken."

2003 - March 1st - The release of "England's Hidden Reverse" by David Keenan, which includes details of Coil's history up to that point including Jhonn's struggles with alcohol, though the book's first edition arguably had more focus on Current 93 than either Coil or NWW. Now overweight and bearded, Jhonn is spotted wandering around London - entering a cafe to subsequently laugh at his dessert. Balance's surreal humour peeps through the bleakness as he remarks to an enquiring waitress, "It's cake. I find cake funny".

2003 - October 6th - After a powerful emotive performance in Greece, Jhonn disappears from his hotel room the next morning, missing the band's flight home (the band being forced to leave without him). His whereabouts are not known for days, his low-key return to Oak Bank looking "very spaced out" before his unhinged performance at Megalithomania sealed the lid on his long-term relationship with Peter.

2003 - May 29th - Jhonn "bails" on three Coil live dates, refusing to perform on these long scheduled dates, leaving just Peter and Thighps to perform the dates instrumentally.

2004 - July 25th - London. At Coil's penultimate gig in London a female member of the audience shouts jibes at a drunk-sounding Jhonn in between songs, including "Take your rags off" and "Go and fuckin' die, yeah?" Jhonn's response was as dry as ever; "you don't want me dead...If you kill me, I'd have to live forever. Don't do that."

2004 - October 23rd - Dublin, Ireland. Jhonn Balance would perform his last Coil concert at Dublin City Hall.

2004 - November 10th - Coil officially announces Jhonn's vocal performance has been recorded for Danny Hyde's "Fj Nettlefold" track (along with notice of planned December Coil concerts). Balance also records vocals for Thighpaulsandra's song "Christ's Teeth" around this time. It would be the last time he ever contributed his lyrics and vocals for any collaborator.

2004 - November 13th, 5.30pm - Jhonn Balance falls 15ft from the balcony of his home in Weston-super-Mare and is rushed to hospital. His death is officially recorded by Weston General Hospital at 9.20pm, aged 42.

2004 - November 23rd - Balance's memorial service is held near Bristol, UK, attended by close friends and family only.

2005 - Mar 20th - Jhonn's ashes are scattered around a Hawthorn tree by Bassenthwaite lakeside in Cumbria. The place is somewhere he loved, with the peaceful expanse of the lake and Dodd summit towering high above it. There is a memorial plaque and grove post dedicated to Jhonn in a small woodland called Church Plantation, near the hawthorn tree. Directions to the plaque and more details are given by Ian here; <http://arktodd.brzh.ru/page19.htm>

2005 - December 2nd - "The Ape of Naples" released. Seen by most as the last major release of original material by Coil, certainly its last masterpiece, even though it contains songs originating from the troubled "Backwards" sessions.

2008 - April 18th - "The New Backwards" released, containing Peter's re-interpretations of tracks from the infamous Backwards sessions, containing many previously unheard lyrics by Jhonn.

2010 - July - "Colour Sound Oblivion" released - a 16-dvd box-set of Coil live video recordings from 1983 - 2004 along with 2 disks of backing tracks/projections. A third disk of backing tracks called "The Barcelona Aural Backdrop", along with a couple of uncollected backdrops would soon also surface.

2010 - Summer/Autumn - The compilation of "Moon's Milk (Final Phase)" begins in earnest, with Balance-penned tracks from the original bonus disk to be included alongside a remastered set of all the original Moon's Milk EPs material with additional 'complimentary' tracks created by Peter Christopherson and Danny Hyde in Thailand.

2010 - November 25th - The death of Peter Christopherson in Thailand, reported as having passed away peacefully in his sleep. Plans for the release of "Moon's Milk (In Final Phase)" subsequently abandoned, though not before recording is completed on the complimentary "Moon's Milk" material days before Peter's death - posthumously released years later under the Aural Rage moniker with Danny Hyde, without vocals/presence from Jhonn.

2014 - November 8th - Hardcover book of Jhonn's artwork is released; "Bright Lights and Cats With No Mouths" (the title taken from a personalised title for the "Moons Milk (In Four Phases) Bonus Disc").

2015 - August 12th - The archive.org leak of Coil's raw recorded conversations with writers and poets, under the title of "Black Sun Magazine" (also being the base vocal material for Coil's abandoned "Wounded Galaxies Tap at the Window" project from 1996).

2015 - October 9th - The re-release of eight early Coil singles/soundtrack by "Threshold Archives", which soon sold out, containing many unheard extra tracks with new vocals/lyrics. A future edition of this book will include all newly-unearthed Balance lyrics once all TARCH re-releases are produced.

2015 - October 29th - After two decades of being on the shelf, Coil's "Backwards" album was finally released by Cold Spring, with Danny Hyde providing extra same-era tracks.

2016 - February 25th - The release of the revised edition of David Keenan's "England's Hidden Reverse" book, containing two new chapters (and extra book in the limited edition) with more focus on Coil in comparison to previous editions, particularly Coil's "Moon" phase and subsequent deaths of both Coil members.

[Alongside my own research, the CSO booklet, the EHR book and other online Coil sources such as Brainwashed were all used to compile the above timeline]

For Learning, Not For Show:

Esoteric Books From The Coil Estate

By Phil Legard

Following the death of Jhonn Balance in November 2004, materials from the Threshold House library were offered to the occult book dealer Ben Fernee of Caduceus Books. Although Fernee only took a portion of the books in the library, the catalogues that Caduceus published from February 2005 onward make fascinating reading for any Coil obsessive.

There were, naturally, many other threads to Jhonn's literary interest in addition to what is represented here: his collection of Burroughs works, for example, is entirely absent from these catalogues, which generally focus on the magical and mystical volumes belonging to the pair. Fernee also notes that there were various unoffered rarities, such as books by Ralph Chubb: a visionary poet associated with what Timothy d'Arch Smith called the 'Uranian' movement of gay poets (among them Lord Alfred Douglas and Montague Summers). Chubb's books (often published in extremely limited runs) combine stunning lithographic work in the style of Blake and visionary poetics with the erotic worship of adolescent boys. Possibly a buyer had already been found prior to Jhonn's death: in *Altered Balance*, Jeremy Reed mentions that during his last visit to Jhonn that he was "broke at the time, [...] attempting to sell part of his Ralph Chubb collection, after an altercation with Peter on the phone about finances [...]" Fernee also procured a number of Austin Osman Spare works from the collection, although notably the small, storm-darkened landscape that Jhonn described having visionary engagements with in his essay on Spare was absent from these.

Fernee's catalogues list around 570 volumes previously owned by Jhonn Balance, which hold a wealth of detail about the occult influences on the band and have been treated here as a representative sample of their esoteric interests. None of the books are identifiably Sleazy's, but a substantial number of them have acquisition dates and notes by Jhonn: a number of those from the early 80s are inscribed with Jhonn's TOPY alias 'Eden 2', and often seem to have been purchased on excursions with David Tibet (indicated as 'w/ 93' in his inscriptions) - amongst these purchases are several works by Crowley on the title pages of which Jhonn has inscribed the maxim "For learning, not for show."

It's interesting to see just how ubiquitous Crowley is in the collection: around 210 of the books Fernee handled are by or related to Crowley, many of them first editions. Only half as many titles are related to Spare, although obviously Crowley's relative popularity and notoriety has something to do with this, since - as a literary completist - Jhonn's collection actually contained almost everything published about Spare and contemporaries such as Frank Letchford.

Of the Crowley volumes one also has an inscription to Jhonn from Genesis P-Orridge: it is a copy of *Clouds without Water*, dedicated "Dearest Geff Eden 2 (psychic cross) with thanks for inspiration and encouragement before, now and after Gen (psychic cross) 23 5 June 1983", evidently an affectionate gift marking Jhonn and Peter's departure from Psychic TV (n.b. both *Clouds without Water* and *Eden 2* were tracks on PTV's *Dreams Less Sweet*).

Other personal dedications proliferate and emphasise the standing of Coil within the occult subculture of the late 20th century. There are a number of works, chiefly on runes and Norse themes, that are ex libris David Tibet, as well as several books personally dedicated to Jhonn by Tibet. Several books were also gifted from Coil's friend, collaborator and OTO head William Breeze, as well as from Kenneth Anger. While the UK OTO is represented by several gifts from Clive Harper of various editions of his *Notes Towards a Bibliography of Austin Osman Spare*. With regard to Spare, there are many affectionate dedications to Jhonn from his friend and authority on AOS, Gavin Semple, most enigmatically "For Geoff - with darkest benisons, fox brother of mine!" in a copy of Semple's classic book on Spare's magical system, *Zos-Kia*. Other dedications include Andrew Chumbley, Hakim Bey and Kenneth Grant.

Crowley and Spare are perennial themes in the collection, with acquisitions spanning Jhonn's lifetime from the early 80s to the early years of the millennium. Chaos magick and earth mysteries seem less so. Many of the classic periodicals and publications of the 80s chaos magick scene are represented, naturally trailing off as the scene waned - of particular note are Jhonn's copy of the first imprint of *Liber Kaos*, issued to novices and members of the IOT only, and the collection of materials relating to the Esoteric Order of Dagon. The EOD is most closely associated with Michael Staley and Peter Smith, the latter of whom was responsible for Coil's striking Threshold House logo. One copy of the EOD's *Pylon* journal contains a certificate of honorary EOD membership addressed to "Frater Coil".

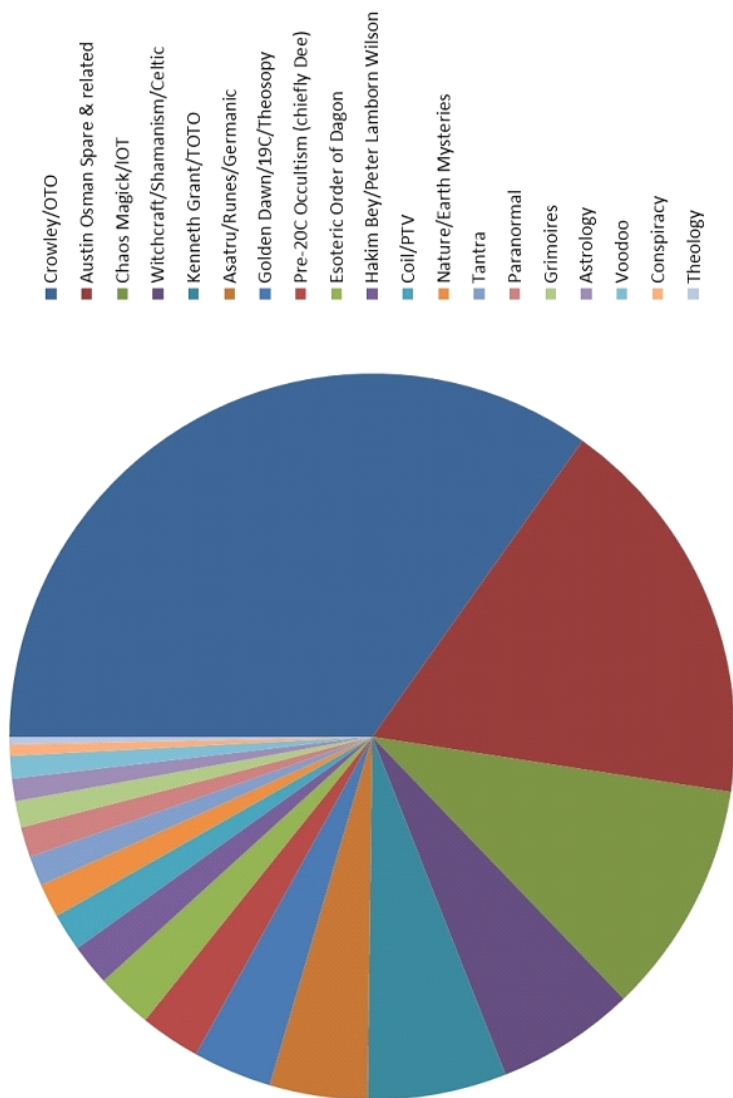
Although the interest in chaos magick tails off toward 1990, as did the scene itself, an interest in earth mysteries begins to emerge from around 1993 and throughout the 90s, with acquisitions of copies of the *Ley Hunter* journal, and books on mythic Albion, dowsing and trees. Obviously this aligns with the duo's shift toward "moon musick", but they also provide a tantalising glimpse of what may have been had Jhonn remained on the mortal coil: in what may be his final interview (conducted by Michael Moynihan), he talked of cultivating an organ to propagate "PAN ideas and beliefs. These include organic gardening and food production, growing and working with medicinal fungi, establishing and encouraging private

press editions, public poetry readings, performances and events, reducing and making people aware of light pollution, reducing consumption of everything, buying locally, helping establish woodlands with native species of trees, reactivating old ceremonies and traditions.”

Jhonn often mentioned shamanism in his interviews, although in anthropological terms shamans engage with and show concern for community, which sits uneasily with Coil’s famed insularity: although perhaps the above quote indicates a re-alignment with concerns with community and wellbeing. It is evident too that he was deeply sympathetic to his friends: perhaps even doing some minor magical workings - one of his postcards to Jeremy Reed is complemented by magical sigils after the style of Spare and the quote “I send the blue cloak of Isis to comfort and help you heal.” Undoubtedly the shamanic vision was also there, evidenced in abundance in Jhonn’s lyrics, and his choice of striking texts such as Maclise’s Description of a Mandala as incorporated in *The Coppice Meat*, yielding an astonishing animistic, ancestral and visionary assemblage in its own right. Combined, these factors seem to indicate an emerging alignment toward a more traditional type of shamanhood and, perhaps, they help to crystallise a vision to be carried forward in his memory.

References

- Barrington, Phil (ed.). 2014. *The Golden Age of Bloodsports: The Collected Words, Lyrics & Performed Songs of Jhonn Balance*. Barrington Arts
- Buckley, Joshua & Moynihan, Michael. 2004. “Fermenting Moon Musick: A Conversation with John Balance of Coil” in *TYR: Myth, Culture and Tradition*, Volume 2. Ultra.
- Ferneer, Ben. 2005. *Caduceus Books catalogues*, February 2005 – April 2005.
- Ferneer, Ben. 2014. Personal communication.
- Reed, Jeremy & Urbaniak, Karolina. 2014. *Altered Balance*. Infinityland Press.



An indicative chart of esoteric subjects in Coil's library, based on 566 entries from the Caduceus Books catalogues. © Phil Legard

A List of Wishes

Primary, Full-length Coil Albums By Phase

[discarding pseudonyms for clarity]

Mars Phase

Transparent [w. Zos Kia] (1984)

Sun Phase

Scatology (1984)

Horse Rotorvator (1986)

Gold Is The Metal With The Broadest Shoulders (1987)

Love's Secret Domain (1991)

ELpH vs. Coil: Worship the Glitch (1995)

Black Light District: A Thousand Lights in a Darkened Room (1996)

Backwards (1996/2015)

Moon Phase

Time Machines (1998)

Astral Disaster (1999)

Musick to Play in the Dark Vol. 1 (1999)

Musick to Play in the Dark Vol. 2 (2000)

Constant Shallowness Leads to Evil (2000)

Lunar Eclipse Phase

Black Antlers (2004)

The Ape of Naples (2005)

The New Backwards (2008)

All Major Coil Releases

[discarding pseudonyms for clarity and recent non-expanded reissues]

Albums

Transparent	(w. Zos Kia - Cassette) (1984)
Scatology	(12"/Cassette/CD) (1984)
Horse Rotorvator	(12"/Cassette/CD) (1987)
Love's Secret Domain	(LP/Cassette/CD) (1991 July)
Worship The Glitch	(10"/CD) (1995)
Time Machines	(CD) (1998 January 26)
Astral Disaster	(12"/CD) (1999 January/2000 January)
Musick to Play in the Dark Vol. 1	(CD/12") (1999 September)
Queens of the Circulating Library	(CD) (2000 April)
Musick to Play in the Dark Vol. 2	(CD/2X12") (2000 September)
Constant Shallowness Leads to Evil	(CD) (2000 September)
The Remote Viewer	(CD-R/2XCD) (2002 May)
Black Antlers	(CD-R/2XCD) (2004 June)
The Ape of Naples	(CD/3X12") (2 December 2005)
The New Backwards	(CD/12") (2008)

Compilations

Gold Is the Metal with the Broadest Shoulders	(12"/CD) (1987)
Unnatural History	(CD) (1990)
Stolen & Contaminated Songs	(CD) (1992)
Unnatural History II	(CD) (1995 January)
Unnatural History III	(CD) (1997 June)
A Guide For Beginners: A Silver Voice	(CD) (2001 September)
A Guide For Finishers: A Golden Hair	(CD) (2001 September)
Moons Milk (In Four Phases)	(2XCD) (2002 January)
The Golden Hare with a Voice of Silver	(2xCD) (2002)
ANS (3xCD & 1 DVD)	(2004 May)

Demos

Scatology-Era Demos	(1985)
The Side Effects of Life / Love's Secret Demise	(1990)
First Dark Ride Demos	(1994)
Protection Demos	(1994)
The Backwards Demos	(1995)
New Orleans Backwards	(1996 several mixes leaked)
Backwards	(2015)

Singles & EPs

How to Destroy Angels	(12") (1984)
Panic/Tainted Love	(12"/CD) (1985) [TARCH Re-release Oct 2015]
The Anal Staircase	(12") (1986) [TARCH Re-release Oct 2015]
The Wheel/The Wheal	(7") (1987) [TARCH Re-release Oct 2015]
The Wheal/Keelhauler	(7") (1987) [TARCH Re-release Oct 2015]
Wrong Eye/Scope	(7") (1990) [TARCH Re-release Oct 2015]
Windowpane	(12"/CD) (1990) [TARCH Re-release Oct 2015]
The Snow	(12"/Cassette/CD) (1991) [TARCH Re-release Oct 2015]
How to Destroy Angels (Remixes and Re-Recordings)	(CD) (1992)
Airborne Bells/Is Suicide a Solution?	(7") (1993 November)
Nasa Arab	(12") (1994)
pHILM #1"	(10") (1994)
Born Again Pagans / Protection	(CD) (1994)
Windowpane & The Snow	(CD) (1995)
Spring Equinox: Moon's Milk or Under an Unquiet Skull	(7"/CD) (1998 March)
Summer Solstice: Bee Stings	(7"/CD) (1998 June)
Autumn Equinox: Amethyst Deceivers	(7"/CD) (1998 September)
Winter Solstice: North	(7"/CD) (1999 January)
Zwölf	(CD) (1999 December)
ANS	(CD) (2003 May)
The Restitution of Decayed Intelligence	(10") (2003 May)
Moons Milk (In Four Phases) Bonus Disc	(CD-R) (2003 July)
Duplais Balance (Animal Are You?)	(CD) (2006 December)
Recoiled EP	(CD/vinyl/digital) (2014)

Live Releases

Coil Presents Time Machines	(CD) (2000 September)
Live In Moscow	(VHS) (2001)
Live in NYC	(CD / VHS) (2001)
Live Four	(CD) (2003 March)
Live Three	(CD) (2003 March)
Live Two	(CD) (2003 May)
Live One	(2xCD) (2003 June)
The Key to Joy Is Disobedience	(box set) (2003 July)
Megalithomania!	(CD-R) (2003 July)
Spoiler Talks DVD Series: Coil	(DVD) (2003)

Live Releases (cont.)

Selvaggina, Go Back into the Woods	(CD-R) (2004 July)
...And the Ambulance Died in His Arms	(CD) (2005 April)
Live in Porto	(CD) (2006)
Colour Sound Oblivion	(16xDVD) (2010)

Notable Soundtrack Releases

The Unreleased Themes for Hellraiser	(10"/Cassette/CD) (1987)
Gay Man's Guide to Safer Sex	(bootleg MP3) (1992)
Sarah Dale's Sensuous Massage	(bootleg MP3) (1992)
Themes for Derek Jarman's Blue	(7") (1993)
Totally Fucked Up (Dir. Gregg Araki)	(playlist now on Youtube) (1993)
The Angelic Conversation	(CD) (1994)
Frisk	(MP3 on archive.org) (1995)
Rasputin: The Devil in the Flesh	(Channel4 documentary) (2002)
Puffball (Dir. Nic Roeg)	(bootleg MP3 soundtrack) (2006)
The Angelic Conversation (instr.)	[TARCH CD] (2015)

Notable Bootlegs

Acid Jam	(bootleg MP3) (1999)
Songs of the Week / Black Gold	(bootleg 2xCD) (2000)
Barcelona Aural Backdrop	(bootleg MP3) (2001)
Dutch Radio4 Supplement	(bootleg 4xCD) (2001)
Black Sun Magazine	(leaked MP3) (2015)

Concerts Performed By Jhonn Balance

[All concerts by Coil unless noted, and does not include appearances with bands not originally formed by/with Jhonn Balance. Please consult the *Live COIL Archive* for in-depth information and more concert-based lyrics: <http://live-coil-archive.com>]

Mars Phase;

- As Stabmental; [two conceptual "non-appearances"]
- 1979 - Lord William's Comp. School, Oxon; "Non-Appearance One"
- 1979 - Lord William's Comp. School; "Non-Appearance With A Little Girl"

As Murderworkers;

- 1980 - Mar 14th - Lord William's Comp. Upper School Hall, Oxon; "Anti-Appearance"

As A House;

- 1980 - Spring - Lord William's Comprehensive Upper School Hall, Oxon
- 1983-Aug 04th - Magenta Club, London, UK; "A Manifestation of the Will"
- 1983-Aug 24th - Air Gallery, London, UK; "A Slow Fade to Total Transparency"
- 1983-Oct 12th - Recession Studios, London, England; "Recession"
- 1983-Dec 03rd - Berlin, Germany; "Atonal Festival II"

Sun Phase; Non-Appearance Of A Band

- 1984 –1998 - No performances were given by Coil

Moon Phase;

- 1999-Dec-14th - Berlin, Germany; "20' To 2000"
- 2000-Apr-02nd - Royal Festival Hall, London; "Cornucopoea"
- 2000-Jun-17th - Barcelona, Spain; "Sonar Festival"
- 2000-Sep-19th - Royal Festival Hall, London; "Persistence is All"
- 2001-Mar-25th - Nantes, France; "Le Lieu Unique"
- 2001-May-30th - Antwerp, Belgium; "Cultural Center Luchtbal"
- 2001-Jun-01st - Amsterdam, Netherlands; "Paradiso"
- 2001-Jun-03rd - Leipzig, Germany; "Wave-Gotik-Treffen"
- 2001-Aug-18th - New York, USA; "Irving Plaza Convergence"
- 2001-Sept-15th - Moscow, Russia; DK Gorbunova
- 2002-Mar-30th - Limoges, France; "Artooz Festival"

Coil Concerts Performed By Jhonn Balance (cont.)

Moon Phase (cont.);

2002-Apr-02nd	- Ghent, Belgium; "Vooruit"
2002-Apr-04th	- Zürich, Switzerland; "Rote Fabrik"
2002-Apr-06th	- Bologna, Italy; "Teatro delle Celebrazioni"
2002-Apr-07th	- München, Germany; "Muffathalle"
2002-Apr-10th	- Hamburg, Germany; "Fabrik"
2002-Apr-12th	- Berlin, Germany; "Volksbühne"
2002-Apr-13th	- Glauchau, Germany; "Alte Spinnerei"
2002-Apr-27th	- London, England; "Play: Game On/Only Connect"
2002-Jun-07th	- Den Haag, Netherlands; "New Forms III"
2002-Jul-13th	- Dour, Belgium; "Dour Dour Festival"
2002-Jul-26th	- Fano Corte Malatesiana, Italy; "Il Violino e la Selce"
2002-Sept-26th	- Moscow, Russia; "Tochka Feelee"
2002-Sept-29th	- Kaliningrad, Russia; "Vagonka Club Feelee"
2002-Oct-01st	- London, England; "Royal Festival Hall"
2002-Oct-05th	- Thessaloniki, Greece; "Ydrogeios Club"
2002-Oct-12th	- London, England; "Megalithomania!"
2002-Oct-16th	- Copenhagen, Denmark; "3rd Tsunami/Amager Kulturpunkt"
2002-Oct-17th	- Oslo, Norway; "Betong"
2002-Oct-19th	- Stockholm, Sweden; "Fylkingen"
2002-Oct-21st	- Helsinki, Finland; "Tavastia Klubi"
2002-Oct-24th	- Gdansk, Poland; "St. John's Church"
2002-Oct-25th	- Gdansk, Poland; "St. John's Church"
2002-Oct-26th	- Łódź, Poland; "Centrum Filmowe"
2002-Oct-27th	- Prague, Czech Republic; "Palac Akropolis"
2002-Oct-29th	- Vienna, Austria; "Flex"

Lunar Eclipse Phase;

2003-Apr-06th	- Camber Sands, England; "All Tomorrow's Parties"
2004-May-23rd	- Paris, France; "La Locomotive"
2004-May-31st	- Leipzig, Germany; "Wave-Gotik-Treffen"
2004-Jun-03rd	- Amsterdam, Netherlands; "Melkweg Electronation"
2004-Jun-11th	- Jesi, Italy; "Violino el la Selce"
2004-Jul-25th	- London, England; "Ocean"
2004-Oct-23rd	- Dublin, Ireland; "Dublin Electronic Arts Festival"

Unreleased Jhonn Balance / Coil Projects

[All years given indicate the original planned release date for these projects]

Mars Phase

Stabmental - "Hidden Fears" [currently lost album of dark ambient and found sound reel-to-reel collages, 1979]

"A House" EP [four unreleased demo tracks in the Balance archives, 1980]

Sun Phase

"The Black Light District" [the first BLD album, described as a "bad trip take on acid house", 1989]

"Beautiful Catastrophe" [a duet 12" single with Rose McDowell, 1994]

"Coil Vs ELpH Vol. 2" [autumn 1997]

"Wounded Galaxies Tap At The Window" [Coil collaboration with William Burroughs et al. 2001. Raw vocal MP3s leaked 2015, fan interpretation of this missing made on archive.org too - by Phil Barrington]

Moon Phase

"Queens of the Circulating Library (Repackaged Edition)" [2003]

Lunar Eclipse Phase

"Queens of the Circulating Library Vol. 2" [2003]

"Telesmatic Tree in the King Scale" [a Coil cd-r originally slated for purchase during live concerts, 2004]

"The Dreamer is Still Asleep; The Lyrics of John Balance" [the authorised book of John Balance's lyrics, originally planned for a 2003/2004 release, if not earlier]

I'd also suggest the following should be created;

"Jhonn Balance; Collected Interviews" [illustrated with promo photos/sleeves]

"Jhonn Balance; The Biography" [unabridged, including photographs/letters]

Seemingly Random Appendix

Careful What You Wish For	- "God please fuck my mind for good" [Don Van Vliet]
Sewn Open	- "Right: pretend it's real so that we can get it down. Ok"
Dark Start	- "...this dusty road again"
Feeder	- "What fresh hell is this?"
Her Friends the Wolves...	- "Her friends, the wolves, stripped naked... naked"
elph.zwölf	- "elph...zwölf"
Things We Never Had	- "Wise words from the..."
Chasms	- "Every man and every woman is a star" [Aleister Crowley]
Princess Margaret's Man in the D'Jamalfina	- "Okay, yeah"
Omlagus Garfungiloops	- "Omlagus garfungiloops... You've been exploding frogs again?" [from the film "The Reflecting Skin"]
Who'll Tell?	- "Who's to tell? Now John.. Never, never tell" [from Charles Laughton's reading of "Night of the Hunter"]
Homage To Sewage	- "Mangia! Mangia!" [Pasolini/De Sade]
Wir-Click-Wir ('98 Vox Bits)	- "For all eternity - this"
Expansión Naranja [Ford Proco]	- "And do drugs...work?"
Ecuación De Las Estrellas [Ford Proco]	- "We love you. I tried to push my face through the window. 'Experience is the only thing that counts at all'...It's not true!"

Currently Lost Words

The gossamer-like ghost voices you hear floating and echoing throughout the Coil world are often samples of colleague conversations voyeuristically recorded in social situations or, as Christopherson had mentioned, samples taken from British TV - the sources of which are probably now lost and, if not originally stored in the archives as raw samples, may never be known. Here's a brief selection from the many Coil songs that utilise word collage beyond comprehension;

Regel	- Currently unidentifiable words audible up to 1:00min
Departed	- Currently unidentifiable repeated phrase throughout
Red Slur	- Currently unidentifiable passages
Bad Message	- Currently unidentifiable loops of phrasing
The More I Know Men, The Better I Like Dogs	- [TPS track] lots of chopped-up, largely indecipherable vocals.

Jhonn Balance & Coil Links

live-coil-archive.com	- Definitive Coil live history site
www.thresholdhouse.com	- The official Coil website
threshold.greedbag.com	- The official Coil store
www.brainwashed.com/coil	- A leading Coil site
www.facebook.com/groups/9068381069	- The Coil Facebook Group
www.discogs.com/artist/660-Coil	- Detailed Coil release history
archive.org/search.php	- Coil downloads inc. FLAC/MP3
www.hollyfeld.org/mailman/listinfo/coil	- The old Coil List
www.nachtkabarett.com/coil	- A good review of Coil's occult side
en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Coil_(band)	- A starting point for many
en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Coil_Live	- A great list of Coil's concerts
www.discogs.com/artist/52098-John-Balance	- Jhonn's release history
en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Balance	- Collaborations starting point
www.timeless-shop.com/catid/john-balance-74.html	- Jhonn's art book
www.chaosmatrix.org/library/chaos/spare/caduceus.html	- Jhonn's archive of A.O.S. art
community.usvsth3m.com/2048/balance-edition	- Jhonn as a computer game
sleazybkk.blogspot.co.uk	- Peter's Blog
twitter.com/unklesleazy	- Peter's Twitter Account
myspace.com/thresholdhouse	- Peter's Myspace Account
www.timeless-shop.com/catid/peter-christopherson-73.html	- Peter's photography book
arktodd.brzh.ru	- Archived version of Ian John stone's art site, including Jhonn's memorial directions

The Guardian Obituary

John Balance - Joint founder of Coil, a focal point for English avant-garde pop music

In 1983, John Balance, who has died after a fall aged 42, founded, with his then partner, Peter Christopherson, the band Coil. The original collective, briefly called Zos Kia, also featured Marc Almond on vocals, and John Gosling. Coil's first release was *How To Destroy Angels* (1984), 17 minutes of "ritual music for the accumulation of male sexual energy".

John and Peter turned Coil into a duo in 1984. Alongside Genesis P-Orridge and David Tibet, Coil became a focal point of an English avant-garde music. John was also a member of Psychic TV, 23 Skidoo, Death In June, Current 93 and Nurse With Wound. Coil was the only band based around a gay male couple and they delighted in the "male sexual chemistry" this created. In the mid-1980s, gay pop was coming out of the closet, but Coil were the first resolutely queer group; their words dealt with desire, disease, dirt, death and drugs, and their collages sounded dark, dank and dangerous.

They were aided in the studio by Stephen Thrower, and collaborated with the vocalists Almond, Gavin Friday, Rose McDowell, Clint Ruin from Foetus, and Annie Anxiety from Crass. Their first album, *Scatology* (1985), was "a study in human degradation". Inspired by Brion Gysin's literary cut-up technique, Peter was one of the first musicians to use samplers, then a painstaking business involving 1/4 inch tape loops and primitive Apple computers.

Coil funereally reworked Soft Cell's *Tainted Love* cover. Their album, *Horse Rotorvator* (1987), made when many friends were dying of Aids, was darker still. But *Love's Secret Domain* (1991) was informed by acid house and the psychedelic guru Terrence McKenna.

Derek Jarman was an idol turned friend. Coil provided soundtracks for his *The Angelic Conversation* (1985) - with Judi Dench reading Shakespeare's sonnets over music - and for *Blue* (1993). Their music for Clive Barker's film *Hellraiser* was rejected by its Hollywood producers, but they provided the soundtrack for the Terrence Higgins Trust's *The Gay Men's Guide To Safer Sex* video.

John was a farmer's son, born Geoffrey Burton, in Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. When his mother remarried, he took the surname Rushton. He attended an Oxfordshire boarding school, but, diagnosed with schizophrenia, spent time in a mental hospital. He took solace in Aleister Crowley's works and, as "Stabmental", wrote a fanzine and made music.

John met Peter - then playing keyboards for Genesis P-Orridge - just before his 18th birthday. In 1981 John quit Sussex University after one term, and they became lovers. Before Coil, they appeared on Psychic TV's albums *Dreams Less Sweet* (1983), and the live *NY Scum*.

In the 1990s, Peter and John - now "Jhonn" - moved to an old Somerset school-house, making commercials and videos for acts ranging from Ministry to Bjorn Again. With programmer Danny Hyde, guitarist [sic] William Breeze, Drew McDowell, and Spiritualized's Thighpaulsandra, they released ever more experimental material as Coil and as The Eskaton, ELpH, Black Light District and Time Machines. There were reissues of earlier work: the *Unnatural History* anthology series and the stunning *Musick To Play In The Dark*.

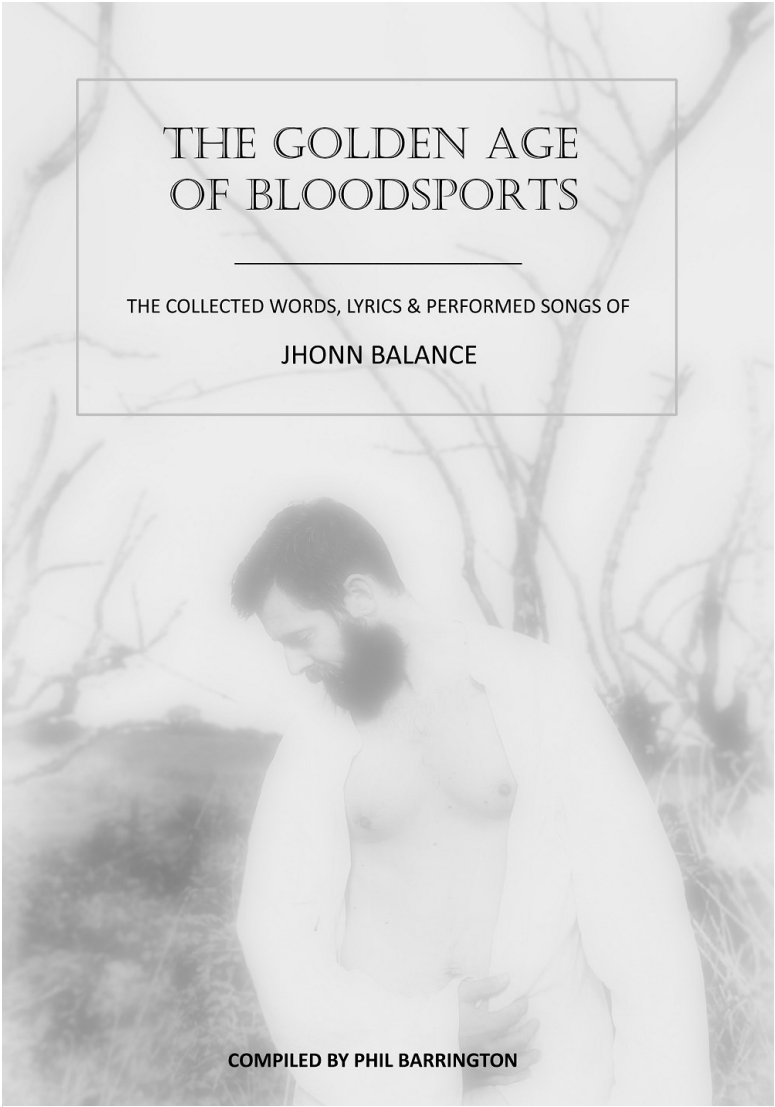
People described John as lovable, but shy, moody and difficult. David Keenan's book, *England's Hidden Reverse: A Secret History Of The Esoteric Underground*, painted him as highly demanding and a heavy drinker. An album featuring Coil-associated acts, *Foxtrot*, was released to help fund his 1998 rehab from drink and drug problems. He recovered, but split with Peter, though they remained close friends.

John is survived by his partner, the artist Ian Johnstone.

John Balance, (Geoffrey Burton), musician, born February 16 1962; died November 13 2004.

Written by Richard Smith
10th December 2004

The Curator’s Gallery



The front cover of the first & second edition of this book



The full version of the original front cover photograph,
from a Jhonn Balance-themed photoshoot for the book, November 1st 2014,
Eastern England, by Phil Barrington



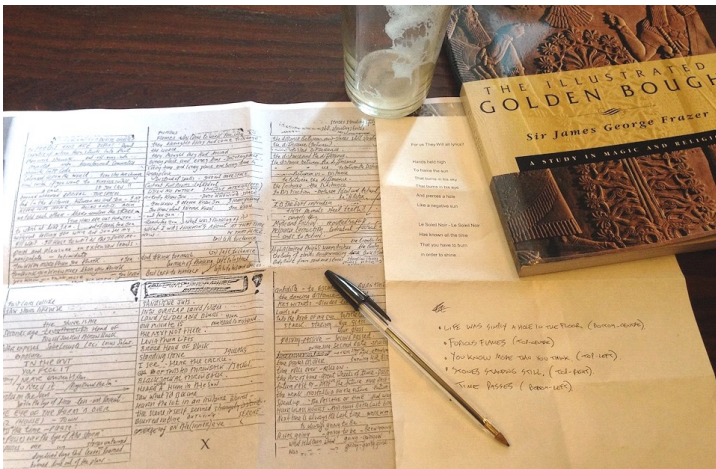
www.barringtonarts.com
www.facebook.com/BarringtonArts



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www.facebook.com/BarringtonArts



A Jhonn Balance-themed photoshoot for the book, November 1st 2014.
By Phil Barrington



Photographs from the London Occult Conference event where 10 hardcover copies of the book were authorised to be sold on that one occasion (June 2016), and a shot of the transcription process from Jhonn Balance's notebook facsimiles (April 2015), by Phil Barrington.



A Funeral Ceremony
for

Geff

a.k.a

Jhonn Balance

1962 - 2004

Music from John Tavener - The Protecting Veil

Welcome and introduction by Sleazy

Dedication:

"Unto Geff, from whose eyes the veil of life hath fallen, may there be granted the accomplishment of his True Will...

Whether he wills absorption into the Infinite, or to be united with his chosen and preferred, or to be in contemplation, or to be at peace, or to achieve the labour and heroism of incarnation on this planet or another, or in any Star, or aught else, unto him may there be granted the accomplishment of his Will;
yea, the accomplishment of his Will."

The Dreamer Is Still Asleep by Coil

(from the album Musick To Play In The Dark, Vol. 1)

Lyrics and vocals by Geff.

During which you are invited to come forward and light a candle...

*hush - may ask you all for silence
the Dreamer is still asleep
may the Goddess keep us
from single vision and sleep
the Dreamer is still asleep
he's inventing landscapes and the magnetic field
working a means of escape
we'll cut across the crop circles
the Seer says No - not much time left
for these escape attempts
look at it this way
in 10 years time - who'll care - who'll even remember?
one dies like that
deep within it almost inside it
it's there for a reason
i'll give you my old address
and take a little book
to tear and cut the paper
the beginning is also the end
time defines it - It will end
like close friendship
nothing could be further
we forget - the space people and things is empty
we forget and don't notice the loss
crossing into venerable degeneration
such radiant pollution
the god with the silver hand
surveys this vast contaminations*

*a Dreamer is still dreaming
The Dreamer is still dreaming
in the heart of your heart
your eye remains
is the hurt you
is the blister you call loveless
your whole life is a cold slow shock
take a little time
to trap the shabby shadow
in the pissy mists of history
the Dreamer is still dreaming
hush - may ask you all for silence
will he wake in time to catch the sunset?
hush - May ask you all for silence?*

Ian greets the Congregation, says a few words, and introduces:

The Valley by Jane Siberry
(from the album Bound By The Beauty)

*i live in the hills
you live in the valleys
and all that you know are these blackbirds
you rise every morning
wondering what in the world will the world bring today
will it bring you joy or will it take it away
and every step you take is guided by
the love of the light on the land and the blackbird's cry
you will walk in good company

the valley is dark
the burgeoning holding
the stillness obscured by their judging
you walk through the shadows
uncertain and surely hurting
deserted by the blackbirds and the staccato of the staff
and though you trust the light towards which you wend your way
sometimes you feel all that you wanted has been taken away
you will walk in good company

i love the best of you
you love the best of me
though it is not always easy
lovely? lonely?
you will walk in good company

the shepherd upright and flowing
you see...*

Jeremy Reed reads a Poem

Are You Being Served theme - Sung by Francois Testory

This song, a duet with Francois, was the last Geff sang in concert at the City Hall, Dublin Oct 23rd.

*Ground floor perfumery,
stationery and leather goods,
wigs and haberdashery
kitchenware and food...going up*

*First floor telephones,
gents ready-made suits,
shirts, socks, ties, hats,
underwear and shoes...going up*

*Second floor carpets,
travel goods and bedding,
material, soft furnishings,
restaurant and teas.*

Going up!

Reading from Liber 106 - An Epistle of Baphomet

Every man and every woman is a Star.

It is Our Lady of the Stars that speaketh to thee, O thou that art a star, a member of the Body of Nuith! Listen, for thine ears become dulled to the mean noises of the earth; the infinite silence of the Stars woos thee with subtile musick.

Behold her bending down above thee, a flame of blue, all-touching, all-penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, and her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers, and think that all thy grossness shall presently fall from thee as thou leapest to her embrace, caught up into her love as a dewdrop into the kisses of the sunrise.

For inasmuch as thou hast made the Law of Freedom thine, as thou hast lived in Light and Liberty and Love, thou hast become a Free-man of the City of the Stars.

At First She Starts by Lal Waterson & Oliver Knight

(from the album Once In A Blue Moon)

*first she starts and then she's startled I see that light in her eyes
didn't you realise you were a bird at dawn when you woke with air in your throat
so far doe-ray-me sing to me loudly*

*serenade me,
mess with the melody light and shade all my eyes can see
oh, but you are the phrase at the end of the bar a long and high refrain
hanging around for the choir to strike sound so's you can holler your joy and your
pain*

David Tibet reads a poem

**Live music from Cliff Stapleton (hurdy-gurdy) and Mike York (pipes)
...during which you are invited to write a message for Geff
and to place it with him in the coffin.**

Closing words

followed by an excerpt from

Batwings (A Limnal Hymn) by Coil

(from the album Music to Play in the Dark Vol. 2)

Geff is singing all the parts - in a language that only he knows.

You are asked to stand for this last song and join in singing the last chorus:

We'll Meet Again performed by Johnny Cash

(from the album American IV: The Man Comes Around)

*We'll meet again
Don't know where, don't know when
but I know we'll meet again some sunny day
Keep smiling though
just like you always do
till the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away
and will you say hello to the folks that I know
tell em that I won't be long
and they'll be happy to know
that as you saw me go
I was singing this song
We'll meet again
Don't know where, don't know when
but I know we'll meet again some sunny day*

The Bearers come forward to prepare to the coffin

Then to Henry Mancini's score to Arabesque:

The coffin is carried from the chapel.

You are invited to follow the Coffin out to witness the departure of the hearse.



*See microscopic
see world view
see the future leaking through,
see the person who once was you”*

Windowpane”

Jhonn Balance 1993

Assistance

If you are concerned about your alcohol intake, or the impact of your or someone else's alcohol intake on your life, you can contact the following organisations;

FRANK

Contact FRANK for friendly confidential advice about addiction;
www.talktofrank.com
frank@talktofrank.com
0300 123 6600 [UK]

Alcoholics Anonymous

Find your local [UK] branch here;
www.alcoholics-anonymous.org.uk/Contact
help@aamail.org
0800 9177 650 [UK]

Samaritans

Find your local [UK] branch here;
www.samaritans.org/branches
jo@samaritans.org
116 123 [UK]

*"No, there's not much time left for these escape attempts.
Look at it this way - In ten years' time, Who'll even remember? Who'll care?
Who'll even remember? Who'll care?"*

Jhonn Balance
"The Dreamer is Still Asleep"

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Jhonn Balance', with a slightly stylized, cursive-like script.

Jhonn Balance

Jhon Balance
John Balance
Otto Avery
Jenny De'Ath
John Absolom
Rufus Pool
Louise Weasel
Eden 2
Frater Coil 0*
Geoffrey Laurence Burton
Geoffrey Rushton

Geff Rushton

16th February 1962 – 13th November 2004

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BLOODSPORTS

THE COLLECTED WORDS, LYRICS & PERFORMED SONGS OF **JHONN BALANCE**

For the first time ever the large majority of the writings, lyrics and performed songs of Jhonn Balance are collected into one book. Famous for leading the British band Coil into uncharted musical, magickal and psychickal territories from 1983 until his tragic death in 2004, Balance was a cultural pioneer who blended the occult with heartfelt emotional outpouring, and experimental electronic sound with a medieval sensibility.

An artist, lyricist, essayist, visionary, performance artist and inspiration to a great many leftfield artists before his death and possibly the most mysterious, traumatic and obsessive character in recent popular culture history after his passing, this book identifies key lyrical themes embedded within his highly personal vision.

From a childhood nurturing occult promises of escape, to long chemical journeys into the woodland wilderness of moonscapes, vegetation and displeased rabbits, Balance's world is undeniably unique.

A potent tableau of wordplay, rhythm, repetition, nature, astronomy, magick, sex, high emotion and psychedelic surrealism are all part of his writing, uncovered here in this book.

A doomed romanticist, a gentle lost soul making the most violent lyrics a very obvious fabricated front for the hurt and disappointment the characters that populate his creative world felt, these are Jhonn's words and visions.

Remember to say "thank you" for all the things he never had.

This is an unauthorised collection of Jhonn Balance's texts, salvaging and piecing together scraps of words and lyrics from unofficial (and official) sources, together with private research and exclusive transcriptions, into one coherent and respectful tome. Please refer to the credits and copyright notices within.

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