

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*



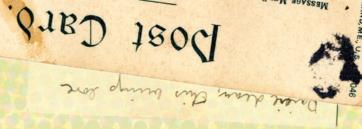
©@2010 Aloud under exclusive license to Lemon Merchant Records. All rights reserved. Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws. www.allthingsAloud.com





Westernie Anter Dexet Lenter X





All music and lyrics c/o Jen de la Osa & Henry Beguiristain Web: www.allthingsAloud.com E-mail: aloud@allthingsAloud.com 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.

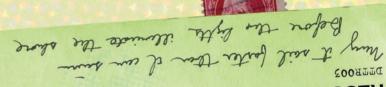
Yours,

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]

managementcc: annie\*rock Annie Burns Web: www.annierock.com E-mail: annie@annierock.com

> Lemon Merchant Records Web: www.lemonmerchantrecords.com E-mail: info@lemonmerchantrecords.com



• T

Contents:

XXXXX 192X

www.allthingsAloud.com

Produced by Daniel Wicholas Daskivich

• X To Die at Sea ·XI A Line of Lights ·IIIA The Urgent Letter A Light that Shines .IIV TB12 tielretmo0 Old Soldier . 1 Exile in the Night · AI ·III Darkest Days ·II Broken Hearts

Jugira Baiarua

XXHEXXXXXXXXXXX PARKET NEW YORK OF THE PARKET NEW YORK OF THE

"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.



\*Kardandarka

II. "Broken Hearts" For all those lonely tonight, the feeling is so great. You lack the focus to create. Freedom is as scarce Even the slightest distraction as the day is long. to keep your mind occupied and your heart purified There's no need for a broken heart. You got nothing to fear, His will only be yours in the end. no business being ashamed There's no use breaking his heart. of your love, love, love. A casual glance, an unnoticed dance -you see him in all men. Check-out time is twelve o'clock. Phone rings. Alarm goes off.

V. "Old Soldier"

Understand.

Understand.

Outside, I'm squeaky clean.

When I was new, they smiled.

Call it love at first sleight

I'm still waiting to push on.

buried in the dust and debris

Put your hand inside of mine.

Don't you think it's about time?

... I'm still waiting to bow out.

With passionate haste, the years, they laid me waste

The minute fifty punk rock song,

When I was new, they were reconciled.

meant to patronize, then extradite.

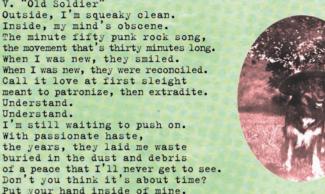
the movement that's thirty minutes long.

Inside, my mind's obscene.

III. "Darkest Days" Be free of your past. You've done nothing wrong. Stand up tall. Stand up straight. 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 world 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?

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.



Wexnex Busters Xfram anxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

XxxxxXIcouXdgatX AND MAKE X BOX TO BE A TO BE A

Someone down the hall sings party tunes. Tell me why my heart aches like it's new? 'Cause it ain't new. XXXX 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. to go from accomplice 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. or regret Now I see through your artifice as I receive your Judas kiss. . . . a counterfeit star

"A Light that Shines" VII. 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. when I feel this exposed,
my heartbeat's a kick drum about to unload,
when I feel this exposed,
my heartbeat's a kick drum about to unload,
clip the wings off of my flight plotting its escape, pounding out a sound wave. A complimentary piece, to accomplished thief. m counting on you . . . without remorse No matter the master this madness may serve, when this urgent letter betrays me.

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, 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

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 ? Paradiso 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 . . .

WWW.WORK XXXXXXX

recepted story

3



swir might and papa gave Howard

All songs are copyright @2010 DTTR Music Publishing (BMI) and Pedro Pan Publishing (BMI). The sound recording is copyright @2010 Aloud, under exclusive license to Lemon Merchant Records. All rights reserved. Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws, but more importantly is terribly uncool. Aloud is an independent band that relies on every penny--tell a friend about us instead!

I'm counting on you . . .