



BRIDGET WISHART
WITH SPIRITS BURNING

Lyrics for Fragments



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This book brings together the lyrics for the Spirits Burning & Bridget Wishart album “Fragments.”

These lyrics were written by Bridget Wishart, except for “Natural Order” lines by Don Falcone, from his song “Is It Any Wonder? (She Is Waiting To Kill Us All).”

This book also includes the credits for the vocal and instrumental songs on the album.

SPIRITS BURNING & BRIDGET WISHART ≈ FRAGMENTS



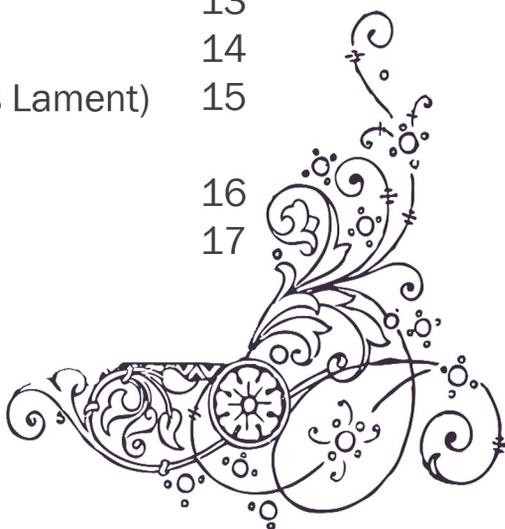
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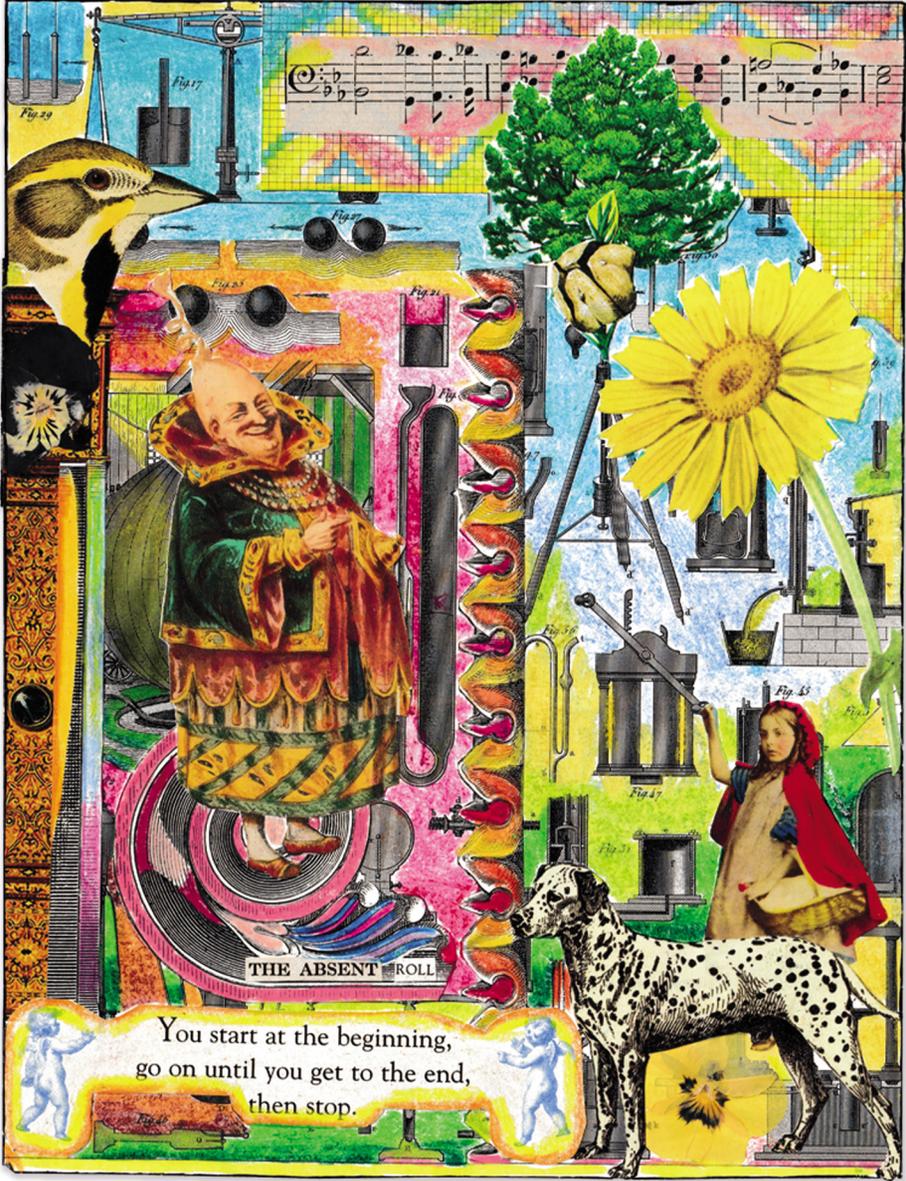
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Nature Suite

Natural Order

(Music: Falcone & Sears, with Monticello, Wishart;

Lyrics: Wishart, with lines by Falcone from his song "Is It Any Wonder?/ She Is Waiting To Kill Us All")

Bridget Wishart: Vocals, EWI (Cello)

Paul Sears: Drums

Gabe Monticello: Bass

Don Falcone: Synths, Organ, Piano, Samples

(Chop, chop, chop, cut, cut, cut,
chop, chop, chop)

She is waiting, she is waiting...

She is waiting, she is waiting...

(she is...)

Ignorance is no excuse for damage done

The bigger picture is there to see

Another tree fallen, another lost limb

Nature's guardians, climate control

Take us to the brink of

Deforestation

Take us to the brink of

World wide devastation

Each fallen tree

A broken link in eternity

(Sit with the aspen and the oak)

The gardens of Gaia fall before

The greed and ignorance

Of human slayers,

Invaders, destroyers,

Poisonous polluters, computers

(Sit with the aspen and the oak)

Brainwashed in silence

(Learn from their wisdom and their hope)

A scourge on her skin

Chaos incarnate

Programmed with lies

Looking for glory

Caught in minutiae

(Sit with the aspen and the oak)

Killing and choking, money and power

Planetary genocide

(Don't say I didn't know

Don't say I didn't know)

It's what we've done

(Don't say I didn't know)

Don't say I didn't know

Sit with the tree

The aspen and the oaks

We can learn from their wisdom

Their patience and their hope

(Cut, cut, cut, chop, chop, chop)

"You're in the way

Like a brick wall"

(Chop chop, cut

Chop, chop, cut, cut

Chop, chop, cut)

"You're on my spot

And I want you to go"

Is it any wonder?

She is waiting...

Is it any wonder?

She is waiting...

Is it any wonder?

She is waiting...

And is gonna kill us all

(Chop, chop, chop, cut)

Cut, we cut, we cut, we cut

Don't say I didn't know...

Don't say I didn't know

Don't say I didn't know



The Door

*(Music: Falcone, with Diehl,
Gold-Molina, Wishart; Lyrics: Wishart)*

*Bridget Wishart: Vocals
Jack Gold-Molina: Drums, Congas
Don Falcone: Keys (Organ, Synth,
Piano, Bass), E-Percussion
Joe Diehl: Guitars*

If you love, and you live
If you love, you forgive

Side by side, again and again
Don't let fate overtake you

Slam on the brakes
Fight the fake news

So you leave and you grieve
Inside out, no reprieve
Night and day, find a way
So you leave and you grieve
Inside out, no reprieve
Find a way night and day

Ignore the illusion
within you Is freedom
Ignore the illusion
within you Is freedom

Ignore... the Door!

Search for a reason
To light up a beacon
Search for a reason
To light up a beacon

If you love, and you live
If you love, you forgive

If you love, you live
You forgive

Sombre

*(Music: Falcone, with Wishart;
Lyrics: Wishart)*

*Bridget Wishart: Vocals
Don Falcone: Piano, Strings, Organ,
Distorted Piano, E-Percussion*

I'm held together by twists of wire
Out of the frying pan and into the fire
Call me a cheat
Call me a liar
All or nothing
Of what you desire
Kept apart
By lines of dread
Into the army
Unto the dead

Pay attention
And nothing's said
And what's important
What's important
Is all in your head

Pushed aside
By bitter ideas
Caught up in a fog
Where nothing appears
Stuck in a rut
That goes on for years
And left behind
Because of the fears

I'm
Held together by twists of wire
Out of the frying pan and into the fire



Casimhe Tales

Piper (Part 1) / Instrumental

(Music: Potts & Wishart, with Falcone)

Bridget Wishart: Flute

Lee Potts: Drums, Percussion, Mandolin, Keys (Orchestra)

Don Falcone: Piano, Organ, Synth

Tides

*(Music: Pierpoint, Potts & Wishart,
with Falcone, Herzberg; Lyrics: Wishart)*

Bridget Wishart: Vocals

Lee Potts: Synths, Guitar, E- Drums

John Pierpoint: Bass

Don Falcone: Synths

Sam Herzberg: Djembes, Maracas, Claves

Why does the sun
Shine like a star?
Because it does
Because

Why does the moonlight
Die in my eyes?
Because it was
Because

Why does my mind
Seem oh so small?
Because it's lost,
Because

No more tides
Because
No more lines
Because
No more signs
Because, because, because

Or tides, moonlight, so
Or tides, moonlight, so small
Or tide, moonlight, so
Because it was small

Why does the moonlight
Die in my eyes?

Dark Eyes

(Music: Pierpoint, Potts & Wishart,
with Falcone, Smith; Lyrics: Wishart)

Bridget Wishart: Vocals

Scotty Smith: Drums

Lee Potts: Extra Guitar, Synths, Effects

John Pierpoint: Guitar, Solo Guitar, Bass

Don Falcone: Piano, Synth, Samples

You don't get to choose
What happens only once

Nothing to be done
Nothing to be won

You don't get to choose
What happens only once
Refuse to be trapped
In a lie that's been spun

Out of control
Nothing to be done
It was all planned
Nothing to be won

∞

To dark eyes asking why
No reply can justify
Those dark eyes paralysed
Intensified by dirty lies

Dark eyes finally wise
Can't hide hard won smiles
Dark eyes shine in delight
At blue skies and starry nights

∞

You don't get to choose
What happens only once
Refuse to be trapped
In a lie that's been spun

Out of control
Nothing to be done
It was all planned
Nothing to be won

Dark eyes finally wise
Can't hide hard won smiles
Dark eyes shine in delight
At blue skies and starry nights

∞

You don't get to choose
What happens only once
Refuse to be trapped
In a lie that's been spun

Out of control
Nothing to be done
It was all planned
Nothing to be won

Spin

(Music: Potts & Wishart, with Falcone;
Lyrics: Wishart)

Bridget Wishart: Vocals, EWI (Flute)
Lee Potts: Synths, Bass, Bells, Drums, Strings
Don Falcone: Keyboards (Djembe, Bass), Samples

Does it seem as if you can touch her skin?
Just say the words and she'll let you in,
Does it look as if you stop the spin?
Hold out your hand and you'll fit in

My name is Caoimhe

Does it seem as if you can touch her skin?
Just say the words and she'll let you in,
Does it look as if you can stop the spin?
Hold out your hand, you know you can win

My name is Caoimhe...

And so you grieve, no reprieve
Inside and out
I can't let this overtake you

Hold out your hand, you know you can win

My name is Caoimhe...

Piper (Part 2) / Instrumental

(Music: Potts & Wishart, with Falcone)

Bridget Wishart: Flute
Lee Potts: Drums, Mandolin
Don Falcone: Piano, Organ, Synth



FUELING THE REVOLUTION



A giant leap

Fragments

*(Music: Falcone, with Jeter, Wishart
Lyrics: Wishart)*

*Bridget Wishart: Vocals, EWI (Alto Flute, Cello)
Jerry Jeter: Guitar, Vocals
Don: Piano, Synths*

Running
Through the sand
Running
Running
Through the sand
Running
Water
Foaming,
Foaming

Laughter catches on the wind
Flows along the beach
To my seat

Running
On the grass
Running
As you fall

Running, running, running
Nothing, nothing, nothing
Running, running, running

Sitting on a train
On a train
Staring out the window

Watching all that rain
All that rain
Filling up the rivers

Looking at the trees rushing past
Wanting to be home safe at last

Sitting on her doorstep
Waiting for the morning
Hoping that she won't be mad
Holding tight to flowers
Picked from a graveyard
Crossing toes and fingers
She'll be glad

Running for the ball
You are so very small
Running down that hill

Running through your life
Nothing slows the tide
Nothing



Caoimhe Readings

Death (Dust At Dawn)

(Music: Potts & Wishart, with Falcone; Prose: Wishart)

Bridget Wishart: Vocals

Lee Potts: Synths

Don Falcone: Synths (Pads, Second Arpeggio, Outro Pads)

[A pregnant Aoife ('Ee-fuh') discovers that her husband, Grey (a court assassin), is having an affair with her sister, Rose. Mad in her pregnancy and crazy with jealousy, Aoife kills her sister, talks to her sister's ghost and then kills herself.]

Was it worth your demise?
The flies that sit upon your
 sightless eyes
Might agree with me
Oh sister ghost
Did you think
I'd just give him up?
I am not such a generous host
Oh shallow selfish sister mine
Such a twisted blister
Bursts and I find
Your treacherous thorns still tear
My mourning mind
Your betraying blood
From those delicate veins
Stains these oaken boards

Were you all along
A victim to his game
Lured in
By his hypnotic voice?
His choice words
Of fantasy and fact
Did he make you
Feel like the sun shone just for you?
How could you think
That you and him
From two to one
Would leave no tracks?

Waiting for a
murderess's fate
I shake my head
for my crime of passion
Your deception and deceit
Is neither finished nor replete
And judgement shall come too late
I do not mean to
Cooperate
This knife has yet
More cuts to show us

To take his body, breath, and soul
All that I held close
All that kept my own heart whole
You do not think I shall abide logic and
Equally apportion blame and guilt
Upon my faithless partner
I love him far too much for that
I would never be the one to send him to his casket

Was it worth your demise?
The flies that sit upon your sightless eyes
Might agree
It's much too late
to forgive me
This village is too small for this travesty

Maybe I should try
To hum and sing
Those churchy hymns
For does not God forgive
Those who have done wrong?
Does not God forgive
Those who have done wrong?
Does not God forgive?

Exhausted, spent,
Wrung out to dry
Goodbye

Birth (Aoife's Get)

(Music: Pierpoint, Potts & Wishart, with Falcone; Prose: Wishart)

Bridget Wishart: Vocals

John Pierpoint: Washing Machine

Lee Potts: Synths

Don Falcone: Organ, Synths (Strings, Bass)

[On discovering the deaths of Aoife and Rose, Grey sends Carrig, his close friend, to fetch the Friar. Spying Aoife's body move, he realises his child might live. Grey takes the murder weapon and performs a caesarean. The infant is born intersex, named Keevan, and declared male. Carrig sees what has happened while the Friar remains ignorant. Both men are sworn to secrecy.]

And so my birthing, I am told
Was fearsome strange to behold
There being no Mam to hold and care for a near death newborn brat
Cut from the cold blue belly
Of a breathless body, stiff and stained as the oakwood boards
 it lies crumpled on
Within a wretched hand was clutched a knife so sharp
 that no surrounding soul dared to touch.
But came the man, the cause, the key of this immoral,
 mortal tragedy
My fearsome faithless Da
Whose cat-quick eyes spied a rolling wave in his dead wife's frame
 where only stillness should reside and remain.
Swift perception moved to action
For his unborn bairn, his only heir, might yet take a breath.
Watched they then, eyes wide in fascinated horror as fingers quick to grasp,
 possibilities and chance
Hands reckless, strong yet nimble and quick
 wrenched mortised muscle and bone apart and held Aoife's killing blade
 for better reason than ere to it, it had.
So quick he sliced that bloodless flesh and snake fish slippery like,
 I slid into his shaken hands.
Blue tinged, blue lipped and light blue eyed, I stared up out, far and wide,
 way past their petty lies and crimes into a future unmarred by the crust
 of Mama's parricide that had turned my wrinkled brow a rusty brown

Transition (Caoimhe's Laments)

(Music: Potts & Wishart, with Falcone; Prose: Wishart)

Bridget Wishart: Vocals, EWI (Flute)

Lee Potts: Synths, Bass, Bells, Drums, Strings

Don Falcone: Keys (Intro Long Synth Notes, Djembe, Bass, Cello)

[Keevan knows nothing of his history and believes himself to be male. He has grown up alienated and bullied. Maccleby, his father's servant, discovers that Carrig has betrayed Keevan's dual nature to the Friar, who names Keevan an abomination that is possessed. The Friar gathers a posse to capture and kill Keevan. Maccleby explains much to Keevan and tells him to flee the Keep. Keevan realises the only way to survive the hunt... is to become Caoimhe ('Kee-va').]

Down dusty darkened winding paths, lost in counties that owned no name.
My fear of hunters, discovery and death gained strength the further I travelled.
It became my certain reality, it crippled me.

I could not eat for the soul sucking stone in my belly. I could sleep no more than minutes for every noise of the night attacked my ears, adrenaline amplified my fears and if at last I should fall into an exhausted doze, the devil's dreams destroyed any real repose.

One sullen sulky salt spring day Horse and I came upon a recent mass grave, a poor and pitiful site to be sure. So much death and sadness. It seemed a sign, a place of endings. Here I chose to finish Kevan ('the devil's son'). None would know where he had gone. I had no wish to die so young. Before my future had barely begun. Yet I had to put my burdens down.

I left all that was Kevan to the dust of the dead. Then, slowly, with full intent I moved away, one step at a time. With nothing but my body, I felt more myself than ever before. Naked, just as we start and end life's journey. Just as we are when we face our Maker. Calm at last, I bowed in respect to the souls of the slain and turned to face a gentle rain that fell against my lank dark hair, my smooth cheek, my doe soft skin.

I whispered as I walked, I walked as I whispered, I talked to my horse as I climbed upon her back.

My name is Caoimhe...

About the Album

Spirits Burning & Bridget Wishart “Fragments” adds a new chapter to the Spirits Burning story, the fourth vocal album collaboration between Bridget and Spirits Burning captain Don Falcone. They return with a unique and intriguing collection of linked songs, tales, fragments, and readings!

Having shared the stage together in England (captured on the “Live at Kozfest” album) and reviewing their history in Don’s memoir (“One Of The Spirits Burning”), the duo embarked on a 12-song album of vocal and instrumental songs. The album includes “Fragments,” a longer unreleased treasure from 2014 featuring Jerry Jeter and Bridget accompanying Don’s piano and a suite of Bridget’s unfinished songs started with Lee Potts and John Pierpoint — based on her novel the “Caoimhe Tales,” they were adopted, adapted and happily incorporated. Don created the kernels for the other suite, nature-themed songs, a subject close to both of their hearts. The album concludes with a trio of “Caoimhe Tales” readings by Bridget, backed by spacey landscapes.

Bridget Wishart is a singer/songwriter/artist and former member of Hawkwind, who has been working in partnership with Spirits Burning since 2003. In her spare time, she has recorded with other bands (including Astral Magic, Band of Doctors, Chumley Warner Brothers and Astral Hawk Machine).

Don Falcone is an American producer and musician (keyboards, bass, and vocals), and sometimes poet. He captains Spirits Burning, which is primarily a studio project, and has included over 295 musicians on 24 albums. Falcone’s memoir, “One Of The Spirits Burning,” captures the story of his collaborations with Bridget and others.

Spirits Burning is a musical collective that features musicians associated with space rock and progressive rock, including input from sci-fi fantasy writer Michael Moorcock and members of Blue Öyster Cult, Clearlight, Gong, Hawkwind, and Van der Graaf Generator.

“Spirits Burning has become a respected melting pot of the space-rock fraternity.” Ian Abrahams, author of ‘Hawkwind - Sonic Assassins’ and ‘Festivalized’ (co-authored by Bridget Wishart)”



Don Falcone at Kozfest 2017
(photo by Harry Collison)



Bridget Wishart at the Kozfest Xmas Party 2025
held at the King Arthur in Glastonbury
(photo by Django Manglunki)

Our History in Covers



Fragments (2026)



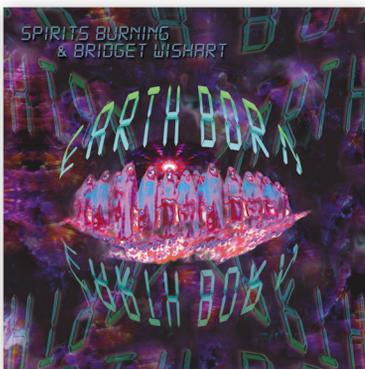
Make Believe It Real (2014)



Far Corners (2012)



Bloodlines (2009)



Earth Born (2008)