

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

A person with long dark hair, wearing a dark, textured hooded coat and dark boots, is walking away from the camera down a wet city street at night. The street is reflective, showing blurred lights from buildings and streetlights. The background is filled with out-of-focus city lights in various colors, including blue, purple, and yellow. The overall mood is somber and mysterious.

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL



SOUNDS IN MY HEAD

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

SOUNDS IN MY HEAD

Turn off that waterfall sound

what sounds in my head

I feel tied down and bound

lying in a nightmare in bed

www.DoubtingTomasAndSecretRachel.com

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Youtube: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_CPHVeAhw0w&list=PLv6lkdyHT4h5rsTK0qSQFQpLHu7gMPcyh

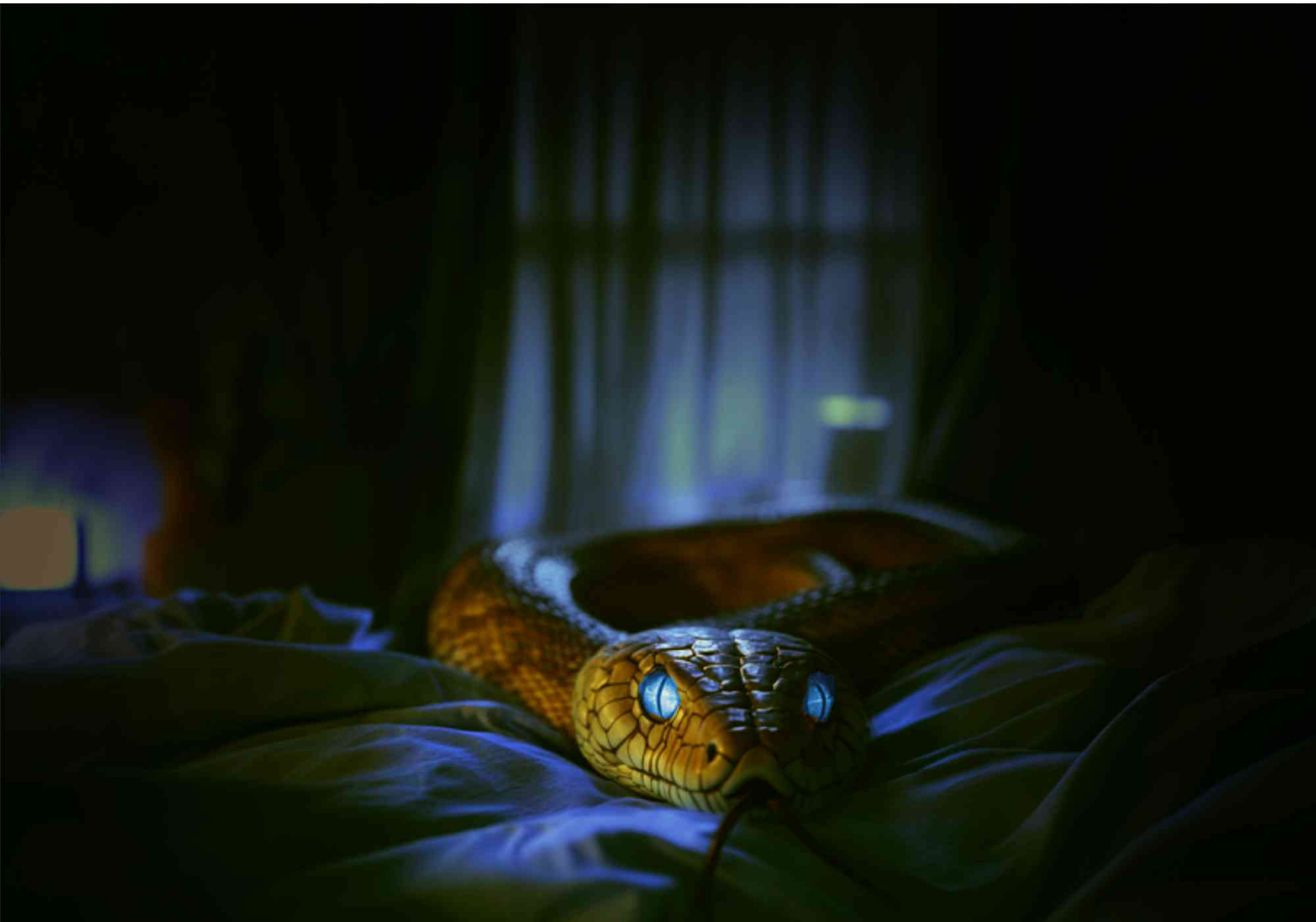
Spotify: <https://open.spotify.com/album/2aEn1ZexLSRXgkGU7VI7Qt>

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<https://music.apple.com/us/album/shadows-in-my-mind/1762111372>

Tidal: <https://listen.tidal.com/artist/49637803>

Deezer: <https://www.deezer.com/us/album/627475901>



GOLDEN COBRA

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

Glimmering in the twilight of a dim-lit room,
Curled-up beauty, fear, death, and dreams in bloom,
Eye to eye, we lock our gaze,
Thinking our thoughts, in this haze,
How she got here, I can't assume.

Maybe she thinks that she's unseen,
Two hearts pounding in the silence, keen,
We're our own world, away from the crowd,
Sitting quietly, as my mouth dries out.

Golden cobra, crystal eyes,
Holding our ground till sunrise,
The night is blue, I can't foresee,
Will it end in salvation or misery?

Everywhere I turn, I see that stare,
Convincing myself it's just a dream, a snare,
Supple body, soft as beach sand,
And she waits, to see what I'll command.

Golden cobra, crystal eyes,
Holding our ground till sunrise,
The night is blue, I can't foresee,
Will it end in salvation or misery?

Golden cobra, crystal eyes,
The night is blue, will it set us free?
Holding on till morning skies,
In salvation or in misery?

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

A person with long dark hair, wearing a dark, textured hooded coat and dark boots, is walking away from the camera down a city street at night. The street is wet and reflects the colorful neon lights of buildings and streetlights, creating a bokeh effect in the background. The overall mood is somber and reflective.

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

In the midnight hour Darkness takes its hold
A story unfolds The secret's yet to be told
Silent whispers echo through the city streets
Heartbeats fade away Lost in the night's deceit

A flickering streetlight Casting shadows on the wall
I'm walking on the edge Where danger tends to call
The rhythm of the city It pulses in my veins
As I search for redemption Through this endless maze
In the darkness I find my light
In the silence I fight my fights
Haunted melodies They guide me through the night
In this dark singing I find my inner might
In shadows deep Where sorrow seethes

WINTER FAIRY TALE

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black fur-lined coat and black boots, is walking away from the camera down a snow-covered city street. The street is lined with buildings and power lines, and it is snowing heavily. The overall color palette is a cool, monochromatic blue and white.

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

Footprints vanish in the dark,
I curse the night for showing none.
A white wall beside me, stark,
like the path my shadow runs.

I know the winter steals the light,
my face is flushed, my tongue feels numb.
Pale as clouds that block my sight,
chasing phantoms, the way back's gone.

The winter's tale, they say, begins,
but where, oh where, does it end?
I see myself on snowflakes dance,
wait a while, don't run away.
Why do my lips hold icy chill,
snow in my hair, lost in the mist?
You're near, then far, a fleeting thrill,
do you think I can't persist?
I wish I knew, just where this road will go.

The winter's tale, they say, begins,
but where, oh where, does it end?

Snow falls not just on the ground,
on my heart, it settles more.
I hear a winter ball's sweet sound,
I long to say, but what's it for?
Frosty gardens on the glass,
frozen night, icicles cast.
A cold that came, no one asked,
a chill that no one wants.
The winter's tale, they say,
begins, but where, oh where, does it end?

A roof of smoke and spider's silk,
snow drifts all around.

The wind, its sting a bitter milk,
this lost path, where am I bound?

The winter's tale, they say,
begins, but where, oh where, does it end?



PIED PIPER'S NIGHT

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

You whisper of long-forgotten cursed secrets,
And I pretend I don't want to know,
You tell fairy tales to the vagrants,
Even the rats follow your melodic flow.
You seek to advertise my tale,
While your daughters sleep in fear,
Peeking through shuttered windows,
Dreading the piper's steps drawing near.

Avoiding even my shadow, you flee,
As I sip from the fountain, quietly,
The council debates my fate, unsure,
Can the city handle this nocturnal lure?

Hesitating to leave the piper within,
Wary of what his presence might bring,
Every morning, you consult your dreams,
Searching for what the future seems.

You wonder if it's safe to let me stay,
The piper whose tune could lead you astray,
And so you watch the stars and pray,
For a hint of what the fates convey.

Avoiding even my shadow...

You speak of ancient, cursed mysteries,
I stand in the rain, nowhere to rest,
From house to house, in silent frenzy,
Leather coat and worn-out sneakers,
distressed.

Doors shut against the false note wizard,
Left standing on the cobblestone,
From beneath his cloak, he draws a guitar,
Playing for the rats, till all is gone.



CARAVAGGIO

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

In a modern library, lost in dusty old tomes,
She dives deep into Caravaggio's storm,
Pages turn, lives unfold, in the shadows of the past,
Her dreams take hold, the die is cast.

Time is bending, space is blending,
With Caravaggio by her side,
Shadows dancing, colors crashing,
In the world where legends never die.

Streets of Rome, where history breathes,
In the mist of time, she finds her creed,
In a cloak of time, she walks alone,
To the heart of art, where shadows moan.

He turns, he sees, a future from her lips,
In his eyes, a light, a dark eclipse,
"I'm from the future," she softly speaks,
"To a world where your art still peaks."

Their voices merge, through night to dawn,
Speaking of the battles, the light he's drawn,
In the chaos and the beauty, they find their bond,
In the tales of shadow, their hearts respond.

Back to now, with a beating heart,
She writes the story, from the end to start,
Witness to his life, his soul, his strife, In her words, he finds new life.



UNIVERSAL PERSON

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

They told me in school
that we must always heed,
That life's a vicious cycle,
spreading nasty seeds,
That we must cherish
every modern luxury, And so they raised me
happily,
to their great glee.

I'm a universal person,
with a run-of-the-mill face,
Standing in all lines,
and drinking pure embrace.
I'm a universal person,
blending with the crowd,
Living without troubles,
heads empty yet proud.

They said on the radio
what colors paint the world,
And if you see it differently,
then you're likely swirled.
How wide the equator is,
where the poles do lie,
The most important thing,
who scored and why.

A woman with long, dark, wet hair is looking down at her smartphone. She is wearing a shiny, black, possibly vinyl or leather, jacket. The background is a blurred city street at night with colorful bokeh lights. The overall mood is moody and cinematic.

RITUALS
DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

Ritually checks the likes, chasing the light,
Counting hearts in the dead of night,
Ritually checks the likes, seeking delight,
In the glow of her screen, shadows ignite.

By custom, by fashion, by the latest trend,
In a black shirt, she ascends,
With a hand through her hair,
dust to defend,
White mask, gloves so pristine,
Like from a Renaissance scene,
Rain drops splash, flow to the unseen,
Ritually...

Hair adorned by moonlit grace,
Black scarf, slender legs, a trace,
One in a thousand, lost in space,
Ritually ...

Dreams from shop windows,
fear of the snake, Misty evening streets,
a silent quake,
Blinds drawn down, no debate to make,
Ritually...

Afraid to dream of reality's state,
Sees no future, in shadows she waits,
Black coat, wet hair, carries her weight,
Ritually checks the likes...

Face lit by her phone's new gleam,
Dreams of a kingdom, free and serene,
Ritually...

A man with dark, wavy hair and a serious expression is seated, playing a heavily worn, dark-colored electric guitar. He is dressed in a dark, textured suit jacket over a white shirt and a dark bow tie. The background is a mottled, textured surface in shades of blue and green, resembling aged paper or a wall. The overall mood is somber and artistic.

BAUDELAIRE'S CURSE
DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

They say they were spirits of the age,
taught in literature's somber page,
haunting still as punishment beyond their mortal veil.
Anarchists with no moral line,
living life like a nightmare's sign,
no wonder guardians of virtue fear their tale.

Baudelaire, Baudelaire, cursed poets all,
scream aloud, no one hears your call.
Baudelaire, Baudelaire, you walk with me,
sometimes rock, sometimes punk, forever vagrancy.

Debt blinds your sight,
critics frown, on your lapel,
flowers of evil crown,
the muse of poetry ransacks your drawers.
Machiavelli laughs at your plight,
a thousand teens you teach to write,
and your editor returns your work with scorn.
Baudelaire, Baudelaire...

For your strange hobbies, you're shunned,
surprised when known faces start to run,
your truth too sharp,
a blade they can't abide.
Eternal dissatisfaction, opposition's knight,
speaking truths in shadows of the night,
cursed by those who fear what you deride.
Baudelaire, Baudelaire...

Baudelaire, Baudelaire, your hobbies strange,
and you wonder why your friends estrange.
Baudelaire, Baudelaire, cursed poets all,
forever restless, always in opposition's thrall.



CHANGE YOUR VIEW!
DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

You complain about luck in your love life, it's true,
But have you given all to what you wanted to do?
How much have you shared with the people around,
And how much did you take, expecting the rebound?

You need to change your view, you need to change your view,
If you've never seen the depth below.
You need to change your view, you need to change your view,
It's all about the way you see the glow.

Don't say you've hit the bottom, you've lost your sight,
If you've never felt the depth below.
Don't say you've hit the bottom,
If you've never seen the darkness that can grow.
You need to change your view...

You feel like you're broke, not a penny to spend,
But there's plenty you've got, though it seems at the end.
You're unhappy at work, feeling lost in your role,
But there are those out there who'd give all to have your control.
You need to change your view...

Don't make compromises just because it's easy,
Stick to doing things right, even if it's so hard.
Don't be afraid to fight, even if you take a few hits,
Never yield to bullies, for once you do, you'll always retreat.
You need to change your view...

Your sorrow is only as big as you let it be,
It's all in your mind, set your spirit free.
The world is shaped by the way you see,
Change your perspective, and you'll change your reality.
You need to change your view...



SOLITAIRE

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

Cards laid bare, whispers in the night,
Dancing shadows, eerie light.
Demons fly as windows break,
Hell unleashed, no escape.

In the first quadrant, truth is sworn,
Symbols of restless years.
Sold to desire, love poems worn,
Solitaire, not without its fears.
You promise truth, a fight for right,
I bet it all on the queen of hearts.
Living on borrowed time,
I might, Never be stopped by familiar
parts.
Slim fingers dance, the smoke returns,
Waxen lips, a kiss that burns.

The second quadrant's power and noise,
sometimes songs have power more than
tanks
Public shows for all the lost boys,
Swallowed by the night, evermore.
You promise me fame,
with a heavy cost,
Underworld sprite says, "Live and let be."
Your world can be rose-colored gloss,
Any shade you want, just wish and see.
Slim fingers dance, trams hum outside,
A cheap dream in a glass, can't hide.

Cards laid bare...

The third quadrant crushes dreams,
Wine quenches a burning home.
Illusions fall with plaster seams,
Old dust caught in attic's dome.
Survivors lose all their fears,
Canvases stained with blood, a blaze.
You gave up deals, who are you, dear?
Harder than stone, in death's gaze.
Slim fingers carve signs in my palm,
Symbols unknown, no alphabet's balm.

Cards laid bare...

The fourth quadrant,
the witch's ring,
Demons press through shattered pane.
On the table, phone in flames sing,
The fortune teller, gripped by pain.
You promise me hell, it's easy to say,
Few might flinch, I know my fate.
Bad luck's a shame, none want to stay,
Your threats are void, I won't break.
Slim fingers trace long nails on skin,
Porcelain gleams,
vitrines within.
Splintered doors,
shattered light,
Solitaire scattered in the night.

Cards laid bare...



LIGHT IN TO THE HEARTS

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

Light up the lights, light up all the lights
Into the minds shrouded in night
Light up the lights, light up all the lights
Into the hearts that can't hear the cries

Deep in the night, shadows grow long
On the eastern horizon, wild dogs throng
Mad rabid dogs, fierce and strong
Their deadly breath hides the stars' song

Night descends, dreams take flight
Replaced by bombs and rockets' light
For the master of the hounds has lost his
mind
Bringing chaos, destruction is behind

Light up the lights, light up all the lights
Into the minds shrouded in night
Light up the lights, light up all the lights
Into the hearts that can't hear the cries

When children fall, their fathers stand tall
Defending their land, answering the call
The darkest corner of hell is saved
For those who say it doesn't concern

Evil grows where it's allowed to spread
If we fear to face it, we'll all be dead
It thrives until it swallows us whole
With evil, there's no common goal
No compromise, it takes it all

Light up the lights, light up all the lights
Into the minds shrouded in night
Light up the lights, light up all the lights
Into the hearts that can't hear the cries

When the strong attack the weak
It's not just between the two,
When someone harms my neighbor,
It concerns me too
Because we're humans, we strive for a
world
Where justice and kindness unfurl

Whenever the innocent fall,
Whenever the strong impose their call,
It concerns us all,
If we stand and watch, doing nothing at
all,
It's our fault, for next time it could be any
one of us.

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

TOMAS HOUSKA Music, LYRIC, GUITARS, BASS, SYNTHESIZERS, MEDIEVAL LUTE, L'OUDE
RACHEL ROSEN Singing
GABRIELA BENES VIOLONCELLO, RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE VIOLAS
ROY "THUNDER" DRUMS, RAP

- 1 SOUND IN MY HEAD 4:18
 - 2 GOLDEN COBRA 3:13
 - 3 SHADOWS IN MY MIND 4:31
 - 4 WINTER FAIRY TALE 5:01
 - 5 PIED PIPER'S NIGHT 3:33
 - 6 CARAVAGGIO 5:41
 - 7 UNIVERSAL PERSON 3:41
 - 8 RITUALS 5:36
 - 9 BAUDELAIRE'S CURSE 4:29
 - 10 CHANGE YOUR VIEW! 4:43
 - 11 SOLITAIRE 6:17
 - 12 LIGHT IN TO THE HEARTS 4:35
- 55:38

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