

A MAIDEN'S TALE

She'll wander through open fields with baskets of green leaves
Placed in the palm of her wonder and charm
Sun from the trees flicker light beams of cinnamon stories
The water she drinks from her hands trickles away

She looks at her reflection that mirrors her grace
Ripples portray such beauty, this vision fades

Colours of orange and red satin sashes
Blow in the wind of this scented affair
Her eyes are like rivers flowin' nowhere
Far in the distance skies turn their shade

She looks into the sun's rays, with warm embrace
Her hair of richest beauty, this vision fades

Carousel dreams of an indian maiden
Touched by her soul as she carries her wares
The cup from her tea leaves tells no hidden story
No promises there for can be unveiled

© Allsworth/Kitayah

Recorded at: Kore Studios, London
Recording Engineer: George Aspion
Mixing & mastering at: BluePro Studios - London
Mixing & mastering engineer: John Webber

Producer/Arranger (recording): Steve Allsworth
Associate Producer: Ian Prince (Hiltone Music)

Vocals: Kitayah
Drums: Andy Gangadeen
Bass: Paul Francis
Guitar 1: Steve Allsworth
Guitar 2: Mike Goodman
Strings/Cello: Nikolay Ginov
Strings/Viola: Raisa Zaprianova
Strings/Violin: Ralitsanay Denova

I would like to thank all those who
contributed their talents in creating this
embodiment of works and to my family
and friends who have supported me on
my journey.....

I dedicate this album to my beloved
grandmother 'Bibi' Kitayah

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HALO

No halos here to protect you
Seeking my demons come to infect you
Creeping while ya sleeping to corress you
Ima beast eatin you my fresh food
Breaking the wings from an angel
For the rings and the things that a dangle
I think dat I'm able da streets dat I bring to da table is fatal
If i rock out ima sing till I strangle

State these facts for which you claim are in bad faith
Of all these reason's you protect your innocence
In my mind you hold this rage of bitterness
You accuse me of such lies of justice

Taken all of this pain
Bound and tied me in chains
Let this memory fade
From my
Halo

Get me started there ain't no stopping
Darker den batman ain't no Robbin
Dracula swag no cape no coffin
Stacking da cash no fakes no non sense
Your an angel dat makes me a monster
Your an og den dat makes me a mobster
Wit my co de take ya chains n da Prada
Blaze you away in da flames to Nirvana

© Goodman/Kitayah
Producer: Ian Prince (Hiltone Music Production)
Recorded at: Somewhere In Yorkshire Studios
Recording Engineer: Richard Allen
Mixing & mastering at: BluePro Studios - London
Mixing & mastering engineer: John Webber

Drums: Chris Nugent
Bass: Roger Davis
Guitars: Simon Jones
Guitars: Mike Goodman

Thoughts that lingered had prevailed the course of time
When you refused to question why, or compromise
In this eloquence of verbal rife
These excuses haunt me

Taken all of your blame
Preaching all you proclaim
Yet I'm wearing this veil
'Round my halo

You have taken hold of me

Yet I have nothing left to fear

Take these challises

Taken all of this pain
Tried to push me insane
Yet I fought you

All these voices I hear
From the truth you made clear
No one will ever come near to my
Halo

Remi Prince - Courtesy of Hitone Music

CAGES

Wait.....

Take these words from my tongue
I will never tell no one of this pain you've left here
And take these thoughts from my head
Let them settle in this bed
Over time, you're forgiven

These cages of silence
Hides your point of view
So caged
Feel tempted
How could I ever be so wrong of you

Thrown your clothes on the floor
Leave your key at my front door
Take these memories far away from here
'Cos I pictured you in my life always criticizing why
Over time you've been deceiving me

These cages of silence (These cages)
Hides your point of view
So caged (cages)
Feel tempted
How could I ever be so wrong of you
Caged
How you locked me away now you've got me trapped like a fool
Falling further away from you

© Goodman/Kitayah
Producer: Ian Prince (Hiltone Music)
Recorded at: Somewhere In Yorkshire Studios
Recording Engineer: Richard Allen
Mixing & mastering at: BluePro Studios - London
Mixing & mastering engineer: John Webber

Drums: Chris Nugent
Bass: Roger Davis
Lead Guitar: Mike Goodman
Rhythm Guitar: Si Jones
Keyboards: Ian Prince

Out of sight, out of mind, no place to hide from you
Out of this sin feelings within left me so immune

It's not fair, it's not right
Would you dare treat me like
Your whore, your toy, or mistress
For in my state to defy, with these lies I clarify

The cause, the crime, of treason
(Of silence)
(The silence, feel tempted)
So caged, so caged
So caged -

I could never feel.....

BUTTERFLY

You gave me wings and I took flight
These fragile things take to the skies
Now I am higher than I've ever seen

You gave me strength when I would fall
Into these darkest pitted holes
Now I am closer to where I've ever been

And I see you, see you, in my head
And I feel you, feel you, coming near

Butterfly up in the sky
Spread your wings in flight
Your colours brighten up each season
Butterfly flying high
A delicate surprise
In her perfect way of freedom

You taught me how to read these lips
A thousand words should not exist
Your thoughts were reaching out to touch me

And I see you, see you in my dreams
For I need you, need you here

© Kitayah
Produced and arranged by: Ian Prince (Hiltone Music Production)
Recorded at: Somewhere In Yorkshire Studios, Kore Studios - London
Recording Engineer: Richard Allen - Somewhere In Yorkshire studio, George Aspion - Kore Studios
Mixing & mastering at: BluePro Studios - London
Mixing & mastering engineer: John Webber

Programming and music arrangement by: Ian Prince
Piano: Kitayah

Guest vocal appearance by Angus Powell

Butterfly flying high
Reveling the light
Your colours brighten up each season
Butterfly flying high
Floating in the sky
In her perfect way of freedom

Tumbling, souring, floating on this bed of feathered air
Always in my heart, you are there

For I hear you, hear you in my head
And I see you, see you from a near

Butterfly up in the sky
Spread your wings in flight
Your colours brighten up each season
Butterfly flying high
A delicate surprise
In her perfect way of freedom
Butterfly

(From within the darkest shell her beauty is unfolding)
(Open by the morning light the truth is in her markings)
(From within the darkest night her story's just beginning)
(Even as the day falls down her colour's overwhelming)

Soaring, soaring high

Up in the sky....She's flying so high

IMMUNITY

How you embrace my soul
Engaged in my thoughts untold
Hiding from this silence
How I have come to know
Only your words unfold
Holding my conscience
Let this fear drown out my tears
This bleeding heart has its thorn

(Don't walk away)
These cages of my life
(Don't be afraid)
That guided me to hell
Images I strive to forget
(Keep your eyes closed)

How you enrage my world
Faithless these stories hold
Fables created
Words of hate resounding my pain
Self-harming rage is my call

© Prince/Kitayah
Producer: Ian Prince
Recorded at: Somewhere In Yorkshire Studios
Recording Engineer: Richard Allen
Mixing & mastering at: BluePro Studios - London
Mixing & mastering engineer: John Webber

Drums: Chris Nugent
Bass: Roger Davis
Lead Guitar: Mike Goodman
Rhythm Guitar: Simon Jones
Piano/Keyboards: Ian Prince

The Voice: Ian Prince

(Don't walk away)
These cages of my life
(Don't be afraid)
That guided me to hell
Images I strive to forget
(Keep your eyes closed)
(Don't walk away)
A chapter placed in time
(Break the chain)
Hails my immunity
A world gone by now I hear

These voices I'm hearing
They haunt, impound my innocence
Of reason, this treason
I vow I can't confess
You seethe in my beauty
So rare, I know not I exist inside, now I run and hide

These voices, I'm hearing
They bare these wounds that have been placed
Your blood etched on my skin
Crawling through my veins
You claim I forsake thee
Yet I have nothing more to give
Now I flat line

Bleed my soul

UNEQUIVOCAL

You taught me everything I knew
And raised me from a baby
Lying cradled in your arms at night
She shivers from her bed

These voices shroud my memory
So clear I can almost touch them
By your voice you can't control me
It's better for you to shut your mouth
Yeh

Your brutal ways, in such bad taste
Your behaviour's
Unequivocal
You put the blame upon my shame
The truth is
Unbelievable

These pictures shroud my memory
So clear I can almost see them
By your voice you can't control me
It's better for you to shut your mouth
Yeh

© Prince/Kitayah
Produced and arranged by: Ian Prince (Hiltone Music Production)
Recorded at: Kore Studios – London
Recording Engineer: George Aspion - Kore Studios
Mixing & mastering at: BluePro Studios - London
Mixing & mastering engineer: John Webber

A special thank you to Andy Gangadeen for his 'relentless beats'

Your brutal ways, in such bad taste
Your behaviour's
Unequivocal
You took the blame for all my shame
The truth is unbelievable
The hand that feeds this mouth has these bloodstains on my wrists
My reasons changed when you slapped my face
For being so unequivocal

You've repulsed me to this
Captured by your foul breath
These excuses that you've tried, so hard, to deny
Through no fault of my own
I am forced to leave my home
These threats I swear in envy
Why I've always hated you

These stories shroud my memory
But this girl is so much stronger
Yeh

Your brutal ways, in such bad taste
Your behaviour's
Unequivocal
You put the blame upon my shame
The truth is
Unbelievable

Shut your mouth
I don't want to hear your voice
I don't want to see your face

RUN TO THE SUN

Come lay beside me
In threads of green we'll cast away our minds
Immersed by this chandelier of crimson light
I feel this urge of looking deep into the sky
And break these rules I fear

Follow through, break the rules, I will follow through
I will follow through, break these rules I fear

Catching every gasp of breath
I resist to my weakness

And run
Run into the sun
Let the light beams collide with the skies up above
We'll run
Run into the sun
Let the light beams collide with the skies up above

In the air
Amidst the haze we journey miles from where our parol of pollen dreams
Has burst in space, so unexpected and illusive
That carry you to places so surreal

And they will carry you to places, they will carry you
They will carry you to places so surreal
Now place your palm upon my hand
And just hold on

Run to the sun
Let the light beams collide with the skies up above
We'll run
Run to the sun
Let the light beams collide with the skies up above
Run
Run to the sun
Let our two hearts collide with the skies up above

And we run
Run to the sun

Run

© Davis/Kitayah
Produced, arranged and recorded by: Roger Davis
Recorded at: Roger Davis Studio – Aldershot
Mixing & mastering at: BluePro Studios - London
Mixing & mastering engineer: John Webber

Backing vocals: Ian Prince

PARANOIA

Don't speak your tongue....You cause infection
These wounds inflict my pain
That transpires my soul's redemption
Pulling me through all this
Your web of lies caused this cradled shame

Don't raise your hand, in signs of violence
You bruise my skin too deep
So deep

Paranoia
You place these little words in my brain
Drive me insane
Don't call out my name
(In my head, my head, my head)
Paranoia
You take these chains that bleed through my veins
Look at the state of what remains
(In my head, my head, my head)
In this Paranoia

Don't force your thoughts....You hold no conscience
No thread of synergy
Now I face this vault of problems
Tearing my morality
Now I am not ready
To enter the

© Kitayah/Prince
Producer/Arranger/ Programmer: Ian Prince (Hiltone Music)
Recorded at: Hiltone Music
Mixed & Mastered at: BluePro Studios
Piano: Kitayah
Synths: Ian Prince

Paranoia
You place these bitter words in my brain
Drive me insane
Don't call out my name
(In my head, my head, my head)
Paranoia
You take these chains that bleed through my veins
Look at the state of what remains
(In my head, my head, my head)
In this Paranoia

Protect me from the enemy
For he will not take me
For this

Paranoia.....

My mother said I never should
Play with the gypsies in the wood
If I did she would say
You naughty girl to disobey
Your hair shan't curl and your shoes shan't shine
You gypsy girl you should be mine
And my father said that if I did...