

Stonehinged

BAND STORY

"

Stay tuned for "Trevor and Roger' s Thirteen Stygian Tales"-

an epic rock album beyond your imagination!

Ian Burrage... Andy Gupta... Casia

Billy Playle... Jay Schankman

Here is our latest song - March 2010

Andy: Lyrics,Vocal, bass, original music

Casia: Lyrics and poetry reading

Stoney: Lyrics, Vocal, Drums, mix & production

Jaaman: Keys

Aidan: Lead Guitar, Vocal

In Search of True Reality (Lyrics by Casia, Andy and Stoney)

(Poetic Introduction spoken by Casia "Forwards and Backwards" LOL)

Though men go mad they shall be saved
Though lovers be lost, love shall not
Time is a pebble on a distant shore
For those who sleep through pleasure's storm

(V1)

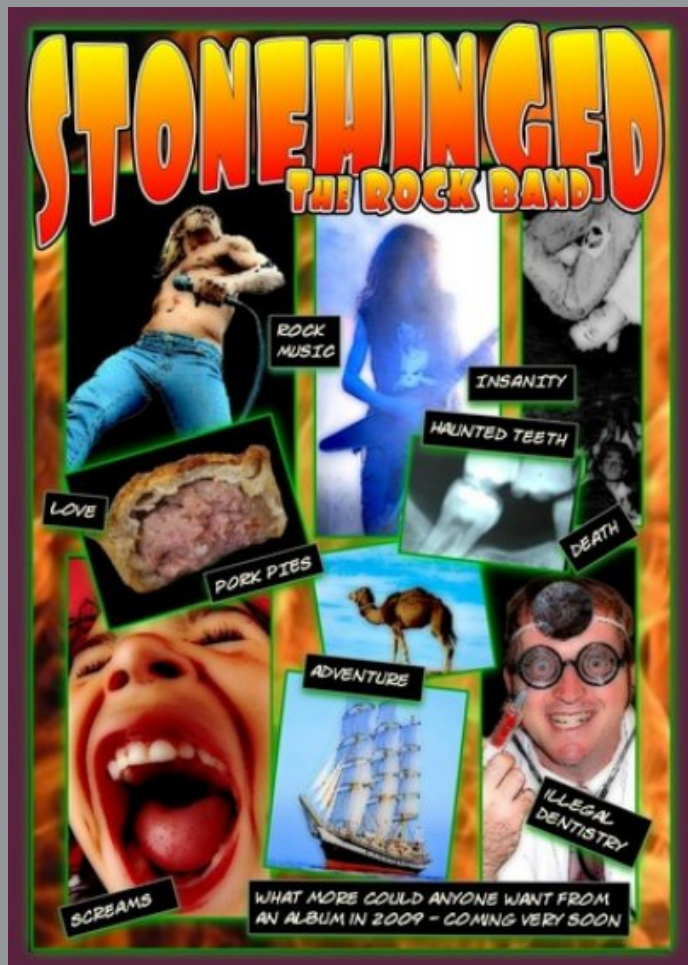
Once upon a time in a distant plane
Did the fortress of your heart reside
Sailing on a sea of antiquity
In search of the truth you hide

We spent many stygian days and nights
Now we flounder on the rocks
Where the sands of time flow backwards
Confounding ancient clocks

(Bridge/Chorus)

Seeking out truth or reality
The Achilles of my desire
Bathing in the glow of a sun so pale
Chasing my shadow through an unknown paradise

Solo



STATS

Visits	Plays
2,684	303
Streams	Downloads
301	2

Featured Songs

-  **In Search of Reality - Stonehinged epic Rock Album** Rock
-  **Mary Ann** Rock

(V2)

Stuck in the middle of a timeless web
And our voyage has been damned
Lost in the search for eternal dawn
At the mercy of the wave of your hand

Will the winds of change guide us home
Will exhaustion take us down
Will all the love that we thought we knew
Be left to forever drown

(Bridge/Chorus)

Seeking out truth or reality
To quench this inner fire
Caught up in the heat of a cosmic race
Chasing my shadow through an unknown
paradise

End solo

"

LATEST NEWS

Trevor & Roger's 13 Stygian Tales

Hello everyone:

First of all, I want to thank everyone for your comments and e-mails on my first attempt at writing a story for Trevor and Roger. I was trying to be mysterious and "stygian" but I guess it was too dark and depressing! We are going for dark in a humorous, twisted kind of bizarre way - very challenging indeed. For anyone who has not been following us from the beginning, we wrote most of our songs and even had bedtracks on the go before we decided we needed a twisted story to go with this - a bit of an afterthought this epic rock album of ours. That is the reason the story will indeed be twisted. So, our challenge is to write a story around existing songs and put them in some kind of order that makes sense - crazy!!! But we are up for the challenge, it just may take some time and serious thought. It would be a whole lot easier if we were all sitting in one room together and not across continents.

So my take is, we should start with what "Stonehead" originally spat out and go from there :)

It was yet another dark and stormy night in the forgotten little Norfolk village which hung precariously on the eastern edge of "not so" Merry England and a Fine Young British Gentleman was about to sit down to a tepid milky tea (knock, knock, knock). There was a rapping at the door. Slowly, Trevor got up to answer. It was his rather unusual mate, Roger,

come to impart some startling news and, if at all possible, avoid the tea. Come on in out of the storm, I have some very unusual tunes to play you on the gramophone....

Later...Casia xx

The Story begins ...

EDIT: This story is to be written - it's too dark! A work in progress. I really appreciate everyone's comments.

The following is an excerpt from a story I am writing for an epic rock album of two crazy characters, Trevor and Roger, who inadvertently get exposed to an unknown hallucinogenic substance ...

Dear Journal

To whom this may concern, I Trevor A. Wingleton write this note while I am still of sane mind and body. I do believe I am going insane, trapped inside my mind with no hope of escape. My dearest and long time friend Roger is at my side to bring comfort in my time of despair. Can Roger help me from going beyond the threshold of my insanity and bring me back from this long journey to where I truly belong.

I will always wonder if it was that last cup of tea we shared that has taken me on this path, a suicidal mix of unscrupulous blends, or am I truly unstable and withdrawing from reality. Mary-Ann has decided I am unworthy of her love and has disappeared to fight her own demons. Maybe it was the drugs and all those restless nights that have led me here as I succumb into quiet unconsciousness. My head is spinning now as I sit here with pen in hand and I honestly don't know what will become of me. I am left in Roger's hands to do what he will.

I should shed a tear but my eyes are dry as I walk backwards out to sea to join the madmen who search the waters for lost souls. I wonder if they will laugh at me and my untimely demise. I do not want to be alone and Roger has kindly volunteered to walk me to the edge for a final farewell. There is something deep inside that is pulling me to my demise—as if I am unworthy to continue in this form. What have I done to deserve the knock, knock, knocking of this fate? I have always been humbled by all things great and small yet I detect the inconvenience

and small yet I detest the inconvenience of a lifetime - so small and insignificant in the scheme of things and maybe that alone has led me on this journey. Or was it the toothache pounding in my head, the infection from the fever ripping apart my sense of reality.

I can't remember what day it is as I make this last entry in my journal. I only know the sun no longer shines and the pain is as vivid as the petals of love tapping on the window pane. The shadows, they frighten me, leaping about with each thunderous bolt as I struggle to understand whether I am insane or whether the pills are playing with my mind. I have never felt so alone. As I reach out to touch what seems so real, it vanishes through my grasping fingers - there is no warmth of flesh just stone cold emptiness and the beating of my heart thundering in my ears. The storm is getting closer; I can feel it in my bones.

Is it true all men are cowards, damned to walk the halls of their inner frailties never knowing what is real and what is just a figment of their own making - terror in its purest form? After all, we are only human, as fearful and fragile as anything in this universe. What happens when a moment in time seems like eternity, when one's imagination is carried over into another dimension where you become a player in a win or lose game of chess? An unreality that will shatter everything one has ever believed in.

The walls of fear surround me now, so incredibly tall I can taste the poison of cold sweat running down my brow as I drive into oblivion. I feel no pain and no compassion. Hands gripping the wheel, I shall smile like there's no tomorrow see through my eyes, my dear friend, and I will take you on a journey where the end is really only the beginning...

Stay tuned for "Trevor and Roger's Thirteen Stygian Tales"

For additional information please contact us
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