

# Private Cathedral



Private Cathedral is a transatlantic art-pop band dreamed up by multi-instrumentalists Wendy Spitzer and Genevieve Dawson. From North Carolina and Scotland, respectively, Wendy and Genevieve draw on baroque pop, art-rock, and chamber music to produce a sound that's at once borderless and unbothered by convention.

Their debut offering was recorded by engineer Missy Thangs at Mitch Easter's Fidelitorium, a legendary NC studio. The self-titled album is joyful, fierce, symbolically dense, and musically ambitious—a show of bravura, a tour de force of fearless friendship, a soundtrack to a mood film that has yet to be made.

Private Cathedral creates music for brainy iconoclasts with big feelings. For lovers of Tune-Yards, My Brightest Diamond, Nick Cave, Cate Le Bon, and Kate Bush.



## Previous Press for Private Cathedral's members:

### Genevieve Dawson:

"Rich and beautifully textured" **BBC Radio 6 Music, Gideon Coe**

"I love it, I really love it" **BBC Radio 6 Music, Guy Garvey**

"Dawson's vocals are beautifully emotive and restrained at the same time" **God is in the TV Zine**

As a solo artist Genevieve has recently supported La Force and was featured on William Doyle's new album, which was co-produced with Brian Eno. She is a member of Anna B Savage's live touring band and has performed in two seasons at Shakespeare's Globe on London's West End.

### Wendy Spitzer:

"Her debut record *The Tick of the Clock, the Beat in the Chest* was filled with intricately woven pieces of art-pop excellence, drawing in listeners with both its rich complexities and simplistic pop structures." **WKNC**

Wendy has shared bills with The Rosebuds, Captured! By Robots, Mary Prankster, and Laura Barrett. She's also played in bands with Annie Clark (AKA St. Vincent) and Michael Hurley, in addition to composing film and podcast music.





## Album Credits:

Genevieve Dawson – lead vocals, piano, organs, synths

Wendy Spitzer – bass, piano, organs, marimba, oboe, English horn, backing vocals, drum programming

Recorded and engineered by Missy Thangs at The Fidelitorium (Kernersville, NC, USA)

Mixed by Callum Haynes at ZigZag Studios Woolwich (London, UK)

Mastered by Jeff Carroll at Bluefield Mastering (Raleigh, NC, USA)

Written and produced by Private Cathedral.

# Lyrics

## 1 - I Am Not the Person That You Think I Am

The view below, of boats, of foam, of sea to dip into  
They gazed from the estate, through glass doors they  
withdrew  
I opened up the blinds  
My hope lay drawn in lines

The apricot jam left out in the sun too long and now  
Fetid and foul, I smear the sourdough anyhow  
I open up the map  
My hope a handicap

I am not the person that you think I am  
So I lie below and wait for reckoning (because I am an)  
Acrobat swinging without a mat  
Diplomatically I bell the cat  
I am not the person that you think I am

I was quite nervous, did you notice how  
nervous I was?

To speak to servants well you know that's not  
what's done  
I opened up to you  
My hope lay by the pool

I am not the person that you think I am  
How the silence in the house is frightening  
(ever since I was)  
Just a kid, I sensed our quiet sick  
Lonely house, I sat transfixed in it

All risk and no reward, pouring chlorine in the  
harpsichord

## 2 - Excavation

I heard from someone that you are doing well  
Who knows what that means but I hope you've got  
your health  
Do you learn poems on Sundays?  
Have you got money to spare?  
Who do you read them to?  
How are you holding yourself?

Are you in control?  
Do you write it all down?

Maybe one day I'll live in the Barbican  
I'll feed my cat and I'll keep the plants alive on the  
balcony  
Maybe one day I'll even invite you in  
Show you how good I am  
Show you I've got everything

I'll be in control  
Won't need to write it all down

And the excavation takes all day  
But it's what you have to do  
All the treasure you hid underground  
'Cause it was too painful to  
Look at it, look at it  
Look at it, look at it

### 3 - Rituals

They say your outlook  
On life is diseased  
But what about  
All the days in between

That have a shimmering sheen  
A shimmering sheen?

Swimming in a lake  
And sleeping on the sand  
Remedies to ease the aching  
Slowing the ticking hand

Seething with all manner things  
The knife is blunt, the eyes are dull, it's worse than  
when you feel

The lows go low  
And the highs get high  
The palette grows  
On either side

Listening to the rain and  
Playing a baby grand  
Remedies to ease the aching  
Slowing the ticking hand

The rituals we have at our disposal  
Are not enough  
To hold all this trouble  
The songs we taught ourselves  
Ring out somewhere else  
Ring out somewhere else

They say your outlook  
On life is diseased  
But what about  
All the days in between?

#### 4 - Night Letter

Well then  
I woke up and  
The moon was shining  
As bright as the sun

How strange  
That the setting of one  
Could be confused for  
The rising of the other

Well then  
At five a.m.  
Replaying our tape  
Debating our loop

How strange  
The auctioneer in my brain  
Could sabotage me  
He's supposed to be a friend of  
mine

I lie flatlined  
Heart murmurs, this is not right  
A roar in quietude  
My eyeballs have become  
unglued

I dreamed that you were still in  
my bedroom  
You held me close  
My head fit in the space beneath  
your chin  
A thrill as old as the hills

Well then  
I'll make the most  
Of the hour, make toast  
Scour the counter down

How strange  
The maladies they can take  
Years to break through  
Hoops of paper realigning us

A letter I write:  
"No deep sleep in a fortnight  
A famine, send rations  
I panic for your compassion

I palpate my lesion  
I need your anesthesia  
Send love to her highness  
For me. Yours truly, a mess."

I know that our twin beds  
will converge  
Anew and then  
My head will fit in the space  
Beneath your chin  
We'll be our old selves again  
We'll be our old selves again  
Again  
Again



## 5 - Tattoos

The tattoos of your youth  
Inked into your skin  
A twisted name or two  
Faded blue and green  
An anchor on your arm  
That illustrated bruise  
Do you feel the tug?  
Tethering you to

Lives spent in other vessels on a  
Cruise  
Through narrow channels to the  
Sea

The lines that grew like roots  
The blueish whale flakes  
They rub against the green  
The marks you paid to make  
A willow tree on fire  
The smoke you have inhaled  
The telegrams by wire  
Are keeping you alive

Shape of your body resting next to  
Mine  
Seems like the only way to  
Die

## 6 - The Ghost and the Coat

Feel the light fade  
Twinkling traffic  
Won't go outside  
Can't bear the noise  
Watch the milk is boiling over  
Hear the train pass  
The neck twist tighter

Look the hourglass stops  
Undo the necklace in knots  
Open up your beak and eat the  
Egg I give you  
Good, now  
Let me in too  
Familiar and cool  
Lie back on the bed don't move  
your lips anymore  
Stop  
Someone's at the door

I am a ghost  
I am a crumpled-up note  
You found under your bed  
The shame between your legs  
I am a coat  
You put on when you're alone  
Moth-eaten round your name  
Why do you stay the same?

Wash the sand off  
Empty the bath out  
Won't unlock it  
Can't feel the cold  
The roof, the room, the earth  
Goes under  
Hear the nightjar  
The breath comes faster  
  
Feel the heaviness come  
The bones that warmed you  
So long  
Those caresses every morning

Waking you up  
So, no need for a clock  
Reenact it, when it's quiet,  
Circle the room  
There's no one to stop you

I am a ghost  
A place that you used to know  
The first time you undressed  
Remember what was said  
I am a coat  
You put on when you're alone  
Ill-fitting it became  
Why can't you stay the same?

Open up the note  
The doors to rooms  
That you had closed  
You aren't as alone as you feel

## 7 - Braille Upon Your Face

Click, ring, hum, din, try  
Slip, run, fall, don't cry that you are tired  
Smoke, drink, fill, heave, sigh  
Sit, no, go, squeeze, shut it off for hours  
Endless numbered doors  
Lock a few to make yourself secure  
Would you still exist  
Without all these

Things you have to do?

Dreams of other lives  
Or perhaps they are a vision  
Try to hold them all  
In a time beyond perception

Braille upon your face  
Have we met somewhere before?

Don't go home  
Live in places you've never gone  
Be alone  
Don't believe everything you're told

Strange how time  
Will make all the choices that you were too scared to  
Strange how time  
Will make all the choices that you were too scared to

## 8 - Vermilion and Tangerine

Hold my own  
In the machine  
Taxiing  
Time is unravelling, so  
Take a seat  
Steady my heartbeat  
Lights go up  
Lights in vermilion and  
Tangerine  
Thirty-eight thousand feet  
Above the sea  
What will I dream?  
The silhouette  
Of winding rivers I will  
Leave behind  
Leave behind me

A line of horizon that  
Sets the in between  
It's nowhere and nothing  
O'clock, so  
Yes, stewardess I will  
Take that cocktail in  
Vermilion and tangerine

Do you remember the  
Dress you wore to leave, a  
Terminal end of a scene?  
Under a pin all my  
Summers colored in vermilion and  
Tangerine, tangerine

Floating seat  
I feel my heartbeat  
Pumping blood  
Blood in vermilion and  
Tangerine  
Two hundred people staring  
At a screen  
It's all routine

Who's coming to meet you?

Hold my phone  
Adjust the time-zone  
No one knows, the  
Currency we carry  
Empty seats  
Is that my heartbeat?

Rising sun  
Sun in vermilion and  
Tangerine  
My baggage crawling round the  
Carousel  
I'm shaken well  
What did I dream?  
A boy is waving from the  
Mezzanine, but not for me  
  
A perfect stranger that  
Somehow feels familiar  
Nothing I could have fore-  
seen, so  
Yes, I confess I have  
Sometimes been caught in  
Rebellion and quarantine  
  
Yes, I remember the  
Dress I wore to leave, a  
Terminal end of a scene  
Under a pin all my  
Summers colored in  
Vermilion and tangerine, tangerine

## 9 - Never Underestimate

Never underestimate the way you can change  
Even though the work makes you feel like an oiled  
machine

Feel oblivion believing  
In your own thick mess  
As the evening fever peaks  
Put on that sparkly dress

Roll down the hill, feel the spin, make yourself see  
upside down  
Thundering limbs, on the lawn, bring you back to  
flesh and bone

Down the mortal corridor  
In your eardrums loud  
Heaving then succumbing to  
The sound of your wolfhound heart

Heavy breathlessness, the blood in your body  
Rushing to your head  
Watch the vultures glide, and count all your fingers  
red against the sky

Feel oblivion and revel  
In your own thick mess  
As the morning fog arrives  
Ride home in your ruined dress

Tune the radio, electrical static of the afterglow  
Let the shower run, the hiss of the valve as  
you become undone

Never underestimate the way you can change, I will  
Never underestimate the way you can change

**Listen to the Private Cathedral album here:**

