

far away objects

chris sunfield



# begin



Baby boy or girl, that you were  
Never counting the suns as you ran with the herd  
You woke up in pain to find out one day  
Your god wound the clock before passing away  
And although you're no longer asleep  
Take a look around...you're still counting sheep  
You stand before something  
But is that something really nothing at all?

Once you've gone within  
That's when you must begin  
Walk beyond the world you're in  
Through a door and just begin  
You stand before something  
That you will make from nothing at all

Born of dusty stars, that you are  
Wakeful and wise to your remaining hours  
You know yourself, and yourself you must be  
Accepting the past while forging destiny  
And although you'll struggle hard now and then  
You'll realize the gift before you sleep again  
The choice is before you  
But is your choosing really your choice at all?

**chris sunfield:** guitars, midi arrangements, lead & backing vocals

**jess leung:** backing vocals

**elena kapeleris:** alto sax

**michael hanson:** bass guitar & drums

produced, recorded & mixed by **michael hanson**

I was living in a university graduate residence in 1989 when I came up with the melodic riff for *Begin*. There was something about it that held a lot of power for me – like a beacon. I came up with a lot of ideas over the years to go with it. They all sat dormant until a May weekend in 2017 when I booked a hotel room in my hometown to finish it. But I didn't finish it. *Begin* had become a monster that defied closure. It remained unfinished for another year until another hotel weekend in my hometown. Why my hometown? Because place and nostalgia can drive creativity. I had to reach into my past in order to write a song about going forward. Some people heard *Begin* before it was released and felt that there was too much going on in it. But every time I hear it, I remain confident that it became everything that it had to become.

Once you've gone within  
That's when you must begin  
Walk beyond the world you're in  
Through a door and just begin  
The choice is before you  
From your own will or no will at all  
You must all begin

Lost in hopes and dreams  
That's just the way it seems  
And once you have begun  
The truest you, you will become

You must begin  
Begin to become you...  
Begin to become you...

# tomorrow's here

(far away objects mix)



We are asleep inside  
We are the dreams we hide behind  
Who we fear to be  
Slumber in a bed of history  
Full of scars? Full of stars is what we are

We need just one momentous day  
To chase the past away  
So make that day today

Tomorrow's here  
Tomorrow's here  
Tomorrow's here  
Big and bright and clear  
Tomorrow's here  
The dawn of everything that you hold dear  
Tomorrow's here

We are awake inside  
We will rise to find our truest side  
Who we choose to be  
Is not what happened to us, can't you see?  
Full of stars, newborn stars is what we are

We need just one momentous day  
To make our beds and make our getaway  
So make that day today  
Make that day today

Tomorrow's here  
Tomorrow's here  
Tomorrow's here  
Big and bright, the end of night is near  
Tomorrow's here  
The light and love we lost will re-appear  
Tomorrow's here

Wake and rise from the darkest night  
Walk outside to a future so bright  
Rouse yourself from a wounded dream  
Live and love in a life unseen  
Free yourself from the force of fear  
Trust yourself now tomorrow's here

**chris sunfield:** 6- & 12-string guitars, midi arrangements, lead vocals

**vicky rai:** backing vocals

**david chester:** hammond organ

**rob laidlaw:** bass guitar

**graham shaw:** drums

**michael hanson:** backing vocals

produced by **david chester**

recorded by **justin meli**

recording assisted by **anthony young**

mixed by **michael hanson**

While many of my current songs were written or half-written many years ago, *Tomorrow's Here* is almost entirely new. What makes this song nostalgic for me is that it uses a chord progression that I came up with 14 years ago on a guitar that I bought that same day. I thought this was going to be a ska tune with some breezy lyrics, but on the day I started writing I found out that a long-term mentor of mine (the last of two) had passed away. That changed the direction. I then took a break from writing it for two months until the day I also lost my beloved pet to old age. The only thing that I could do to distract myself from grief that night was to finish writing and recording the demo. The sun was rising the next morning as I finished it. *Tomorrow's Here* is about moving beyond past losses and challenges and continuing to grow as a person. This is a new mix of *Tomorrow's Here* for the EP that's different from the original single.

# anton



Anton, you're simple  
Plain and provincial  
They said, while sipping their wine  
Close to the soil  
You troubled and toiled  
In your race against status and time  
Though short on esteem  
You dared to dream  
Of your place in a city of dreams  
That place where gods go  
Was calling you home  
Was calling you home

Anton, you're lost  
Your calling's your cost  
In this mortal life, passing you by  
They counted courtings  
While you courted counterpoint  
Sounds came together, not lives  
Forgone were pleasures  
In movements and measures  
You sighted your path to the stars  
That place where gods go  
Was calling you home  
Was calling you home

**chris sunfield:** lead & backing vocals, arrangements

**david chester:** piano

**david shewchuk:** violins & violas

**aubrey dayle:** drums & percussion

produced by **david chester & chris sunfield**

recorded & mixed by **anthony young**

*Anton* is a dream song – a gift delivered to me one winter morning at 4am during a three-day migraine. I was delirious from pain and sleep deprivation. I did the cliché thing of falling half out of bed with the song in my head after a few hours of fitful sleep. I pulled myself to the keyboard in the dark and managed to get most of it down while fighting nausea. It was in D flat major, a key that I hadn't used before. As with *Begin*, I travelled to a small town (Port Dover, Ontario) and stayed in a B&B to finish the music and write the lyrics. The song is based on the life of composer Anton Bruckner. The third movement of his eighth symphony has always held a special place in my heart. It wasn't until after *Anton* was recorded that I realized that his third movement is also in D flat major.

# eclipse



In a field with other hearts  
Lying, entwined, whispering songs  
We waited for an eclipse that never came

The earth 'tween moon and sun  
The rarest of events, begun  
Two bodies drawing closer in the void

You saw in me, an energy  
I saw you as gravity  
You began to wrench me from myself

And days, months, and years they came  
In our minds, but all the same  
The heavens laid before us in ourselves

This time, my voice is singing  
This time, my heart is singing  
This time, I can't help thinking  
Why can't I let go of me?

But the heavens harboured clouds  
Like thoughts never said aloud  
We never saw earth's shadow pass before

For time and matters hid from view  
My feelings, the truest you  
Future overcast with ancient fears

**chris sunfield:** guitars, arrangements, lead & backing vocals

**david chester:** piano

**aubrey dayle:** drums & percussion

produced by **david chester & chris sunfield**

recorded by **justin meli, chris sunfield & emma whale**

mixed by **haig beylerian**

*Eclipse* is the song that marked my return to music later in life. I started writing in my teens. I had the usual dream of becoming a rock star but wended up doing something else in life. Years passed. I was comfortable but regretful. Hundreds of half-written songs languished on fading scraps of paper and deteriorating tapes. If I had died suddenly, that big box of music would have found its way into landfill. Then came a period of adversity – a perfect storm. Close friends died. A career change turned out to be meaningless. A move to a remote suburb isolated me from friends. And finally, an accident hospitalized me. I'm normally a happy person, but it felt like rock bottom. Still on crutches, I dug out all of my music gear and recorded a demo of *Eclipse* as a way of coping. It was my first completed song in years. I had a re-awakening. I sold my house in the suburbs, moved back to the city, and began recording demos and working with producers. Eventually, *Begin* was recorded and the singles *The Little Things*, *Predator*, and *Don't Kill Me* were released. And now, here we are.

In love, too late, fate decreed  
That perigee turn to apogee  
Two bodies would eventually drift away

And if time could bend magically  
I'd shun heaven for the chance to be  
With you again, and bust those clouds away

This time, my voice is breaking  
This time, my heart is breaking  
This time, I can't help thinking  
Why, oh why... Why am I...?

Who was the sun? The moon? You or me?  
And damn to hell that earth between  
No answers in the ether all around

For these moments in all time and space  
With you then, now alone, I face  
Trices too rare and brief to be retained

But the moon goes on, and we'll be dust  
To light again on others' trust  
The universe is blind to smaller things

And in those days, months, and years  
That pass before you, me, and time disappear  
The memories, like the light, will slip away  
They will slip away





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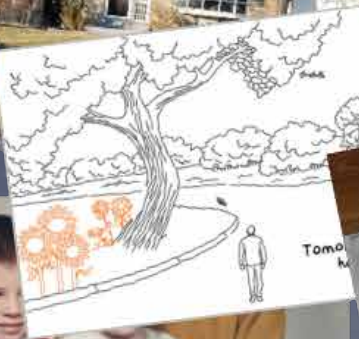




begin



for also... work... the... in the... I... the... of the... at... in my... more





all songs written & arranged by chris sunfield  
recorded & mixed at chalet recording studio, ultravox studios, & the star party room  
mastered by kristian montano at montano mastering  
ep design by chris sunfield  
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tomorrow's here dedicated to the memory of pip  
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