

OWEN
PALLETT
HEARTLAND
SUPPLEMENT



MIDNIGHT DIRECTIVES

Cross her off the shortlist.
My blood is a red-winged bird.
The way will be lit by the bridges we
burn, oh.
And come, tornado!
Carry me away from the croft.
Ruffle my hair, bear my body aloft,
Oh.

As the cutlass came down on a
Saturday night,
Left an un-planted field, left my
daughter and wife.
Called away into service, for a
clerical life.
Left an un-planted field, left my
daughter and wife.

Thought I was a sad boy.
Now I know, I know, I know I was
wrong.
Since you came along, I can see how
content I had been.
It'll drive a man crazy to age from
the outside in.
But I have a plan, it's a trick with a
prick of a pin.

And as the cutlass came down on a
Saturday night,
Left an un-planted field, left my
daughter and wife.
Called away into service, for a
clerical life.
Left an un-planted field, left my
daughter and wife.

For a man can be bought, and a man
can be sold,
And the price of a hundred thousand
unwatered souls
Is a bit of meat and a bit of coal.
It's a bit of meat and a bit of coal.
It's a little bit of meat and coal.

Owen Pallett: Eventide pizzicato, electric bass, harmonium, Nord, singing, violin
Jeremy Gara: kit, percussion
Ed Reifel: percussion

KEEP THE DOG QUIET

My body is a cage.
This union is cage about a cage
about a cage.
And this, and this town too,
I'll see you once in a while but I
can't be seen with you.
This place is a narrative mess.
The floor a tangle of bedsheets and
battered sundress.
The ink has dried in the well.
The journey once was consequential,
Now: sequential, sequential,
sequential, sequential.

When will you silence your hounds?
The eldest sons to the altar of the
Eternal Sound,
Their blood is spilled at the dawn.
A nation bound to your will, still, the
violin plays on.
Plays its devotional song.
Once it was, once it was so essential,
Now: sequential, sequential,
sequential, sequential.

Owen: electric bass, Eventide
loops, prepared piano, singing,
violin, viola
Jeremy: percussion

MOUNT ALPENTINE

Lead on, oh horse of mine,
we will climb the side of Alpentine.
Lead on, oh horse of mine, we
will voice our satisfactions.
Karma is the concatenation
of your actions.

Owen: singing, violin
Jeremy: electric guitar
Ed: marimba

RED SUN NO. 5

I'd been living through days
Carrying no burden
But the shit of cattle
And my resignation

until the sun rose crimson
Crept across my limbs and
I saw that they were earthen
That they decay and worsen

And from my ginger chest, there
Came the sound of thunder
I am not a father
I am not a farmer

I tremble to speak of it.
Held her in my arms and
Pressed her to my heart and
Pressed my hand o'er her lips

I murmured words of his love
I will be his baron
With him I have an ending
With him I have completion
And the cover of night

Owen: ARP 2600, singing,
Wurlitzer
Ed: snare, timpani
John Marshman: cello

LEWIS TAKES ACTION

I got a message for the
acolytes.
I am your man for a wifey
fight.
I got a thirst for liquid gold.
I'll bludgeon 'til the body's
cold.

The stony hiss of cockatrice
has cast us into serfdom.
I close my eyes, and spur
Imelda down the mountain-
side
For a liberated Spectrum.

I took No-face by his beak
and broke his jaw, he'll
never speak again.
I took No-face by his beak
and broke his jaw, he'll
never speak again.

My every move is guided by
the bidding of the singer.
The night is split by the
whistle of my amber whip
And the fire from my fingers.

Owen: electric bass, rings,
singing, viola, violin
Jeremy: kit
John: cello
Ed: cymbals, snare
Matt Smith: background vocals

THE GREAT ELSEWHERE

Talking, what's it good for?

Absolutely nothing.

Wrestle, let's wrestle. You can pin me to anything.

Thought I saw you in my tea leaves.
Thought I saw you in a forest flame.
I'll fill up the silence with the sound
of your holy name.

Knowledge of the sea-ways, knowl-
edge of how the water flows.
Whoever coined the phrase has
never had to brave the snow.
I climbed the shroud to the top-sail
and I peeked through the glass.
The curvature bisected by the
wintry mizzen mast.

The scar upon my stomach, I call it
my flying V.
And every time I show it, I can feel
your eyes on me.
How many islands will surrender to
the blunderbuss?
And, how long must we sail before
you show your face to us?

Followed him out to the end of
the pier.
"Don't come any closer," he cried,
"I am afraid
Of the man I'll become if I lay my
Life down for a people that I don't
even care for."
Face to his face, I put my
Hand into his and I tried to tell him,
"No,
I've seen his work upon the panes
of cathedrals,
In the sweat of the workers and
the flight of the seagulls."

My words were drowned out by the
sound
Of the motors and rowers, the ship
as it ran aground
And from the trees came a thousand
soldiers.
I went down on my knees with a
spear in my shoulder.
About face, about face, I swam back
To the Victoria. I shiver with the
Memory, memory of the island
dwellers

And the indifferences of the
Storyteller.

Owen: drum programming,
electric bass, Nord, piano,
singing, violin
Jeremy: bass synth, kit
Nico Muhly: echo piano
Mio Morrison: drum programming

OH HEARTLAND, UP YOURS!

The stars collected.
Each world accounted for.
Freed all the children.
Seems there's nothing more.

If I only had a rowboat, I would row
it up to heaven.
But if heaven will not have me, I will
take the other options.
I will seek out my own satisfaction.

From the wight lying in the barrow,
To the priest with his broken
arrows.
There's a method to the madness.
They will feign an expression of
sadness.
A concatenation of locusts,
And the farmers are losing their
focus.
On the pitch of the Avenroe grasses
I will sing, sing, sing to the masses
Oh Heartland, up yours!

The hollow voice of our 14th
century.
Too much assumption to be taken
seriously.

Oh, you wrote me like a Disney kid, in
cut-offs and a 'beater
With a feathered fringe, it doesn't
suit a simoniac breeder.
Doesn't work, doesn't fly, doesn't
handle.

From the wight lying in the barrow,
To the priest with his broken
arrows.
There's a method to the madness.
They will feign an expression of
sadness.

The order to move the boulders
Puts the whip on a thousand
shoulders.
On the pitch of the Avenroe grasses
I will sing, sing, sing to the masses
Oh Heartland, up yours!

My homeland! I will not sing your
praises here.

Owen: Minimoog, Mellotron,
singing, Wurlitzer
Jeremy: electric bass, kit
John: cello
Mio: sound effects

LEWIS TAKES OFF HIS SHIRT

As soon as I got on the horse,
I forgot about the math,
Forgot about the odds against an
adolescent standing up to all of
Owen's wrath.
The heat of prairie summer, impos-
sible to take.
I grab the hem and lift the fabric
over my sweet head.
I know what you're looking for, and
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.

Government rule established
by a dazzling light show.
A hegemony armoured with a thousand
watt head and seven inches of echo.
I keep up my velocity, my spurs are
in her sides.
I don't know what I'm doing, and it
is the only way.
Toward the range I'll ride, singing,
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.

"I am overrated," said the sculp-
tress to the sea.
"I've been praised for all the ways
the marble leaves the man,
And I was wrong to try and free him."
And as for me, I am a vector, I am
muscle, I am bone.
The sun upon my shoulders and the
horse between my legs,
This is all I know.

My senses are bedazzled by the
parallax of the road.
I concentrate to keep contained
the overflow.

My Knuckles grip so tightly, my
fingers start to bleed.
If what I have is what you need,
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.

Owen: ARP 2600, Nord, singing,
violin
Jeremy: kit, drum treatments
Ed: timpani

FLARE GUN

The weta woods of Belvedere.
The peat and moss of Avenroë.
St. Germain's canaries.
The fortress of Alpineine.
Oh my soul, my loyalty is to the East
And Spectral man, and bird, and
beast.

Red soil for the taking,
Ruddy women for your brides.
All good men of valourous heart,
Consider a new start and sail today
for the Heartland.

Owen: percussion, piano,
singing
Jeremy: bells, percussion
Reg Vermue: background vocals

E IS FOR ESTRANGED

Boys run like water from the barrel
to the trough.

They'll never stop their running.
Gunning for their brothers.
This house is a hostel.
It is peaceful, but it's always
emptying.
Boys all want to be someone.

Haven't you heard? I am a flightless
bird.
I am a liar, feeding facts to a false
fire.

If pathos is borne, borne out of
bullshit — in formal attire,
I'll score you a string ensemble.

I saw my son at seventeen,
The shutters made projections on
his naked frame.
Now at twenty-five,
He simply cannot stay away from the
ketamine.
With makeup on his sores,
He spends an hour a day composing
little eulogies.
Sometimes he sends me letters,
But it's mostly garbled phrases and
apologies.

But haven't you heard? I am a
flightless bird.
I am a liar, feeding facts to a false
fire.
If pathos is borne, borne out of
bullshit — in formal attire,
Cue the Bulgarian men's choir.

Owen: piano, singing
Ed: percussion

TRYST WITH MEPHISTOPH- ELES

I stumbled on the summit's path.
Clumsy, clumsy,
No paragon am I.
I can't even keep my shoes tied.

I've been in love with Owen ever
since
I heard the strains of Psalm 21.
Standing between the choirs,
As they sang, "Laudate Dominum,
Laudate Dominum".

Damn, I wrote it down, but I left it
in the pocket of my other jeans.
Scrawled across the foolscap: "I
don't know what your devotion
means,
I don't know what your devotion
means."

And up, upon the summit I can see
The one I worshipped as a boy.
The Creator, The Great White Noise.
The Great White Noise.

Charged and charging up the ridge.
The chests are empty, the coffers
too.
They float in the flood, and so will
you, I swear, so will you.

"Your light is spent! Your light is
spent!" I cried,
As I drove the iron spike into
Owen's eyes.
The sun sped cross the plains like
that cinematic moment where
Humanity and nature collide.
When you think, "Everything's gonna
be all right,"

Just before the hero gets a bullet
in his side.

Whizzing off the clifftop,
Listening for the spatter, thirty
floors below.
Down come the vultures
I will not be your fuel anymore.

Now the author has been silenced,
how will they ever decipher me?
I hope they hear these words and
are convinced
You never even knew me.

I draw a bruise on your brawny
shoulder,
Scratch my fingers over your
tattoos.
The author has been removed.

Owen: celeste, electric bass,
harmonium, piano, Rhodes,
singing, violin
Jeremy: kit
Ed: marimba

WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN NOW?

The difficulties of my story:
Despite discomforts, despite
myself, I
I reaffirm my endless devotion
To the belief that we're all of value,
We're all of virtue, and so inclined we
Fill up our cups and toast to each
other,
And though I listen to the arguments
That most divergent systems employ to

Debilitate us, delineate us,
Repackage our words, demystify us,
I unceasingly affirm my love can
Cannot be measured, cannot be
altered.
I know, I know it, I do affirm it
With overzealous obscurantism.
With every word and with every
gesture,
I must express it. I can't define it,
But all the same I know I can
describe it:

I walk o'er bridges and see the
river.
A marble statue the sun has
weather'd,
The stubbornness of the over-
growth and
The old memorials covered in snow.
We've
Written the way the universe will go,
A righteous white horse, a man with
a bow,
A sharpened bit of the mistletoe,
Scissors of fate or the fire of
Surtur.
Though we're divided, the force of
nature
Will put us all in the ground together

This morning I must get up
To see the world around me.
Right away, what I forgot
In seeing ourselves as words upon
a paper.

The sun is up,
My arms are wide,
I am a good man, I am yours.

Owen: prepared piano, singing

(March 2008, Lisbon —
February 2009, Toronto.)

NOTES

Recorded by Sturla Mio Þórrisson at The Greenhouse, Reykjavik, except 3 and 12.

Mixed by Rusty Santos at 6 Nassau, Toronto, and an undisclosed location in Brooklyn.

Mastered by Alan Douches at West West Side Music.

Published by Third Side Music

The Czech Symphony Strings, directed by Adam Klemens, recorded by Jan Holzner at Smecky Sound, Prague.

The St. Kitts' Winds, contracted by John Marshman, recorded by Jeff McMurrich and Matt Smith at 6 Nassau, Toronto.

The St. Kitts' Winds:
Leonie Wall: flute, piccolo;
Sarah Jeffrey: oboe, cor anglais;
Micah Heilbrunn: clarinet;
Lisa Chisholm: bassoon;
Mike Pedyshyn: trumpet;
Gabe Radford: horn; David Bell: trombone.

Written, arranged and produced by Owen Pallett

Design and Illustration by Colin Bergh

Photography by Jimmy Limit

Make-up by Allison Magpayo

Without whom:

Sam Amidon
Thomas Bartlett
Antoine Bédard & Kris Nelson
Bishnupriya Bhattacharya
M Blash
Bob Wiseman & Magali Meagher
Basia Bulat
Win Butler & Régine Chassagne
Jennifer Castle
Stephanie Comilang & Dan Young
Joni Daniels
Aaron & Bryce Dessner
Bryan Devendorf
Markus Dravs

Ed Droste & Chad McPhail
Jim Guthrie
George Graves at Lacquer Channel
Kevin Hegge & Greg Bird
Hárry Hutchinson
Liz Hysen
Steven Kado
Leslea Keurvorst
Jeremy Laing & Frank Griggs
Amy C Lam
Mark Lawson
Jerry Leibowitz
Amor Jalandoni
Khaela Maricich & Melissa Dyne
Maggie MacDonald & John Marshall
Jonny McCurley
Maura McGill
John Cameron Mitchell
Lisa Moran
Davida Nemeroff
Kele Okereke
Richard Reed Parry
Zac Pennington
Mark Ronson
Simone Schmidt & Punchclock
Ami Spishock
Jessie Stein
Leon Taheny
Nhi Tran
Gus Van Sant
Nadia Sirota
Lex Vaughn
Carl Wilson
Patrick Wolf
Ben Wyskida
Animal Monster
Arcade Fire
Beirut
Bell Orchestre
Simon Bookish
Cadence Weapon
Deep Dark United
Dirty Projectors
Frog Eyes
Fucked Up
Grizzly Bear
Hank Collective
The Last Shadow Puppets
The Luyas
The Mountain Goats
Nifty
Mika Penniman
Pet Shop Boys
The Rumble Strips
Max Tundra
Wyrd Visions

All my friends and family,
and especially, Patrick Borjal.

More thanks:

Steven Himmelfarb & Billions
Susanne Herrndorf
Laurence, Kris, Bart, Harry,
Peter, Donna, Colleen and
everyone at Domino
Everyone at Blocks Recording Club
Jan & Tom at Tomlab
Matthew at XL
Andrew & Justin at Secret City
Jeff Waye and Third Side
Cathi Gibson and Rough Trade
Ben Goldberg and Badabing
Carsten & Andreas at Puschen
Brendan Bourke
Stacey Mitsopolous & Miro Oballa
Gillian Bar
Judy at Motormouth Media
Dounia Mikou, Shaun Bronstein
and For Great Justice

Deepest gratitude to all those
who worked on this record:
Rusty, Mio, Jeremy, Jeff, Matt,
Nico, Ed, Colin, John, Reg,
George and orchestras.

We acknowledge the financial
support of Canada's Private
Radio Broadcasters

(P)+(C) 2010 Domino Recording Co. Ltd.
www.dominorecordco.com