IMPOSSIBLE TREES

1. Spring: Zadquiel remix

2. Summer: Nave remix

3. Autumn: Waxing Crescent remix

4. Winter: Piano original

IMPOSSIBLE TREES
Zadquiel Remix

Watching candles against the sky
Circles of light
The haze of night
There's close laughter
The sound of voices
Was one of them yours?

Beyond the hills, the dark hills
Are other people
They're a mystery
And I'm falling
Staring upward
For shooting stars
Was one of them yours?

She's a whirlwind
Beautiful whirlwind
And Lisbon is full

She's a whirlwind
Beautiful whirlwind
And Lisbon is full
Of impossible trees.

Of impossible trees.

Who's that knocking at my door?
Under a full moon what was happening?
There were voices under my window
Was one of them yours?

She's a girl with a camera
Suddenly free and freedom suits her
Travels the world looking for magic
But the magic is hers.

She's a whirlwind
Beautiful whirlwind
And Lisbon is full

She's a whirlwind
Beautiful whirlwind
And Lisbon is full
Of impossible trees.

Of impossible...
Of impossible...

Of impossible trees.

(handwritten lyrics, partially legible)

and "Lisbon is full of impossible trees"

Who's that knocking at my door – under a full moon – what warnings

There more voices – under my window – won one of them opens

She's a girl with a camera – suddenly free and freedom within her

Travels the world looking for magic but the magic is hers

She's a whirlwind beautiful whirlwind and Lisbon is full of

Written, arranged, performed and produced by Tobias Zaldua

1. Remix by Zadquiel
2. Remix by Nave W
3. Remixed by Waxing Crescent
4. Piano Original

Piano recording on 1-3 engineered by Zach Zaldua.
Piano on 4 played and recorded by Tobias Zaldua
Vocals on 1-3 recorded at The Premises London by Curtis Elvidge.
Vocals on 4 recorded in the early hours somewhere in Portugal.
The line "Lisbon is full of impossible trees" courtesy of Emma Gahan.

Original Wellhead release of Impossible Trees mixed by Andy McKim

Design and images T. Zaldua.
Cover image from an original photograph by Emma Gahan.
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An ekphrastic poem from the album IITLN forthcoming on Wellhead