



M E R I D I A N : E P

CHILDREN OF RUST //

WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF RUST. OUR VOICES ARE QUIET AND MEANINGLESS. LIKE THE CHATTERING OF RATS. IN DARK AND SQUALID CORNERS. AROUND OUR FEET, PLASTIC BAGS AND OLD NEWSPAPERS WRAP AND CLING, LIKE THE SKIN OF SOME DEAD OR DYING THING. TEPID IDEALS CATCH FLAME AND BLAZE IN A BREATH OF APATHY. BRIGHT LIKE MOONS WATCHING; GLOWING OVER THE NIGHT. DON'T LONG FOR THE PAST, OUR PREMODERN WOMB. IT WAS BUT A PRELUDE, BESIDES -WITHOUT US, IT LOSES ALL MEANING.

THE SUN //

EACH DAY IS JUST ANOTHER DAY. EVERY FACE, ANOTHER FRAME. I CAN'T TAKE, THE WAY WE GO ASTRAY ITS NOT A FEAR, FOR WANT TO DO BETTER, NEITHER SETTLE, NOR LIVE REGRETTING. FOR THE MOMENT, TO TAKE BACK RATHER THAN TO TAKE IN, EVERYTHING WE HAD AND WATCH IT, FADE AWAY. THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T GIVE TO, SEE SOME LIGHT, IN THE DISTANCE BUT THEN THE WALLS CLOSE IN AND I CAN'T SEE YOUR FACE ANYMORE. BLACK AND WHITE THE FANTASY LIVES, IN THE EYES OF THE CLOSED MINDED, AND CLOSED HEARTS, THAT GIVE ONLY SHORT LIVED PERSPECTIVES AND SPITEFUL DIRECTIVES. OPEN YOUR MIND TO SEE THE SUN. REMOVE MORAL BLINDNESS AND SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE.

LET GO //

LET GO, JUST LET GO, AN AXIOM OF DENIAL. LET GO OF IT, DON'T BOTTLE IT UP, DON'T PREACH TO ME YOU CLOSET PSYCHOPATH. LET GO OF THE ANGER. THE LIES, WE ARE TOLD. JUXTAPOSED AGAINST OUR OWN - NATURE. HUSH LITTLE BABY DON'T SAY A WORD MOTHERS GONNA' SMOTHER YOUR FEAR AND STRIP AWAY, YOUR HUMANITY. BECAUSE THE TERROR, IS A LIE, WE FOOL, OURSELVES. LET GO, JUST LET GO, AN AXIOM OF DENIAL. LET GO OF IT, DON'T BOTTLE IT UP, DON'T PREACH TO ME YOU CLOSET PSYCHOPATH. LET GO OF THE ANGER. THE LIES, WE ARE TOLD. JUXTAPOSED AGAINST OUR OWN NATURE.

VIROCON //

THE NAME ECHOES NO MORE AND IN ITS PLACE ANOTHER LIES. MEER AND SMALL, WHERE VIROCON WAS TALL. GONE ARE THE GREAT PATHS AND IN THEIR PLACE - NOT MUCH; GREEN GRASS IN A GOLDEN SUNSET. ROADS THAT ONCE WENT SOMEWHERE, NOW LEAD TO ROUGH COLUMNS OF STONE; GREY AND COLD, AND DEAD, AMONG ARCHWAYS TO NOWHERE VIROCON. VIROCON. VIROCON. VIROCON. NOW ONLY THE BIRDS CHATTER AND THE LAZY FLIES LINGER OVER THE RUINS OF A DEAD EMPIRE. THE WEIGHT OF A THOUSAND FEET. MARCHING ON TRAMPLED WHEAT, NOW GIVE WAY TO A CAR DRIVING BY, UNDER A BLEEDING WINTER SKY. SKULLS OF MEN, BONES OF BUILDINGS, BURIED, DEAD AND FORGOTTEN.

EMPTY SPACES //

TOGETHER WE STAND, DIVIDED AND ALL, ON EITHER SIDE OF THIS BRICK WALL. WE BUILT THIS YOU AND I, AFTER ALL BRICK BY PHLEGMATIC BRICK. BUT STILL WE WONDER, WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL. AFTER ALL, ALL IN ALL. ALL THAT WE SAW AND KNEW AND ALL THAT WE SEW AND ALL THAT WE TOLD OR IN TURN, WERE TOLD. AND STILL WE WONDER, WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL AFTER ALL, ALL IN ALL PICK AWAY THE MOMENTS THAT MAKE UP A LIFE ALL THAT'S LEFT, EMPTY SPACES AND EMPTY WORDS. AND STILL WE WONDER, WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL AFTER ALL, ALL IN ALL.

DAN THANKS MY LORD AND SAVIOUR, MY MUM, THOMAS AND MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS. MY BAND AND ALL THE MUSICIANS THAT HAVE SUPPORTED AND INSPIRED ME OVER THE YEARS. GOD BLESS EVERYBODY // TYSON APPLAUDS MY MOTHER, FATHER, FAMILY, CLOSEST FRIENDS & THE BAND. ORACLE STUDIOS: MATT FOR HIS INSIGHT AND GENEROSITY AND JAY FOR TEACHING ME THE TRUE WAY OF FLAT PICKING. KATE FOR HER SUPPORT AND MAKING IT TO EVERY SHOW SHE CAN. ALL OF THE AMAZING BANDS THAT HAVE GIVEN US THE OPPORTUNITY TO PLAY ALONGSIDE THEM // MAX FOR THE STARS, WHOSE PERENNIAL DUST MAKES UP MY BODY, AND FOR MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS, WHO ARE MADE OF THE SAME STAR-STUFF // JACK THANKS MY PARENTS FOR TAKING HALF AN INTEREST IN WHAT I DO AND FOR CHAUFFEURING ME TO INFINITE PRACTICES AND GIGS. THANKS TO MY BAND MATES, ESPECIALLY DAN WHO SUGGESTED I AUDITION FOR THE DELICIOUS BISCUIT THAT IS MERIDIAN IN THE FIRST PLACE. CHEERS TO PHIL BAILEY WHO TAUGHT ME HOW TO BASS AND DANNY AND THE VOYAGER GUYS WHO WERE CRAZY ENOUGH TO GIVE US OUR FIRST DECENT GIG. LASTLY THANKS TO ALL MY FRIENDS FOR THEIR UNRELENTING SUPPORT // HENDER THANKS MY PARENTS SO MUCH FOR SUPPORTING ALL OF US THIS FAR, TO MY FELLOW BAND MEMBERS FOR BEING GENERALLY AWESOME CHAPS, JACK FOR PUTTING UP WITH US TRACKING, AND TO ALL MY FRIENDS FOR BEING SO SUPPORTIVE AND TAKING AN INTEREST IN SOMETHING THAT I NEVER SHUT UP ABOUT XXX // TOM THANKS MY PARENTS SO MUCH, MY FRIENDS, ZOE, MY BAND MATES, JAY AND MATT AT ORACLE, EVERYONE WHO HAS COME DOWN TO A SHOW, HEAD BANGED WITH US, BOUGHT A SHIRT OR EVEN JUST TAKEN THE TIME TO HAVE A LISTEN, LET THIS BE A MONUMENT TO MY INFINITE GRATITUDE TO YOU.

SONGS WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY MERIDIAN WITH ADDITIONAL BASS FROM MATTHEW TEMPLEMAN // ENGINEERED BY MATTHEW TEMPLEMAN & JAY HUXTABLE AT ORACLE SOUND AND JACK HOFFMANN // PRODUCED AND MIXED BY MATTHEW TEMPLEMAN // MASTERED BY SIMON STRUTHERS AT FORENSIC AUDIO // COVER, CD, BOOKLET LAYOUT AND DESIGN BY TYSON RAUH // PRINTED AND PRESSED AT DISKBANK.

MERIDIAN IS:

TYSON RAUH // MAX WARD // DANIEL HARPER //
JACK HOFFMANN // HENRY TOPLEY // THOMAS SWARBRICK

<https://www.facebook.com/MeridianBandAUS>