
PACKHORSE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

THE STRANGE
SINGALONGS
SONGBOOK

Bleek Noir (Christopher J Fox)



PREFACE

& ABOUT THE WRITER

Bleek Noir is the alias of songwriter, lyricist, musician, and recording artist Christopher J Fox.

Constantly expanding a catalogue of distinctive and compelling alternative music, that is rich with lyricism, and laden with twisted imagery, sole member Christopher J Fox, has created a musical universe that is uniquely his.

In October 2021, I released "Strange Singalongs" EP, the 12th Bleek Noir EP to date.

Recorded in Summer 2021, the record is a less angular offering, both musically and lyrically.

Despite this departure from the darker material I usually produce, it's a collection of songs that I'm proud of, both for their directness, and the part they've played in refining Bleek Noirs' distinctive sound.

Here, dear reader, is the songbook.
Singalong with my Strange Singalongs.

Christopher J Fox - Bleek Noir



KICKING THE CAGE



Key of Eb Minor

She's a fever in a glance
A fist chewing show of shadows that dance
Black twisted shapes of gluttony
Exquisite feral shadow puppetry

A whole life's worth of every day hurt's
gotta go somewhere

A whole life's worth of every day hurt,
sure looks good on her

Looks like somebody saying 'watch me getting free'
And somebody saying 'watch me change'
Looks like two things beating the emptiness
Looks like somebody saying 'watch me hold it back'
And somebody beating both their fists black
Beating the cage and beating the emptiness

Shifts like smoke, she's shapes unclean
Like no girl or beast you've ever seen
She's nightly curtain cabaret
So bewitching that the eye can't look away



A whole life's worth of every day hurt's
gotta go somewhere

A whole life's worth of every day hurt,
sure looks good on her

Looks like somebody saying 'watch me getting free'

And somebody saying 'watch me change'

Looks like two things beating the emptiness

Looks like somebody saying 'watch me hold it back'

And somebody beating both their fists black

Beating the cage and beating the emptiness

Making some sense of it

Making the best of it

Looks like two things kicking the cage

Looks like somebody saying 'watch me getting free'

And somebody saying 'watch me change'

Looks like two things beating the emptiness

Looks like somebody saying 'watch me hold it back'

And somebody beating both their fists black

Beating the cage and beating the emptiness

ALL OVER

Key of G Minor



Won't you allow me to
breathe the air inside of you and
sew our skin siamese?

I renounce the books I penned
'Life Alone, Guides One to Ten'
From nothingness you're my relief

Always I wanna inspect you
See you so close that my eyes reflect you
Always, I wanna inspect you, over and over

Like a pinned and dried butterfly
asking move my limbs around, over and over
Pull me apart, chew on my heart
while you rearrange me, over and over and
I wanna live in a heap with you
So I'll tear us all up and leave us strewn, all over

Give both our waists a name
Kindling Tom and Kindling Jane
You set fires in me
Hack holes in me with your eyes
Say my name in tongues and sighs
Lover man, hand that feeds, oh



Always I wanna inspect you
See you so close that my eyes reflect you
Always, I wanna inspect you, over and over

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GIVE IT A NAME



Key of F# Minor

Tell me you're hungry
Without making a sound
Throw all you surrender in
a pile on the ground (and)

Ask for the feeling
The reason you came
Speak to it directly
Give it a name

Show me that you speak in the
tongue of the hurt
Shed your second skin of life's
horror and dirt (and)

Beg for the feeling
That cleans you again
Find words for your wanting
Give it a name

Call it the mule
Lover in error
Call it cruel
It'll answer to whatever
Call it the game
Spell it out for my pleasure darling
Give it a name



Feed me the needing I
smell on your breath
To ward off a nothingness
worse than death (oh)

Demand the feeling
That mutes some of the pain
Call the cure for your aching
Give it a name

Look how your side has
devoured the thorn
How long has it been since
you've been reborn? (Urgh)

Crawl to the feeling
That makes you a slave
Call the dogs on you
Give it a name



Call it the mule
Lover in error
Call it cruel
It'll answer to whatever
Call it the game
Spell it out for my pleasure darling
Give it a name

Tell me you're hungry
Without making a sound
Throw all you surrender in
a pile on the ground (and)

Crawl to the feeling
That makes you a slave
Call the dogs on you
Give it a name

Call it the mule
Lover in error
Call it cruel
It'll answer to whatever
Call it the game
Spell it out for my pleasure darling
Give it a name

LEND ME YOUR LIPS



Key of C Minor

Something in me, a feeling with teeth, your way comes
God damn, come 'ere, my dear, blow your breath in my lungs
Damn it seems we're both a kind of prey

Meat, meal, sex appeal, how does it feel in your skin?
God damn I want under, wanna burrow me in
I want you how only a stranger can

Damn girl, show me what you're made of
Describe to me the inside of your mouth
Show me how your face looks
when your clothes are falling south
Damn girl, I want what you're made of
I chew on my fists till they bleed
I wanna be the tongue with which
you lick your lips at me
So lend me your lips
I'll make them mine



Devilry, fleshy weaponry, a storm under her coat
God damn Miss, pull my fist from the back of my throat
Hear me buzz with raw, crude desire

Through a kiss, a little hiss, our lips like a roar
Damn her gaze that says 'let's send our bodies to war'
Cause that's all mine's good for anyhow

Damn girl, show me what you're made of
Describe to me the inside of your mouth

Show me how your face looks
when your clothes are falling south
Damn girl, I want what you're made of
I chew on my fists till they bleed
I wanna be the tongue with which
you lick your lips at me

So lend me your lips
I'll make them mine
So lend me your lips
I'll make them mine, I'll make them mine

Lend me your lips I'll make them mine....

THE STRANGE SINGALONGS EP IS OUT NOW

WHEREVER MUSIC IS FOUND

Over the years, since we first found Bleek Noir, we have been very impressed with his music, originality, and enduring powerful prose/lyrical combination, so it's no surprise that his latest creation is so delightfully sinister and moving. - Indie Pulse Music

Bleek Noir has created a new world, one we would very much like to discover more - Music for the Misfits

Despite being a purveyor of classic alternative music sensibilities, "Strange Singalongs" is a departure. - At The Barrier



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