Arandel_CDS_JF1097LP_innersleeve_Vert.indd 1
CYAN
MAGENTA
YELLOW
BLACK

ora d'oro

lyrics by douglas dare

i rolled the dice just waking up
i took a chance drinking from your cup
the pouring rains wanna slip me up

but i know i wanna be (wanna be)
checking in front of me (front of me)
all of these people they're tryna be (tryna be)
my only enemy (enemy)
but i got a secret to tell
i'm ready to ring at the bell
ding dong you're hearing me
and you'll be dealing with seeing me break out the shell

if you want me you can find me outside
if you want me you can find me outright

i know i'm ready
to give it all up
hold me steady
ima shake it, volcanic
erupt
i'm mount vesuvius
i'm deadly serious
what will you do with this
when it's coming down on you
id run

petrichor

lyrics by ben shemie

a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision, vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, all of it the side, vision of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to horizon, all of it the side, to the side, all of it the side, to the side, to a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to a vision, of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to horizon, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to this vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, eight, two, four, day, night, four, eight, nine, ten, two, three, six, one, ten, three, one, ten, three, four, ten, three, four, ten, two, a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to this vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, eight, two, four, day, night, four, eight, nine, ten, two, three, six, one, ten, three, one, ten, three, four, ten, three, four, ten, two, a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to a vision, of the night, a tide, horizon, all of it the side, to the side, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to the side, to horn, to this vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, a vision of the night, of the night, of the night, of the night, a vision, of the night, a vision, of the night, a vision, of the night, a vision, of the night, a vision, of the night, a vision, of the night, a vision, of the night, a vision, of the night.

grésil de ce qui fut

lyrics by meryem aboulafa

انتقل بينهم كالهواء البارد.
اتيتهم في حين من بعيد شاهد
على لقائهم بعد رحيلي
و على زيارتي لهم أنا واعد

نتحاور بلا كلام و بلا سلام
نتحاور بإحساس عابر
نتحاور بحدس حاد حتى في الظلام
و في الاحلام و اليقظة و المنام

يشعرون بي. و اشعر بهم
شعور لطيف جميل غير مادي
شعور رهيف طفيف خفيف
ياتيهم كالسراب، يتمعنون فيه بدقيقة صمت
و يواستانفون حياتهم المادية في عالمهم المادي
و كأن شيئ لم يكن
و كأن لم يحساسهم لم يقع
و كأن زيارتي لم تكن
وكأنني كنت فكرة
لم تكتب بعد
كأني كنت صدى لحلم قديم
عبر من بينهم ثم اختفى
إحساس على وشك ان يكن ثم انطفى

و كأن شيئ لم يكن
و كأن شيئ لم يكن
و كأن شيئ لم يكن

I move among them like cold air.
I came to them in an instant, from afar, as a witness
to their gathering after my departure,
and to my visits to them, I am bound

we converse without words, without greetings
we converse through passing feelings,
through a sharp intuition, even in the dark
in dreams, in waking, or sleep

they feel me, and I feel them
a gentle, beautiful, non-physical feeling,
subtle, light, and tender.
It reaches them like a mirage
they gaze into it for a silent moment,
then resume their material lives
in their material world,
as if nothing had ever been,
as if their feeling had never occurred,
as if my visit had never been.
as if I were a thought
not yet written,
as if I were the echo of an ancient dream
that passed among them then vanished
a feeling about to exist then faded

as if nothing had ever been
as if nothing had ever been
as if nothing had ever been

il fera froid et bleu

lyrics by félix martaud & arandel

ici le sable imite le vent,
qui retombe sur l'horizon.
et virevolte lentement
silice clair en suspension,
flottant en l'air comme l'on danse
aux côtes de ces eaux immenses,
comme l'étincelle sur le charbon.

la pluie percute le désert
comme si c'était l'océan
qui débordait en éclatant,
qui pleurait de ses grands cieux verts
hier heureux, et là si gris.
comme s'il en avait fini
des sols noyés sous des rivières
des sanglots longs, des déjeuelis
de bile acide et de misère.

un arbre hoché par la tempête
et sous sa branche, une allumette
devient flambeau qui fume noir.
le fusain efface l'espoir
et en l'espace d'une seconde
maquille nos yeux d'immonde.

le monde a des yeux au beurre noir.

et le sable qui cuit la peau.
l'air sans souffle des bords de plages
qui creuse encore les paysages,
et qui met le feu aux drapeaux.

les pleurs d'en haut qui n'en pleuvent plus.
sur la terre ainsi mise à nu,
notre humanité en lambeaux.
des spectres derrière un grillage.
notre futur, nos vies, nos pleurs
ensevelis sous les feuillages.

est-ce ainsi que les hommes meurent ?

les chemins changent
et les oiseaux aux sols des forêts fantômes.
et le vent enfin libéré de ses tornades
et les brouillards d'appels à l'aide
et les quelques lucioles qui y brillent
une couverture de saphirs sur le réel
tout est mat
tout est froid
plus de sable
plus de feu
plus de pluie
ni de vent
juste quelques lucioles
il y aura toujours quelques lucioles
et il fera froid
il fera froid et bleu.

here the sand mimics the wind,
that falls back down upon the sky's rim,
and swirls, slow and unpinned,
clear silica suspended, dim,
'bating in air as if in dance
along the edges of this vast expanse,
like a spark upon the ember's skin.

the rain strikes down upon the sand
as if it were the ocean's tide
overflowing, breaking wide,
weeping from its own green land
happy yesterday, now grey and torn.
as if it all at last were done —
ground drowned beneath the rivers' run,
long sobs, and all the bile outpoured,
acid grief, and hearts forlorn.

a tree shaken by the storm,
and beneath its branch, a match once struck
becomes a torch of tarnished smoke.
charcoal wipes the hope away,
and in the span of a single breath
paints our eyes with filth and dread.

the world now wears a blackened eye.

and the sand that scorches skin
the breathless air along the shore
that carves the landscape even more,
and sets the banners all aflame.

the tears from high that fall no longer.
upon the earth thus stripped and bare,
our humanity in tatters,
ghosts behind a fence of wire.
our future, all our lives, our tears.
buried now beneath the leaves.

is this how men are meant to die?

the paths are changing
and the birds upon the ground of phantom forests.
and the wind at last set free from its own storms,
and the fog of cries for help,
and the few fireflies still glowing there,
a blanket of sapphires laid across the realness —
all is matte,
all is cold,
no more sand,
no more fire,
no more rain,
nor any wind,
only a few fireflies,
there will always be a few fireflies,
and it will be cold,
it will be cold and blue.



all tracks composed, arranged & produced by Arandel.

strings and winds arranged by Arandel, Mélie Fraisse & Jiri Heger.

Ben Shemie - vocals (track b2)
Douglas Dare - vocals & piano (track a5)
Meryem Aboulouafa - vocals (track b3)
Félix Maritaud - vocals (track b5)

Louis Delorme - drums (tracks a2 & b2)
Amélie Bouard - cello (track b5) & vocals (tracks a2 & b5)
Quatuor Emana : Hanna Zribi - violin 1, Cécile Gély - violin 2,
Cécile Costas Coquelard - viola, Sylvain Lhoni - cello (tracks a1, a2, a3, a4, a5, b1 & b5)
wind quartet : Jiri Heger - flute, Christian Laborie - clarinet & english horn,
Stéphane Morvan - oboe, Aline Riffaut - bassoon (tracks a1, a2, a5, b1, b4 & b5)
Christophe Metton - vocals (tracks a2, b3 & b5)
Agata Frankowska-Thuriet - vocals (tracks a2, b3 & b5)
Sandra Choquet, Rebecca Evans, Bert Evans, Gérald Olivon, Matthéo Rebut,
Adrien Cazac & Valentin Cazac - whispers (tracks b3 & b5)
Arandel - positive organ, harpsichord, upright piano, harmonium, toy piano,
Korg Minilogue, Solina, Korg Monotron, Gem Sprinter 49, glockenspiel,
psaltery, Gretsch Country Classic electric guitar, Korg Volca Beats,
Korg Volca Kick, MFB 522, Arturia Drumbrute, percussions, tapes & vocals.

strings and winds recorded by Vincent Joinville
at Studio Babel - Montreuil, November 2023.
drums recorded by Bastien Doremus at Studio D - Paris, May 2025.

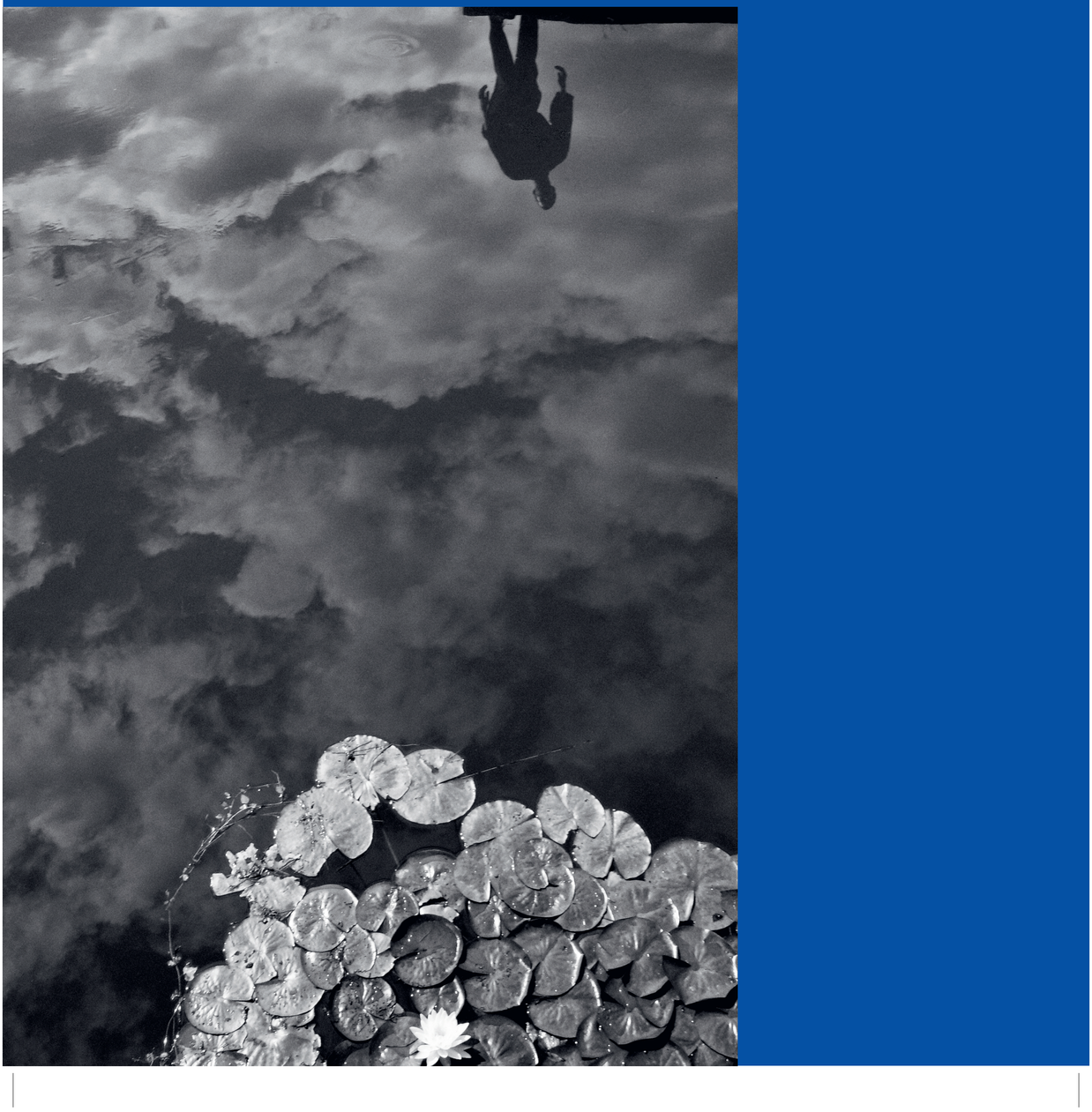
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at Globe Audio Mastering - Bordeaux

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thank you to all who took part in this album, from near or afar.
thanks to those who believed in it, and lent me their flame when mine ran thin.
thanks to those who simply weighed the thought of joining in.
thanks to those who, across the past ten years, held me up, showed me a way, breathed life into my music, or simply haunted me.
thanks for listening to me sleep awake.
thank you for sailing this crossing with me.

to my mother, my brother, my grandmother, and my Virginies.



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