

Produced by Marcomé and Michel Robidoux.
Recorded and mixed by Ian Terry and Marcomé assisted
by Denis Cadieux at Tempo Studios in Montreal.
Additional keyboard programming and recording by Charlot Barbeau and François Arbour.
Original mastering by Marcomé at Sono Design.
Remastered in 2006 by Marcomé at SNB Mastering in Montreal.
Booklet photos by Guy Bélair.
Original artwork of the cover and the desert photo by Machina Pictura:
Robert Rioux, Simon Bousquet, Martin Savard
New Design 2006 by Ixième Communications inc.

Marcomé would like to thank every person who has been involved
in the making of this recording, especially the following Michel Lardi
for his enormous and unestimable support, Yvette Racine and Germain
Marc-Aurèle for their sweet encouragement, Robidoux for his multiple
talents, Ian Terry for his professional and personal investment,
Ron Montanaro for his delightful lyrics, Michel Dupire for his soft vivid
complicity, Carole Alexander and Danielle Galipeau for their kindness,
Charlot Barbeau for giving me his time, Diane Leboeuf for her generosity,
Robert Lauzon and Fernand Martel, Gilles Bédard, Thérèse Noël for
her constant reliability, Pierre Gagné for showing me the way...

Merci infiniment xxx

Marcomé

Seven Seas



M A R C O M É

1. **Breathe** (Marcomé/Marcomé)

*I once was hiking in the Washington Mountains.
When I reached the top, I was astonished. A thin layer
of clouds was floating, surrounding me in a timeless silence;
I stared at infinity and breathed deeply the divine natural
energy...*

Voices and keyboards by Marcomé

2. **YÉKU** (Montanaro/Marcomé)

*Gather around the camp fire time. I love to tell stories.
This one comes from..., dreams.*

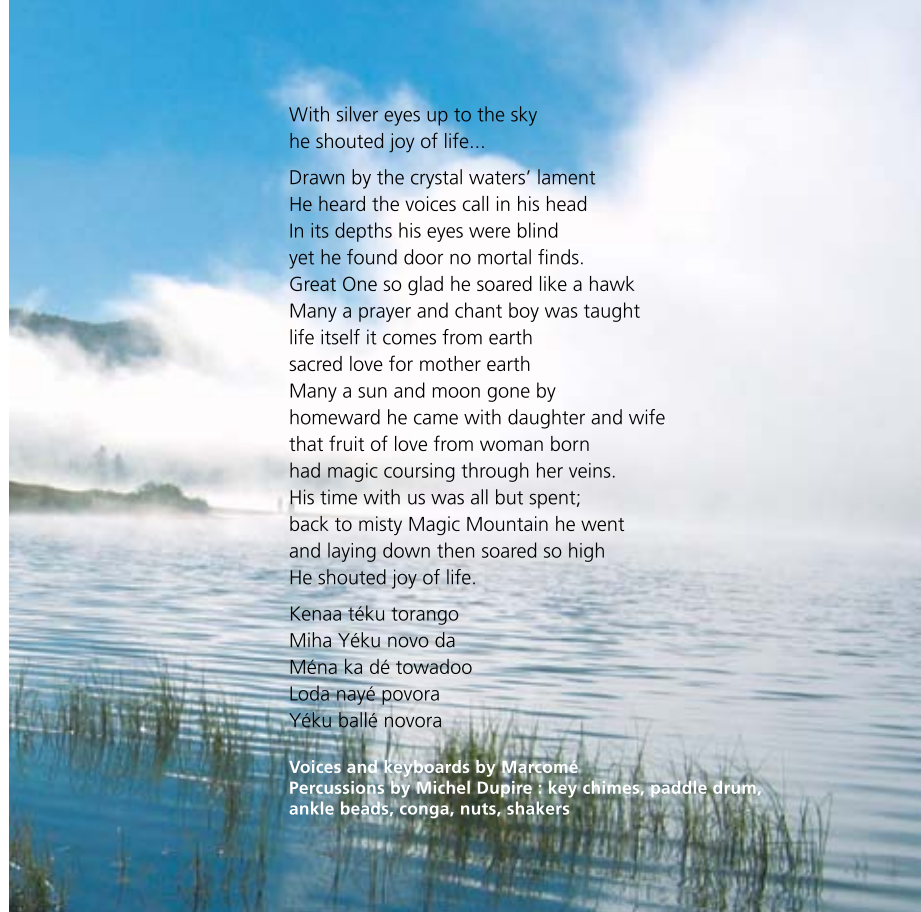
Down misty magic mountains he came,
into the wilding vale of the rain;
The shining boy with piercing eyes
and in our land he found a home.
Blood magic flowin' throughout his veins,
he was so young and yet unafraid.
Child of sun and moon they say.
The lissome boy he sang his tune;
then turnin' 'round in silent trance,
he did a most enchanting dance;
then fire played upon his blade,
then fire spoke in voice so strange.
From moon to sun he let out a chant
Soul now was pure and full of intent

With silver eyes up to the sky
he shouted joy of life...

Drawn by the crystal waters' lament
He heard the voices call in his head
In its depths his eyes were blind
yet he found door no mortal finds.
Great One so glad he soared like a hawk
Many a prayer and chant boy was taught
life itself it comes from earth
sacred love for mother earth
Many a sun and moon gone by
homeward he came with daughter and wife
that fruit of love from woman born
had magic coursing through her veins.
His time with us was all but spent;
back to misty Magic Mountain he went
and laying down then soared so high
He shouted joy of life.

Kenaa téku torango
Miha Yéku novo da
Ména ka dé towadoo
Loda nayé povora
Yéku ballé novora

*Voices and keyboards by Marcomé
Percussions by Michel Dupire : key chimes, paddle drum,
ankle beads, conga, nuts, shakers*



3. **KISS OF THE NIGHT** (Montanaro/Marcomé)

The night comes, sweet and warm. My body is walking and walking. I want to be free from thought, dancing frantically, submerged in a shower of sounds, slowly slipping through time and space.

Let me dance in the moonlit sky tonight
To the beat till my body slips through time
Every fiber's slowly pulsating in the transfused rhythm of time
Walls of sound impart liberation flesh and bone cry out to the night
Moon so full inspires temptation give me to the kiss of the night

As we dance in the moonlit sky tonight
Moving slowly out of time
Forsake yourself and sip wine of love
Forms and shadows channeling before me
Mingling breath is brushing my thighs

Heart to hearts in one pounding motion
One on one an many collide
Unattached together yet floating
In the wanton kiss of the night

Rhythmic waves emblaze every measure

Suddenly I'm fully alive
Eyes connecting bridging in motion
Part the seas look into my heart
Every thought is rapidly changing
Written with the kiss of the night

Burning in explicit sensation
Feed me with the kiss of the night
Carry me in perfect vibration
Bring me to the kiss of the night

Voices and keyboards by Marcomé
Percussions by Michel Dupire : darbuka, pandero,
handrum, surdo, shakers
Fretless bass by Marc Langis

4. **TIME TO FOLLOW** (Marcomé/Marcomé)

Open the door to your imagination; let your mind slide on the highways and by-ways of the energy that's within you.

Voices and Keyboards by Marcomé
Percussions by Michel Dupire : congas, djembe,
sandpaper, claves, tambourine, shakers.
Fretless bass by Marc Langis

5. LIBRARSÍ (Marcomé/Marcomé)

*In a plane, a train or a car, you're sitting by a window;
your eyes are fixed on a moving canvas.
Slowly, imagination and reality merge, you're flying free.*

Voices and Keyboards by Marcomé
Percussions by Michel Dupire : chimes, cymbal, shakers.
Fretless bass by Marc Langis

6. PARADA (Marcomé/Marcomé)

*South America, you're lying in a hammock on the sea shore,
yet it's strangely silent. You only feel the very light warm
breeze caressing your face. It's getting really warm.
The air barely moves in the deep green mountains
surrounding you; from the little house nearby,
you hear the wind chimes timidly shivering...*

Voices and Keyboards by Marcomé
Percussions by Michel Dupire : tan tan, wind chimes.

7. ALL ALONE (Montanaro/Marcomé)

*A moment, a place, a person, a certain feelin... .
Sometimes I wonder what's the good in rememberin'
pictures and places, the same faded ending. I imagine
it must be the way of the mind to hold on to moments
and keep them for time...*

All alone in the shadows bathed in the night
All alone in the shadows at the first morning's ligh
Down by the window I see you today
Down by the old mill where we used to play
I know I'm beside me, I know it's the light
And yet all inside me a love holds me tight
Never could I hear myself sayin'...

It only goes to show, that you never know
I remember all the moments shared, times and days
I remember the sunshine, the smile and the ways
High on the mantle I picture your face
An image on fire, a warming embrace
I know I'm beside me, I know it's the light
And yet all inside me a love holds me tight
Never could I hear myself sayin'...
It only goes to show, that you never know

Voices and keyboards by Marcomé
Rain sticks by Michel Dupire

8. MEMORIA (Marcomé/Marcomé)

Infinite inner space, vapors of clouds, whispers of waters, voices resonate. In circular motion, one comes, one goes. Notes are floating in a myriad of memories.

Voices and keyboards by Marcomé
Counter Bass by François Myrand

9. SEVEN SEAS (Montanaro-Marcomé/Marcomé)

There's a place where lovers meet, a space where lovers create a tapestry spun from a common thread. At times the thread wants to unravel....

In my mirrored memories of yesterday
Feel our hearts are moving in separate ways
Together we sailed the seven seas
If you're listenin' what more can I say?

Show me just a sign or a smile will you help me?
Will we dance and romance?
Will you hold me?
In impassioned embrace or just fade away?

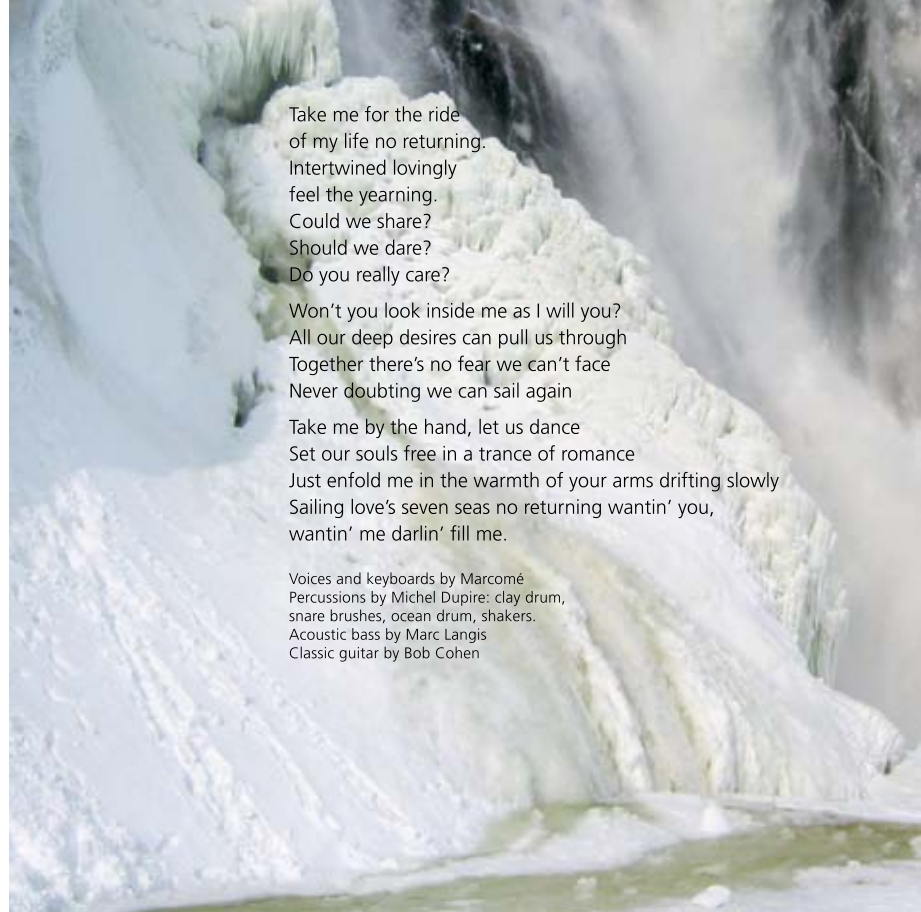
When I'm sitting near you you're far away
got a feelin' our love has gone astray
Together we sailed the seven seas
Will our feelings dwell on yesterdays?

Take me for the ride
of my life no returning.
Intertwined lovingly
feel the yearning.
Could we share?
Should we dare?
Do you really care?

Won't you look inside me as I will you?
All our deep desires can pull us through
Together there's no fear we can't face
Never doubting we can sail again

Take me by the hand, let us dance
Set our souls free in a trance of romance
Just enfold me in the warmth of your arms drifting slowly
Sailing love's seven seas no returning wantin' you,
wantin' me darlin' fill me.

Voices and keyboards by Marcomé
Percussions by Michel Dupire: clay drum,
snare brushes, ocean drum, shakers.
Acoustic bass by Marc Langis
Classic guitar by Bob Cohen



10. FROM WITHIN (Montanaro-Marcomé/Marcomé)

*This is only the beginning of my long journey.
I hope you find your way. Be well. Bye for now.*

One night she drove
to see the light
outside the walls.
Before her life
was lost in time
in an endless world
just walking by
One can be told
There's something bright
Look inside
One gets rewards
through open doors
to find a groove
away from fright
and get you on
the brighter side
to fully stand in the light

One day the answer
comes to sight
to find you
to show you home
to say your life's
starring in your own show.
One day the will
from inside
will come
just let it go
really feel its flow
from your heart
"Today I've come
to show my world
to share the light."

Voices and keyboards by Marcomé
Acoustic bass by Michel Donato

