

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

A person with long dark hair, wearing a dark, hooded coat and dark boots, is walking away from the camera down a wet city street at night. The street is reflective, showing the colorful lights of buildings and streetlights in the background. The scene is dimly lit, with a cool blue and purple color palette. The person is centered in the frame, walking towards the horizon.

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL



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1. SOUNDS IN MY HEAD SHADOWS IN MY MIND

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

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RECORDED PRAHA & NEW YORK
PRODUCER TOMAS HOUSKA

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



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SOUNDS IN MY HEAD

TOMAS HOUSKA MUSIC, LYRIC, GUITARS, BASS, SYNTHESIZERS, MEDIEVAL LUTE, L'OUÉ
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GABRIELA BENES VIOLONCELLO, RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE VIOLAS



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2. GOLDEN COBRA

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

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

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GOLDEN COBRA

Leskne se v příšeří matnýho pokoje
stočená krása, strach, smrt i přání
tak z očí do očí si koukáme
a myslíme si svoje
kde se tu vzala, nemam zdání

Třeba si myslí, že jí nevidim
ted' jenom dvě srdce tu tlučou do ticha
jsme chvíli svůj vlastní svět pryč od lidí
tiše sedim a v puse mi vysychá

Zlatá kobra, průzračný oči
v šachu se držíme až do svítání
noc je modrá a nevím jak to skončí
spásou nebo zatracením

Na tenhle pohled všude narážim
Snažim se namluvit si, že se mi to jenom
zdá
pružný tělo, hebký jak písek na pláži
a ona sedí a čeká co udělám já

Zlatá kobra, průzračný oči
v šachu se držíme až do svítání
noc je modrá a nevím jak to skončí
spásou nebo zatracením

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?



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3. SHADOWS IN MY MIND

TOMAS HOUSKA Music, LYRIC, GUITARS, BASS, SYNTHESIZERS, MEDIEVAL LUTE, L'OUÉ
RACHEL ROSEN SINGING
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SHADOWS IN MY MIND

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



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4. WINTER FAIRY TALE

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

TOMAS HOUSKA Music, LYRIC, GUITARS, BASS, SYNTHESIZERS, MEDIEVAL LUTE, L'OUÉ
RACHEL ROSEN SINGING
GABRIELA BENES VIOLONCELLO, RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE VIOLAS
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WINTER FAIRY TALE

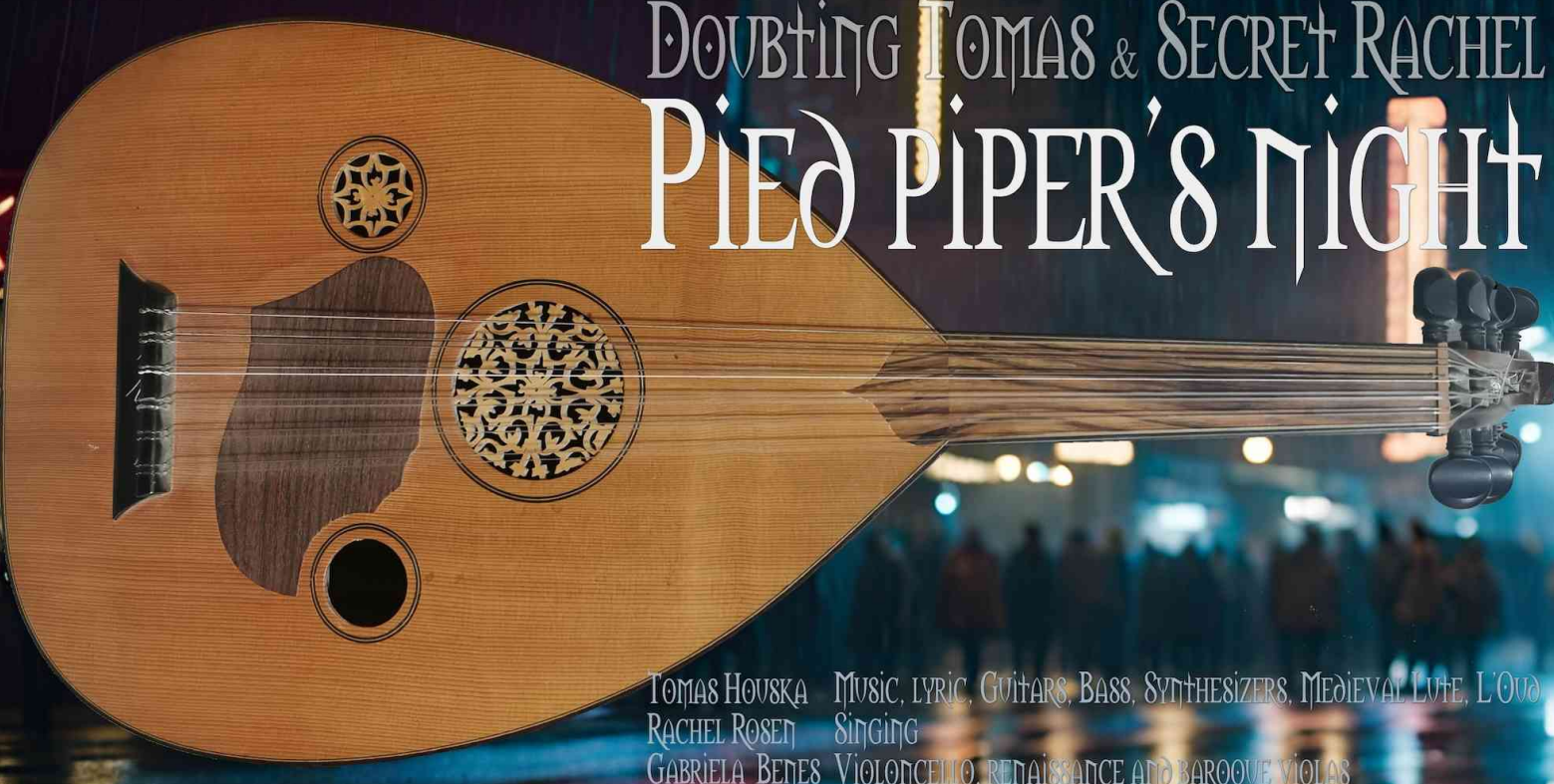
Footprints vanish in the dark,
I curse the night for showing none.
A white wall beside me, stark,
like the path my shadow runs.

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?



DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL PIED PIPER'S NIGHT

TOMAS HOUSKA MUSIC, LYRIC, GUITARS, BASS, SYNTHESIZERS, MEDIEVAL LUTE, L'OUVERTURE
RACHEL ROSEN SINGING
GABRIELA BENES VIOLONCELLO, RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE VIOLAS

PIED PIPER'S NIGHT

1

Říkáte dávno dávno prokletý tajemství
a já dělám, že nechci ho znát
vyprávíte lidem pohádku i tulákovi
co i krysy zpěvem zmát.
Chcete mi dělat patřičnou reklamu
a vaše dcery ve strachu choděj spát
a potají koukaj zavřenou okenicí
nejde-li noční ulicí ten krysař snad

Štítivě obcházíte i můj stín
a utíkáte, když ke kašně jdu pít.
Celá městská rada váhá jestli smím
opřenej o zed' tiše snít.

2

Jestli je bezpečný nechat ve městě krysaře
co může ho kdy napadnout, kdopak ví
a pro jistotu se každé ráno díváte do snáře na
budoucnost svojí
Přemýšlíš, jestli to riziko chceš nést
Krysař, jehož melodie by tě mohla svést
A tak pozoruješ hvězdy a modlíš se,
Pro náznak toho, co osudy sdělují.

Štítivě obcházíte i můj stín...

3

Říkáte dávno dávno prokletý tajemství
na dešti stojím a nemam kde spát
Od domu k domu tíkám v tichým šílenství
v koženým plášti a okopanejch teniskách
Před čarodějem falešnejch tónů dveře se zavíraj
až na dlažbě zůstane stát
A zpozd pláště místo deky vytáhne kytaru
a krysám v podsvětí do noci začne hrát.

1

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?

2

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...

3

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.



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6. CARAVAGGIO

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

TOMAS HOUSKA MUSIC, LYRIC, GUITARS, BASS, SYNTHESIZERS, MEDIEVAL LUTE, LOUD
RACHEL ROSEN SINGING
GABRIELA BENES VIOLONCELLO, RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE VIOLAS
ROY "THUNDER" DRUMS, RAP

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CARAVAGGIO

(1)

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.

(Chorus)

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

(2)

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.

(Chorus) Time is bending, space is bending...

(Bridge)

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."

(3)

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.

(Chorus) Time is bending...

(Outro)

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.

(Chorus) Time is bending....



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7. UNIVERSAL PERSON

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

TOMAS HOUSKA MUSIC, LYRIC, GUITARS, BASS, SYNTHESIZERS, MEDIEVAL LUTE, L'OU
RACHEL ROSEN SINGING
GABRIELA BENES VIOLONCELLO, RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE VIOLAS
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UNIVERSAL PERSON

Říkali mi ve škole,
že poslouchat se má
že žijem v jednom kole,
to pomluva je zlá
že musíme si vážit
všech vymožeností
a tak mě vychovali,
ke svý velký radosti

Sem univerzální člověk,
mam tuctovej ksicht
stojim ve všech frontách
a piju čistej líh
sem univerzální člověk,
co umí dělat dav
žije bez problémů
životem prázdných hlav

Říkali v rádiu,
jaký barvy má svět
a kdo to říká jinak, t
en se nejspíš splet
jak širokej je rovník
a kde leží pól
nejdůležitější je,
kdo komu dal gól

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.

DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

8. RITUALS

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

TOMAS HOUSKA MUSIC, LYRIC, GUITARS, BASS, SYNTHESIZERS, MEDIEVAL LUTE, L'OUÉ
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RITUALS

Rituálně kontroluje lajky,
honí se za světlem,
počítá srdce v hluboké noci,
rituálně kontroluje lajky,
hledá potěšení
V záři její obrazovky stíny explodují.

Podle zvyku, podle módy,
podle trendu na burzách,
V černym triku vyjde schody
Z vlasů češe rukou prach
Bílá maska, rukavice,
jako z renesančního bálu,
kapky deště přitom mlaskaj
a tečou dokanálů
Rituálně...

Podle místního vkusu doby
vlasý posetý měsícem
Černá šátek, štíhlý nohy,
Ztracená mezi tisícem
Rituálně...

Sny z výkladů,
strach z hadů
mlhavá večerní ulice
Rolety spěj bez dohadů
jedna mezi tisícem

Rituálně...

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.

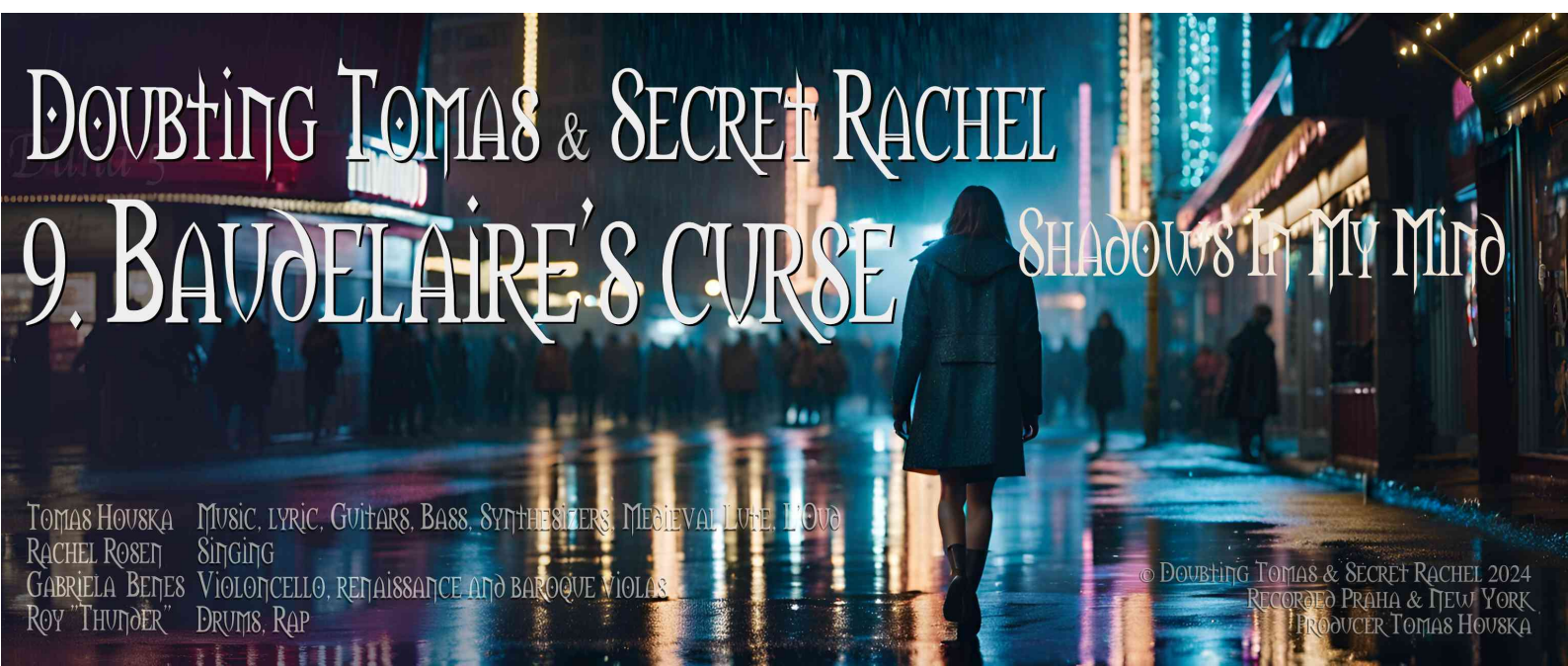
By custom, by fashion, by the latest trend,
In a black shirt, she ascends,
With a hand through her hair,
dust to defend,
White mask, gloves so pristine,
Like from a Renaissance scene,
Rain drops splash, flow to the unseen,
Ritually...

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...



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9. BAUDELAIRE'S CURSE

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

TOMAS HOUSKA MUSIC, LYRIC, GUITARS, BASS, SYNTHESIZERS, MEDIEVAL LUTE, L'OUÏ
RACHEL ROSEN SINGING
GABRIELA BENES VIOLONCELLO, RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE VIOLAS
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BAUDELAIRE'S CURSE

1

Prej byli to duchové doby
učej v hodinách literatury
a za trest strašej po smrti leckoho dál.
Anarchisti bez morálních zásad,
žijou životem noční můry,
jakej div, že se jich ochrčnce mravnosti
odjakživa bál.

Baudelaire, Baudelaire,
vy prokletý básníci
jen si křičte, stejně vás nikdo neposlouchá.
Baudelaire, Baudelaire, dál se mnou chodíte
ulicí,
jednou rock, jidy punk,
stejně s visačkou vygabunda.

2

Pro dluhy nevidíš a kritika se zlobí
na klopě od saka ti kvetou květy zla,
víla poezie ti zatím prohrabuje šuplíky.
Machiaveli se směje, že tak to chodí, tisíc
pubertáků učíš verše psát a ty tvý
šéfredaktor vrací s díky.

Baudelaire, Baudelaire...

3

Baudelaire, Baudelaire, máte to divný
koníčky a pak se divíte, že se včm vyhýbaj
všichni známý. Baudelaire, Baudelaire, vy
prokletý básníci věčně nespokojený, vždycky
v opozici stojící.

1

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.

2

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...

3

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.



DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

10. CHANGE YOUR VIEW! SHADOWS IN MY MIND

TOMAS HOUSKA MUSIC, LYRIC, GUITARS, BASS, SYNTHESIZERS, MEDIEVAL LUTE, HORN
RACHEL ROSEN SINGING
GABRIELA BENES VIOLONCELLO, RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE VIOLAS
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CHANGE YOUR VIEW!

1

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.

2

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...

3

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...

4

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...

5

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...



DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

11. SOLITAIRE

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

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SOLITAIRE

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...



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11. SOLITAIRE

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

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SOLITAIRE (PASIANS)

V první výseči, kdekdo to dosvědčí
znaky neklidných let
Zaprodanej touze, básničky o lásce
jo pasiáns, to neni žádnéj med
Slibujete mi pravdu a boj proti bezpráví
na srdcovou dámu sázim všechno co mam
žit občas na dluh a těžko mě zastaví
nějaká z překážek, co vůbec znám

Štíhlý prsty se míhají, zas cítím kouř
prvních cigaret
polibky na voskově sladký rty

Druhý kvadrant je síla a mraky koncertů
víc než tanky maj písničky někdy moc
veřejný vystoupení za PP a ze Mertu
a za všechny co na vždycky spolkla noc
Slibujete mi slávu, svědomí váží maléry
skřítek z podsvětí říká Kašli na to a žij
můžeš mí svět jasně růžový,
tak k čemu jiné valéry
můžeš mít kterou chceš,
stačí jenom chtít

Štíhlý prsty se míhají,
někde venku hučej tramvaje
a sklenička je lacinej sen

Třetí kvadrant šlape po všech představách
vínem hasí hořící dům
S omítkou padaj iluze,
na půdě chytil starej prach

jenže kdo přežil,
ztratil všechen strach.
Plátna ulepený od krve,
nasáklý pachem ohně
vykašlal ses na kšefty,
co ty Migueli seš zač?
Seš jako kámen a tvrdší víc než prve,
kam dopadá tvoje pěst, umírá i pláč

Štíhlý prsty mi nehtem
v dlani kreslej obrazce
co neznám z abecedy žádný

Čtrtej kvadrant, čarodějný kruh uzavírá
rozbitým oknem se běši tlačej sem
Na stole shořel telefon,
kartářka zděšeně zírání
ze strachu žmoulá od šatů lem
Slibujete mi peklo, vám říká se to lehce,
snad pár lidí se leklo,
já o tom vim svý.
Je to trochu smůla,
že nikdo jinej mě už nechce
zbytečně hrozíte, tohle mě nezmění

Štíhlý prsty se míhají,
dlouhý nehty rejsu stopy do kůže
ve vitrínách lesklá svítí fajáns
Rozštípaný dveře,
rozbitá žárovka,
po zemi rozházený pasiáns



DOUBTING TOMAS & SECRET RACHEL

12. LIGHT INTO THE HEARTS

SHADOWS IN MY MIND

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

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RECORDED PRAHA & NEW YORK
PRODUCER TOMAS HOUSKA

LIGHTS INTO THE HEARTS

Chorus:

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

Verse 1:

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

Verse 2:

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

Chorus:

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

Verse 3:

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

Verse 4:

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

Chorus:

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

Verse 5:

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

Verse 6:

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 ROSENBERG 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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