

PerKelt - Air & Fire (2019)

The little stories behind words...



1. Robin and parakeet

One silent night the parakeet slept in her cage of gold
The moon was new and breeze so sweet, she let to fly her soul.
But then she heard a sweep of wind, the open window creaked,
A tiny robin, prince of streets, Came nosy, as you'd be.

“Why are you here, in the cage of gold?” the little bird so asked
For he never saw another soul being locked behind bars.
“Why don't you fly like the leaves? Why do you stay in here?”
But instead of the parakeet Answered her silent tears.

My soul, my sweet little singing friend,
It's not your fault, that you cannot understand.
That with the eyes closed, I can see what the life could be
And there's no rules around the world, but the wind and you and me.

“Why don't you fly above the roofs like any other bird?
Why don't you try to put in use the wings you've got since birth?”
The little robin pecked the bars, the cage was made of gold
And hiding from the glare of stars the parakeet him told.

“I saw you flying in the streets and playing with the breeze
But unlike robins I'm not free, I wasn't born for trees.
Look at my cage, it's made of gold, and so's the golden key
The stars are shining through my tears, I'll never become free.

My soul, my sweet little singing friend...

And so spoke little parakeet but robin couldn't hear
For when you're born singing and free you get afraid of fear.
So the robin left the golden cage and the beautiful sad bird
Thinking “when I don't understand it's too easy to hurt.”

My soul, my sweet little singing friend...

I have a particular feeling about keeping birds in cages... in Czechia parakeets are a very popular as pets and when you see these amazing creatures trapped in a box, 50cm by 50cm their whole life, it's disturbing to say the least.

But I also have a feeling about some friends around who are very unhappy about not having enough freedom, keep complaining about the job they don't like, the system they are trapped in... yet refusing to give up on the material comfort their lifestyle brings. New phone every year, big TV, massages, eating in restaurants and getting drunk every night... Hence the “golden cage” and “golden key” imagery... But the particular feeling of mine in this case is not anger, I would rather define it as a confusion :) Maybe they really can't change it, sometimes. I don't know... Or I don't know how they should do it, myself. Sometimes they are very scared for their children, how would their classmates treat them if they were different? I don't have children yet, myself, so what do I know? And sometimes they are simply scared to death of being different themselves, and I can see that whatever I say makes them suffer... Their self defence would be to convince me that I am wrong, I should change my values, even “grow up”... and at one point, when everything necessary has been said and shared, me talking or even staying any more would cause only pain, possibly to both of us.

2. Morana

Welcome evening, signs and prophecies,
Three white ravens dance in the sky,
You just got born, young, lullaby for the trees,
Kiss the river banks, you Morana.

Hidden in furs, two monks of mother nature
Falling asleep by vanishing fire,
Spring in the air, pain, hope, another age,
Breath deep and pray to Morana.

Morana is a Slavic goddess of winter and death. I don't see her as a harmful force... someone must do it, right? :) But what is beautiful about it: when it's not our time yet, she brings us together in mutual helpfulness, rebirth and humility.

* * *

3. Little Prayer:

I sat and listened to the leaves,
Feeling the gentle April breeze,
Leaving the heavy pointless words
So I can fly up with the birds.

And with my eyes wide shut I saw
A shiny light, so bright, so raw.
Here in the woods now feeling safe,
Towards the Moon softly I begun little prayer..

Give me the ground under my feet,
Let me to find those I'm to meet
And on your watch, my favourite star,
Please, never let me cause a harm.

And after all the tears I wept,
Let me to see that I've just slept,
And all I need is one good friend
When I get weak who knows to hold my shaking hand...

Give me the feet that wish to run,
Give me the power of the Sun,
Teach me the magic of the Moon,
Teach me to wait when it's too soon.

Send me on trips for happy love
And when the times get hard and rough,
Covered in mud and heavy rain,
Bring me the Sun and joy and smiling face again...

Give me the voice and let me sing
That above all I love the Spring,
And when I see the new life born
It's stronger than a Summer storm.

Bring me the drum and let me play,
Lost in the dance I wish to stay,
Give me the sound of Celtic strings,
To share the trance that music brings.



Give me the harp and bring me flutes,
Teach me the rhythms of my roots,
And all the passion of the skies,
When dancing wild with happy fools.

Give me the wisdom in my words,
And all the freedom of the birds,
Give me the ease and let me fly
Above the trees, so I can feel the open sky...

Give us the strength to fight alone
Even if all the lights are gone
Along with friends who understand
Who can see beyond first glance.

Please, give us duty, give us the power
To see the beauty in a flower,
And make us brave, so our hearts
May stay pure and never turn into a stone...

And bring the peace to planet Earth
And love to everyone since birth,
And hold the hands of those who die,
So they're not scared giving good bye.

Please, let us people see the truth,
That there's no reason to be rude.
On all our trips, the beating toy
Behind those ribs may always bring us enough joy...

This song is very personal for me. I wrote this poem at the time I was getting back on my feet, after a bit of a personal earthquake, slowly building my life up again. The rituals of my favourite Wicca tribe, some illegal psytrance gatherings and especially few particular closest friends helped me so much... so I just started writing this prayer and eventually managed to put everything that's important for me into this one song. We plan to make a video of this one, so I can share all the many particular images that are behind these words properly.

* * *

4. Air and Fire:

This is an instrumental song, yet worth few words... one particular genre of classical guitar music I love a lot is minimalism. Take a single little musical idea, start repeating it, enhancing and building up, until it grows into a massive structure. And if you are PerKelt, throw in a little bit of psytrance party feeling in the drums, super-virtuous recorder parts... I love this song! :) In here we have two little motifs - the gentle air at the beginning and the aggressive fire that comes later. They grow together, just like when the wind makes a little bonfire grow...

* * *

5. Waterflies

Slow walk of waterflies
Oceans ride where lands get dry
The sky builds up, heavenly shrouds
Peacefully fly the passing clouds.

The tree to breath what I don't need
To give a home to birds on streets
Though forests cry beneath the pain
For our comfort there's no rain.

For our comfort burn the woods
So there's no air and there's no food
And we are hungry, deaf and blind
The peace now only dead can find.

I sit and breath, the silent's loud
Listen to wind, watch passing clouds
The Earth's our mother, kiss and breath
Like no one else she hugs for sleep.

I wrote few environmentalist poems n the last handful of years. This one isn't a very happy one but the others are much less so... I love people beyond any words but sometimes it's hard to unsee that the Earth could do really great without us :)

* * *

6. Dance of Ghosts

I'm still awake in the morning
When I hear the bell three times,
Stars are wandering the night sky
As they form the ancient signs.
The pressure on my chest leaves
With Sagittarius shoots,
Whatever happens is to happen
Stars are fate and sacred roots.

I was standing in the same night
Different time and different life,
Dancing wild along a drum beat
Dance of Ghosts around a fire.
Flames in eyes, the glare of campfires
Cheeks are painted, hungry nights,
Sleep with a gun instead of woman,
Pay a death for every life.

I had a soul, wings of an eagle,
Flying above trees with birds,
I saw love to love, and evil
matched to hate by guns and words.
In the Sun Dance I was walking
Through the years towards the vein,
I spoke to ancestors and ghosts,
I saw white bison as he came.

Hey, I'm warrior, I'm your friend,
In the love and war the Spirit pure and great.
He gave the fire and land away,
The rivers and the flow dance of the air.



Empty words, using a brute force
They stuff in our hungry mouth,
Another contract, one more promise
Until birds will fly down South.
They are stealing sacred treasure,
The soul of ancient mountain gods,
The way of robbery and lies
To get what guarded always was.

They write a law that even murder
Turns into noble acts of grace,
Hanging people in the booze and taxes,
End of our days.
I am frozen in the dark night,
Every day is good to die,
When my fingertips are catching sky above head,
Holding on my life.

Hey, I'm warrior, I'm your friend,
In the love and war the Spirit pure as great.
He gave the fire and land away,
The rivers and the flow dance of the air.

More and more, like in a cage
They push us, taking our gold,
Before they wanted just my land
Today they want to steal my soul.
The only wish I ever had
Was to be free and trot the horse.
To see the sunrise, hear the wind singing
And live the way I was.

Hey, I'm just a fighter of my tribe,
A man who got used to the pain of every night.
And I still say that I hear the screams that bite,
A word that kills more men than daggers in a fight.

This is actually our arrangement and a bit of a free translation of the song "Tanec duchů" (literally Dance of Ghosts), written by my guitar teacher and a very good friend back in the 90's. He used to have a great band called Wild West and was taking me on their tours every here and there, when I was still a little kiddo. I always loved this song and at one point I translated it just to share it with my music friends in London, on our cosmic jam gatherings... but again, the guys in PerKelt liked it and agreed to arrange it for the album. Duncan brought an amazing fiddle riff that fits perfectly... it's a very powerful song about fighting against the chains of the mainstream society and politics, inspired by the native American tribes and their history.

* * *

7. I'll Be Right Back!

Bring me a mead, and two pretty ladies
Hold on my seat, I'll go dance with fairies
Give me a drink and wait for two hours,
I'll be right back, for this night is ours!

This is mostly an instrumental song, the original theme written by Duncan in his trademark 13/8 time signature. For the contrast we came up with a simple and straightforward 6/8 rhythm, so simple in fact that it made us laughing... and I thought "Hey, let's go even further, give me 4 minutes..." and came up with this little waltz-like singing part, about the light-headed feeling when we're touring the festivals... I'm very happy that this song is there, it brightens the album a lot for me! :)

8. When the Water is Pure

She likes the smell of when the wood gently burns,
The fairy of good food and beautiful words.
Eu nado com você no oceano do amor,
She likes when the water is pure.

To be found deep in the forest she dances and smiles
And listens to people what they are to say.
In the bath of brown eyes one can fly up so high
Standing in the fire, we dance and we pray.

She likes the smell of when the wood gently burns,
The fairy of good food and the first morning birds.
Eu nado com você no oceano do amor,
She likes when the water is pure.

Hey, broken be all padlocks on every door
Open the windows and shatter the gates.
For all of these sylphids and those little gnomes
Are free to leave, unless they decide to stay.

Two hummingbirds, fast and so softly they fly,
No matter when, she'll be here soon.
The song of her love she will sing up the sky,
So Venus can dance with the Moon.

She likes the smell of when the wood gently burns,
The fairy of good food and soft-spoken words.
Eu nado com você no oceano do amor,
Eu nado com você no oceano do amor,
She likes when the water is pure.

Not surprisingly, I wrote this song for an amazing, beautiful and indeed magical lady. About love and about freedom, about staying up all night to keep talking, about patience and about honesty... On stage I sing this song a cappella, so it seemed to be a good idea to keep it in this pure form on the album as well.

9. Betrayal:

I give people hope when the night's dark and cold
Save thousands of lives and those dying I hold.
When everything's gone, I'm the only light
That's left in the middle of night.

There was a girl, with eyes so bright
She laughed and smiled during the day
And when the Sun set behind trees
The night would bring her all the pain
And on her knees now she would cry.

But the Moon wants to see her smile
And for the first time in seven years
He fell into her sad eyes
And touched her face with moonlight beams
And promised her to stay nigh.

As you say, my shining friend
Your light removes my fears
Dance with me and I won't cry
And never more I'll shed my tears
As I trust that you cannot lie



And when the music starts to play
For the first night of the spring
At sunset she would smile
To the fiddle dance like wind
As long as the nights were bright

But the Moon forgot his fate
So the nights were full of mirth
Until one bright June day
When the Sun embraced the Earth
And the Moon was swallowed by shade.

The darkness brought her by the sea
Now even planets break their oaths
Oh where's my Moon, she cried
I cannot live here anymore
And off the cliff she threw her feet.

I am the Moon and you are the Sun,
I know well death, when you celebrate life
Both summoned to help, they need our gift
I help to survive and then you help to live.

I read a beautiful book by Oriah Mountain Dreamer called Invitation. She first wrote a poem of the same title and it became so popular that she decided to write a whole book where she was just explaining the verses, one by one... an amazing masterpiece! The verse of the poem that got stuck in me the most goes like this:

“It doesn't interest me if the story you are telling me is true. I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself. If you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul. If you can be faithless and therefore trustworthy.”

Sometimes we give a promise to another, only to find later that to keep trying to fulfil that promise will not serve anyone, and cause only harm... it is a very difficult situation, easy to judge harshly for those who never experienced it. Our own journey, that I believe we are destined for, does not always align with these promises... And all the variations of “I'll be yours forever” is kinda typical example. In the story of this song, the Moon promises to this desperate girl to never leave and be there every night. And all goes good until we realise that however powerful, the Moon is following the laws much bigger than any promise, and when the lunar eclipse unavoidably comes, the Moon disappears from the night sky and this girl feels deeply betrayed. And in her pain she does something very stupid... In the intro the Moon introduces himself as the proud saviour. At the end, after this experience, the Moon cries and asks the Sun for help, realising he took too much of a responsibility on his own shoulders.