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DTR003

Aloud XXXXX "Exile"



October 2010

All music and lyrics
c/o Jen de la Osa & Henry Beguiristain
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DTTR003

Dear sir or madam,

First thing's first--by purchasing "Exile", you have effectively enabled us to continue providing quality music to you. Pat yourself on the back, and then forward our information to your friends and enemies.

We spent a year meticulously putting this record together, and we hope you enjoy the fruits of our time and labor. "Exile" was produced, recorded, and mixed by the adroit Daniel Nicholas Daskivich in Somerville, Massachusetts. In addition to the aforementioned, Dan drummed and performed percussion on the record. He also played bass on "Exile in the Night". Glenn Forsythe lent an important hand with some additional engineering assistance on "Darkest Days". "Exile" was mastered by Jeff Lipton at Peerless Mastering in Boston, Massachusetts with Assistant Mastering Engineer Maria Rice using the same care and precision they applied to our previous record. The nice looking sleeve you just put down and the equally attractive insert you're holding in your hands was designed by Matt Jatkola.

"Exile" benefited from the contributions of several outside musicians. Jonathan Schmidt performed drums, percussion, and a bit of spoken nonsense on "Exile in the Night". Matthew Girard played trumpets on "Counterfeit Star" and "Old Soldier" (the latter of which he also played bass on, as well as the oddly named euphonium). Strings on the record were recorded by Matthew Szemela (violin), Joshua Penslar (cello), and Beth Holub (violin, viola). Charles Haywood Murphy IV, a man who has rapidly become a welcome and constant presence in the band, performed bass on "Counterfeit Star".

Many thanks to our families, Annie Burns, Hugh Wyman, Gillian Rogell, Randy Alexander, and Mick Murray. In addition to the enormous debt of thanks we owe everyone already named herein, we would like to thank Chris March, Jamie Leigh Griffiths, and Michael Morgan for aiding and abetting Aloud in the making of this record. A firm handshake and a friendly hug goes to our brothers, sisters, and friends in the Boston music community. Our gratitude for your constant support runs deep. In a sea sometimes infested with charlatans, you are the stars and lighthouses guiding us to safe harbor.

To everyone else---thank you for listening. You're the greatest.

Don't ever let anyone tell you otherwise.

Yours,

Henry Beguiristain,
[lead vocals, guitars, bass, mandolin, pianos,
keys, percussion, additional production]

Jen de la Osa,
[lead vocals, guitars, pianos, organ, keys,
percussion, glockenspiel, additional production]

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Post Card

Dear Henry, this is my love



May it sail faster than I can swim
Before the lights illuminate the shore

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Produced by Daniel Nicholas Daskivich



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- Contents:
- I. Burning Bright
 - II. Broken Hearts
 - III. Darkest Days
 - IV. Exile in the Night
 - V. Old Soldier
 - VI. Counterfeit Star
 - VII. A Light that Shines
 - VIII. The Urgent Letter
 - IX. A Line of Lights
 - X. To Die at Sea

"Exile" by Aloud

I. "Burning Bright"

Childhood's sewn in these seams
Sometimes it comes and it leaves
I remember how you used to say
"Life is endless motorway"
Was it love we were after
in these endless disasters
to feel love, and pain, and innocence
experienced all at once?
Burning bright
Burning bright
Well, now there's a sadness inside you,
it's easy to recognize.
Burning bright
Burning bright
May the sparks illuminate in you
what you claim has died.
To be led by an impulse so prime
it misdirects and sleights the mind
and the love you think you feel
will masquerade as paradise.



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VI. "Counterfeit Star"

You said it with such grace,
I should have read it on your face.
You'd burn it down just to laugh
about it later.
And you said it with such malice,
who would have known you'd be so callous?
And so you try again,
but not this time.
It's the bitter
bitter
end.
I don't know how I was convinced
to overlook your Judas kiss.
I'm telling you now
I know who you are.
And though it looks like you're healing,
I know you're really just feeling
up a crowd to hustle for your next trick.
When I forgive, you trespass.
When I create, you just smash
it all to pieces.
I'm left to clean the splinters of our trust.
Now I see through your artifice
as I receive your Judas kiss.
... a counterfeit star

IV. "Exile in the Night"

So many faces in front of me,
familiar 'cause I want them to be.
Nothing to guide me,
no one for company.
Family who's a distant relation
gives me a little bit of consolation.
Mind's on a far-off destination.
Shadows of another place invade my imagination.
Somewhere is someone's living room
where I hear them singing out a party tune.
And tell me why my heart aches like it's new?
It ain't new.
Exile in the night.
Complications arrive at every pace.
No one's committed, so I often stray.
No roots to take ground,
no roots to take away
'cause changes are between far and few.
Someone down the hall sings party tunes.
Tell me why my heart aches like it's new?
'Cause it ain't new.

VII. "A Light that Shines"

There is a light
a light that shines
deep in your heart,
but not in mine.
You may have what it takes, but
you'll never know the ache, 'cause
there is a light
a light that shines.
There is a music in my mind.
Here in the present,
and for all time.
You're the interpreter,
motivation unknown.
Still, there's a music in my mind.
When I feel this exposed,
my heartbeat's a kick drum about to unload,
plotting its escape,
pounding out a sound wave.
A complimentary piece,
to go from accomplice
to accomplished thief.
I'm counting on you ...
without remorse
or regret
or reserve.
No matter the master this madness may serve,
I'm counting on you ...

II. "Broken Hearts"

For all those lonely tonight,
the feeling is so great.
You lack the focus to create.
Even the slightest distraction
to keep your mind occupied
and your heart purified
There's no need for a broken heart.
His will only be yours in the end.
There's no use breaking his heart.
A casual glance,
an unnoticed dance--
you see him in all men.
Check-out time is twelve o'clock.
Phone rings.
Alarm goes off.

III. "Darkest Days"

Be free of your past.
You've done nothing wrong.
Freedom is as scarce
as the day is long.
Stand up tall.
Stand up straight.
You got nothing to fear,
no business being ashamed
of your love, love, love.
Brother, we all need love
to get us through the darkest days to come.
Your memories will never fade.
A loss is just a debt
that's left unpaid.
Soon one day,
it'll all be gone.
It's a physical wound
and a race against time never won.
...Without love, love, love,
where would we be, my love?
Unarmed against the darkest days to come?
...Are these days the darkest days to come?

V. "Old Soldier"

Outside, I'm squeaky clean.
Inside, my mind's obscene.
The minute fifty punk rock song,
the movement that's thirty minutes long.
When I was new, they smiled.
When I was new, they were reconciled.
Call it love at first sleight
meant to patronize, then extradite.
Understand.
Understand.
I'm still waiting to push on.
With passionate haste,
the years, they laid me waste
buried in the dust and debris
of a peace that I'll never get to see.
Don't you think it's about time?
Put your hand inside of mine.
...I'm still waiting to bow out.



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VIII. "The Urgent Letter"

Time up here is touch and go.
Fireflies my only glow.
Pen and paper on my knees,
this is no apology.
The taste of dirt and sound of waves
crashing through my brain.
This respite, I only know
when I feel this arbor grow
like the jasmine butterfly
sits beneath the sun.
Woke up under the same sky,
broken bottle by my side.
Further up a line of lights
clip the wings off of my flight
Knowing that they will succeed,
I approach my enemy.
Pen to paper, heart in hand,
now my legs--they try to stand
like the jasmine butterfly
sits beneath the sun.
Redelivered to uncertainty
when this urgent letter betrays me.

IX. "A Line of Lights"

X. "To Die at Sea"

Oh, how I long to die at sea.
No one surrounding me,
but you darling ...
And how I'd long to pull you in.
Sink like the sun at horizon.
It's so haunting
... ain't it, darling?
Paradise lays wait ...
Dive with me to the bottom of the sea.
We'd gaze into the atmosphere
until the stars would disappear--
Roman candles burning out and
undulating.
The salt soothes
a loud wound's pain.
Voices drowned swim on the waves,
but you darling ...

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