



# *FUGUE* BY DAVID HOUSTON

Literary Novel | Six-track musical concept album | Mobile app

Fugue in g minor (3:20)

Away (4:25)

Lullaby (5:12)

Not all are saved (4:02)

If (5:49)

The road not taken (3:51)

Music composed by David Houston  
Lyrics written by David Houston, except:  
If - Rudyard Kipling  
The road not taken - Robert Frost

David Houston - Guitars, vocals, bass  
Shelly Wade - Vocals  
Brad Cox - Vocals  
Gary Holmes - Percussion  
Isabel Castellvi - Cello  
David Broome - Piano

Recorded at:

- Secret Sound Studio in Baltimore, MD with John Grant
- Manhattan School of Music, NY with Dustin Cicero and David Broome
- The Vault Studio in Hoboken, NJ with Dan McLoughlin
- Big Blue Meenie Studio in Jersey City, NJ with Chris Marinaccio

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ABOUT:

*Fugue* is a literary novel accompanied by a six-track musical concept album and distributed as a mobile app. The music presents a diverse array of styles and genres, including three vocalists who personify the three main characters in the book. From rock to classical to metal to singer/songwriter, these original compositions develop the novel's central thematic material through instrumentalism, original lyrics, and famous poems.

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## AWAY

I saw a way, when I seized the day  
In shades of gray with much left to say  
Left to say

You walked away, you talked away  
Now you wish away all your disarray  
Wish away

All that's flesh is coursing water  
Who the hell do you think you are?  
Of the soul as dreams and vapor  
Flee but you won't get very far

Should I stay all tucked away?  
Or am I prey best kept at bay?  
Kept at bay

It was years to this day when you went away  
It was years to this day when it all went away  
The paths we lay, then come what may  
It was years to this day when you went away  
But come what may, I never strayed

What future awaits a boy or girl,  
who dreams not of the best of worlds?

## NOT ALL ARE SAVED

One to flee  
One to follow  
One to lead where all are swallowed  
By the sound  
By the pressure  
By the grinding harvest thresher  
For the land  
For hope itself  
For the hand that guides all wealth  
One to kill  
One to maim  
One to thrill in others' blame  
Of the flight  
Of the fall  
Of the light that consumes them all

Taking flight this modern world  
The walls are growing ever higher  
It's here for now, it's here to stay  
Not unless they find a way.

## LULLABY

Close your eyes after setting sun  
Night has fallen and the day is done  
Sleep with tales of love and life will sing  
I wonder what my dreams will bring

Once she hoped for more  
Then upon the past another veil  
Searching for what she has lost and found  
The turning wheel her only sound  
Sleep my darling, no one else around

Gone to war  
To arms, will he prevail?  
Into the fray as fast as you can  
To leave once young and return a man  
Fighting for what he has lost and found  
This gentle cry the only sound  
Sleep my darling, no one else around

Eyes are closed now that night has come  
Stars shine bright until the morning sun  
Under sheets of haven in your bed  
I wonder what dreams lay ahead

Open eyes onto morning light  
To a life that will be your delight  
Pass the time until the day is done  
I wonder of what dreams may come

Arm of fire and heart of ice  
Does Fate desire that she pay the price?  
To rush or not when all is lost and found  
Long before she heard this sound  
Sleep my love, sleep my love

Into the light, into the dark  
Blind to see tomorrow's hold and where to start  
All that's seen of life it seems  
Is but a dream that happens in a dream  
A place where one is always lost and found  
And still remains this yearning sound  
To sleep once more with loved ones all around

## IF - RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

## THE ROAD NOT TAKEN - ROBERT FROST

TWO roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,

I doubted if I should ever come back.  
I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.