

# DITCH THE DEMON



AIN'T DEAD YET

DITCH THE DEMON  
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- |     |                               |      |
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Recorded at Broadoak Park Studios, Bexhill, East Sussex in April and May 2023.

Engineered by Glen Mitchel and Martyn "Gripper" Lee.

Intro/Outro soundscapes by Dead Hoarse Studios / Purple Crumpet Studios.

Produced, mixed and mastered by [harveysummers.com](http://harveysummers.com) at Spooky Action Studios.

**PZVR**  
**101**

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## THE FOURTH HORSEMAN

(Bennion / Mee / Ditch the Demon)

A fevered nightmare, I had a vision,  
A fiery apocalypse, the horseman four.  
The first on his white steed, came to conquer,  
The second on a red horse, called for war.

Upon a black steed, the third judged the needy,  
Then came Death, the pale rider, wanting more.  
I downed my whisky, jumped his bones and said,  
"I ain't dead yet, you whore."

## FRIGHT NIGHT (Monster Soul)

(Brooks-Byron / Keen / Mee / Ditch the Demon)

Gotta see your face, gotta railroad ticket,  
Gotta barrel o' wine,  
I'm six feet nine.  
Leavin' my place, vigour and grace,  
Showed a photo to my friends,  
In your leather and lace.

Fright night, fright night,  
Fright night, watching eyes,  
Fright night, fright night,  
Fright night, a thin disguise.

Gotta see your face, cross the road to your place,  
There's a shadow at your door,  
Find out what's in store.  
Alone in your room, there's a monster in my soul,  
There's a hole in the ground,  
The lost and found.

Days, rain down on me,  
I've tried to make you see,  
You're not the one who feels,  
You're not the one who...

A figure in the window and it's taking form,  
A nightmare creature,  
Since before you were born,  
The figure it glows with ethereal light,  
It's gonna make your day,  
It's gonna take a bite.



# A I N ' T D E A D Y E T

(Bennion / Ditch the Demon)

Feel the noise, feel the heat,  
Can't keep up, you look beat.  
Drink a beer, grab me here,  
Night is young and you are near.  
Got the moves, got the grooves,  
Tomorrow ditch the demon booze.  
Feel the drumbeat of my soul,  
I ain't quitting rock 'n' roll.

Halfway dead but I ain't stopped moving yet.  
Rock 'n' roll my bones and in my head.

Ain't dead yet, we're still rockin',  
Ain't dead yet, gonna make you scream,  
Ain't dead yet, we're still rockin'.  
Ain't dead yet and livin' the dream.

Take no heed of cracks and groans,  
In the dark when we're alone,  
Ain't no spooks, ain't no ghouls,  
Just my tired and aching bones.  
Hips complain, fight the pain,  
Rock 'n' roll's the only game.  
Old enough to misbehave,  
Rock this body to the grave.



Dedicated to the loyal patrons of The Carlisle, Hastings... you know who you are!

# B I G B A D C I T Y

(Bennion / Ditch the Demon)

A place where sirens wail,  
Where people never smile,  
Ice creams vans don't stop along murder mile,  
Fortune stalks the rich,  
The brainless and the pretty,  
Another day dawns in this big bad city,  
Is there more to life?  
I'm looking for a sign,  
Going round and round on the circle line,  
No matter where I ride,  
Squashed in this sardine train,  
The sweat of apathy drips down like acid rain.

I've got to get out of this big bad city,  
I've got to get out of this big bad city.

Hot summer nights,  
Give way to humid days,  
I call upon the Thames to wash the stench away,  
I call upon the gods,  
To blind the London Eye,  
But the city lives and still I wonder why,  
I want to tell the tourists,  
They're better off at home,  
I want to tell you lovers you're better off alone,  
I want to shout rude words,  
Across Trafalgar Square,  
I want to tell the world this city doesn't care.

I need someone to take me far from here,  
I don't care where or how,  
Tired of this city, tired of life, is what they say,  
So please shoot me now.

Life is but a traffic jam,  
To the grave,  
So what's the point of trying to behave?  
Sex and chocolate,  
And rock 'n' roll,  
Anything goes to fill that hole,  
All I see is madness,  
A soulless city life,  
Sanity is waning, I'll soon be out of time,  
The tragedy is funny,  
The comedy so cruel,  
I try to find an answer,  
But no one knows the rules.

I'm packing my bags, I'm heading out,  
I'm leaving this city far behind.







## N O M O R E , O F N O T H I N G

(Brooks-Byron / Keen / Mee / Ditch the Demon)

The moment we sat down,  
To tell us all the things that get us down,  
In the big wide world out there,

It's all on,  
The tip of my tongue,  
I wanna run, I wanna run.

From the outside looking in,  
The magic circle, yeah, gets under my skin,  
When hope is just around the hour,  
It's all on,

The tip of my tongue,  
I wanna run, I wanna run.

It's million miles from anywhere,  
Your eyes are green,  
And they float above the scene.  
It's million miles from anywhere,  
Your eyes are green and they float above,  
Float above, float above the scene.

I feel the chains are slipping down,  
The prison bars are bending all around,  
You're standing right in front of me,  
It's all on,  
The tip of my tongue,  
I wanna run, I wanna run.

## N I G H T B E F O R E T H E S T O R M

(Mee / Ditch the Demon)

It was a barmy evening,  
We sat and laughed and played,  
Drinking beers in the haze,  
A golden sunset, no one afraid.

We cherish the moment,  
As an evening in the autumn,  
The mystery through the trees,  
We had so much fun.

Do you remember,  
The night before the storm,  
In late December,  
The night the chaos was born.

Skimming stones,  
The ripples on the sea,  
Reflections in the sky,  
The tide flows peacefully,

The wind was all around,  
Hail smashed the ground,  
Lightning split the sky,  
A thunderous lullaby.

## GUILTY

(Keen / Ditch the Demon)

Midwives see a lot of red,  
Life begins right on the bed,  
Hold the baby by the head, start the journey.

Through grime and filth-infested streets,  
Life was frozen by the heat,  
London town, a place to meet, don't get scurvy.

Mary Pearcey was her name,  
Always much on call,  
Water breaking by the Thames,  
Became a waterfall.

Fear and bedlam reigned supreme,  
The ripper pounced on every scene,  
May as well be Hallowe'en, in the city.

Bloodied apron, matted hair,  
What a stalwart woman there,  
Fearless in the fear-filled air, she was gritty.

Rough-hewn carpet, sawn-off mind,  
Gruesome limbs entwined,  
Old tricks played just one more time,  
Death to womankind.

Still she walked on near the crime,  
Just a victim biding time,  
Calm and never out of line, she was gritty.

Seasoned actress of the stage  
She could have fooled the greatest sage,  
Just a victim, see her rage, by the jetty.

Hindsight's never round on time,  
When it comes to solving crime,  
If they'd had caught her she'd imply,  
She was guilty.  
She was guilty.

## MUTINY IN RED

(Bennion / Ditch the Demon)

Painting taverns red sailed a merry band,  
A pirate ship feared across sea and land,  
Glory came fast, nothing more was new,  
Banshee wailed, resentment grew,  
Live fast, die young, surely you can see,  
Sirens' call greater than you or me.

On the ocean of blue,  
Your soul knows what's true,  
The endless deep blue,  
Demons look back at you.

One night a fight outside the smuggler's inn,  
Tide was turning, envy the deadliest sin,  
Mutineers gathered, their eyes on the prize,  
Ghosts of the dead fed bitterness and lies,  
Sliced up the crew and cut down the sails,  
Mutiny in red, a blood-inked torrid tale.

Open the barrels, keep the rhythm tight,  
Cannons rumbling, cutlass shines bright,  
Fear the black spot, truth wins the fight,  
Raise your glass to those here tonight.





## T H E   R O A D   T O   M Y S T E R Y

(Mee / Ditch the Demon)

The wind blows howling through the night,  
People run in fright,  
At the nightmare from the sea.  
It said you got to make a choice,  
Find an inner voice,  
And decide what must be.

Now the summer's gone,  
And the winter's come,  
And the lovers grow apart.  
As the sunlight fades,  
And the land fills with shade,  
And the ghosts from the past.

Light a candle for me,  
Keep it burning,  
Keep your heart feeling free,  
On the road to mystery.

The spring seems so far away,  
New age, another day,  
And the nights seem so cold.  
The firelight breathes upon my cheek,  
Warm wood smoke dry and sweet,  
And the future is foretold.

## K E M I C A L   K O S H

(Brooks-Byron / Mee / Ditch the Demon)

L... the night is black is grey,  
Won't you cry if you want,  
Cry as much as you want,  
Cry as much as you cry.

I'll smile for you, die for you this time,  
And it turns me around,  
And the Devil take you away,  
Who's crying now?  
She's happy right here,  
It's happening right here.

I live in a tail-spin within,  
Won't you fight if you want,  
Fight as much as you want,  
Fight as much as I cry.

So you wanna look down on me,  
So you don't wanna feel that you're,  
Tied to me, tied to me.  
So you wanna look down on me,  
So you don't want to feel that you're,  
Tied to me, tied to me.

## E L E M E N T S   E T E R N A L

(Mee / Ditch the Demon)

Cold hard rock, brittle and coarse,  
Weathered by the years resisting force.  
Grey granite faces of mountains above,  
Avalanches fall and thunder in love.

The cold feel of steel on my guitar,  
The copper kettle warm on the fire,  
The shimmer of silver burnished to sheen,  
The warm feel of gold as it glitters and gleams.

Elemental wisdom,  
Eternal freedom.

Elemental wisdom, five states are we here,  
As you sit with us, and drink of your beer,  
Think of beginnings, and whence it will lead,  
Five elements eternal, all the time that we need.

Fire in my veins, fire in the sky,  
Electric sparks as faeries fly,  
The flicker of flame, the roar of a blaze,  
The crackle of wood smoke caught in the haze.

The spatter of rain, the course of a flood,  
A torrent charging through the wood,  
Glass held in salute touched to the lips,  
The cold of the ice and blue fingertips.

The warm breath of summer on my cheeks,  
Whispers of ghosts in deserted creeks,  
The howl of the storm as the tempest rages,  
The race of the clouds and blue summer hazes.



## T H E   F O U R T H   H O R S E M A N   ( r e p r i s e )

(Bennion / Mee / Ditch the Demon)

A fevered nightmare, I had a vision,  
The Reaper comes to all in the end,  
We shared a whisky, Death rattled his bones and said,  
"You ain't dead yet, my friend."



# DITCH THE DEMON AIN'T DEAD YET

The demon is rising! Formed in 2018 from the beer-soaked music scene of Hastings on England's south coast, Ditch the Demon is a rising powerhouse of rock, assimilating psych and prog under a dark yet uplifting aura. "Ain't Dead Yet" is our first full album. We hope you like it!



**TERRY  
KEEN**  
Keyboard



**STEPH  
BENNION**  
Bass,  
Backing Vocals  
(tracks 2-6, 8-10)



**AMANDA  
"MANDIE B"  
BROOKS-BYRON**  
Lead Vocals,  
Vocoder (tracks 8-9)



**NEIL  
WARMAN**  
Drums,  
Backing Vocals  
(track 11)



**KARL  
MEE**  
Guitar

**MANDIE** – My eternal love and appreciation goes to one of the world's most striking, formidable and influential female vocalists of our time; Jinx Dawson, founder and front woman of America's psychedelic, heavy rock combo Coven, who helped find my innermost moving spirit, heart of hearts and breath of life again... I returned to my rock 'n' roll bad self... Hails!

**KARL** – Thank you to all the guitarists who blazed their meteoric trails before my ears and good wishes to all the people who count me as a friend, you know who you are.

**TERRY** – The late Bob Keen, my old man, who bought me my first keyboard one Christmas long ago; mentors Trevor and Dagdi Evan Jones for the music courses in Eastbourne; and the rest of the band for putting up with a 'Carry On' film loving, cider swigging, extra strong mint munching keyboardist.

**STEPH** – The regulars at the old jam night at The Carlisle boozier who welcomed me into the Hastings rock scene. Thanx also to Vix and The Happy Maureens for all the fun gigs; the 'muting in red', not so much...

**NEIL** – My drum stool for always being level. Sticking plasters for their unwavering efforts in keeping my digits blister free. All the wonderful people for their support. My fellow Ditch the Demon miscreants for letting me be part of this amazing band.