



SECOND SIGHT CORVO MOON

The Introduction

This album is a labour of love and a new interpretation of “The Insight” written by David Kovacevic and Mike Scott. We recorded it in 1978 as Oswald’s Organic Trainset, a young English progressive rock band that lasted a brief, productive year of gigs and recording.

For all of us in the band, there has been a near 50-year sense of unfinished business. The original recording was rushed by financial necessity. Our playing and arrangements were of their time and did not always do justice to the quality of the writing. We were only 18 years old !

So, in 2026, here is a new recording of that material, called “Second Sight”.

We hope you enjoy it.

An Insight into “The Insight”

The shimmering snapshots of those early, eager days come back in fast succession, direct from 50 years ago. More vivid than the grown-up lives in between.

This music came out of evolving bands in Worcestershire in the UK, sometimes in rivalry, but taking us out of our teen bedrooms to a great, free life of practices and gigs that led to girlfriends, all-night parties in the woods, underage drinking in the local bikers’ pub and a damn fine teenage scene.

Everyone else was just doing their homework.

You wouldn’t get away with that level of freedom now, but we did and this music is an expression of it. I didn’t tell my daughter until she was safely out of university.

Dave Kovacevic and I decided that we needed to take the time out to really compose a body of work. No distractions. Taking everything to a higher level from the compromises of work to date. We disappeared to create mystique and a clear break, to a new standard. Summer nights walking through the Lickey Hills, south of Birmingham, and the woods of Wychbold, Worcestershire. The Lickeys were a source of inspiration and Tolkienesque vibes for the faces around the fire. We stayed up until dawn broke over our panoramic view of Worcestershire dissolving into Birmingham and specifically, British Leyland.

When we returned with our tablets of stone from the wilderness, we recruited the two Robs and Paul Hedges, a higher level of drummer for us. We had an idyllic practice space in a deserted Worcestershire farm near a pub called the “Gate Hangs Well” (why wouldn’t it ?). We recorded the album at the legendary Old Smithy studio in Kempsey, Worcestershire, then gigged around Birmingham in the UK including JB’s, Bogart’s, Barbarella’s and many halls, with our high school peers. The studio was an enchanted door to fully discovering what we made, transported once the nerves and adrenaline subsided. It towered over what we had done before together and apart. Too late for Prog, much too soon for Neo Prog.

...continued

An Insight into “The Insight”

Grown up life beckoned but this defined a magic era that belonged to us. The thread between members has always been there. The magician is a key card in the major arcana that inspired the imagery of the insight. Dave’s son is a magician. Rob and I have been best men and godfathers through good times and bad. Rob Ostler and I talked parenting challenges in the hotel through the night after Rob Oli’s fiftieth. Dave and I did 80’s projects occasionally and he sat in with my band at a Colston Hall gig in Bristol. Dave made his life in music. I became a solo writer after the Oswald’s and have run The Old Flames band for 40 years on and off, making 4 albums and 2 compilations. It became adult for us here.

Rob Oliver and I have always co-produced, co-written and been guitar sounding boards. Dave has added occasional piano to my band’s work when rhythm guitar piano will not suffice. When in our separate adult lives, we have always been friends of last resort. Members of an old forgotten order. These are our musical Beeching lines. Shut down. Overgrown but still viable beneath it all. The fundamentals still work and here are brought into a timeless present.

Last autumn, Dave fought back majestically from his stroke to write a new perfectly realised song . He and I got the party started together one more time. Our music probably came out of asserting ourselves against things that held us back. It was true then and now.

Rob has here created, with some AI magic, new lamps for old. A new light through the dusty windows of that old farmhouse near the Gate Hangs Well. Good to see the old place anew. A new take on starlit walks through the lanes of Worcestershire.

When it was over and I got to Uni, I realised that I had been treated to a wonderful musical adventure and freedom whilst the “straights” were preparing for their curated futures. The memory and brotherhood remained over the decades. I think the music will sing to you outside the romance of what was a great time and place.

Mike Scott,
March 2026

The Lyrics

Alone Within

My landlocked soul craves healing water
I await the reaper's fee
I take my leave of false communion
The chaos that surrounds me

It seems sham and illusion
But now to be reassured
I'd walk upon the waters if my feet felt not the sores

On and on alone within
You wander through the night
On and on alone within
Forever searching, seems so long alone
Within

So long I've walked the mountain ways
So long in fear of care
The snow peak air grows ever thin
For the master of the air

All has come and all has gone my friend
My mind imprisoned by dissent
Though death may take my failing form
My search shall not relent

On and on alone within
You wander through the night
On and on alone within
Forever searching, seems so long alone
Within

On and on alone within
You wander through the night
On and on alone within
Forever searching, seems so long alone
Within

On and on alone within
You wander through the night
On and on alone within
Forever searching, seems so long alone
Within

The Spheres Omega

Runic figures wrought into
the swirling jade of night
Awake Obsidius
restore once failing sight

One wakes as though from sleep
The floodlit image tallen
The easterly serpent bids farewell
Hail Babylon the great has fallen
The ice will melt the flames shall rise
Around the sleepers mind
As all upon the western beach
One becomes their kind

And now the spheres will reach their perfect being
The image fused to form a man all seeing
The journey over brings us new insight
We are as one and now in perfect light

The Dead and Living King

Awake the morning clears the overcast sky
Bringing truth and life to where we lie

Darkness that the moon has ended for
But now the sun returns the warm light

The clearing mist reveals the burnt out ashes
Of the fight to defend the night

New dawn horizon bringing truth and love
The artist's open nexus with the spirit of above is realised

And now the ocean glows returning light to distant
sands
We walk in light remembering conflict and the battle
won by night

New dawn horizon bringing truth and love
The artist's open nexus with the spirit of above is realised

Inside us all the fire burns with glowing flame
We sense together the anguish of our shame

We paint the picture of the falling rain
To give the sun a glorious entry song

We fill our lives up with inspiration
Of modest depths which give us meaning

New dawn horizon bringing truth and love
The artist's open nexus with the spirit of above is realised

The dead and living king has conquered with the stars
But as each evening fades my heart will bear the scars
Of his pain

Cast out the dreams of glory, charming, challenging hopes
Return the dance to the only place where you and I can play

Sing out the songs of all the golden moments
echoing in the sun
Returning you and I to see the truth
and life and hope and days

The Credits

Originally recorded as “The Insight”, a collection of songs written by David Kovacevic and Mike Scott.

Dedicated to Oswald’s Organic Trainset, the original boys in the band:

Paul Hedges - drums

David Kovacevic - ARP synthesiser, organ, electric piano, grand piano

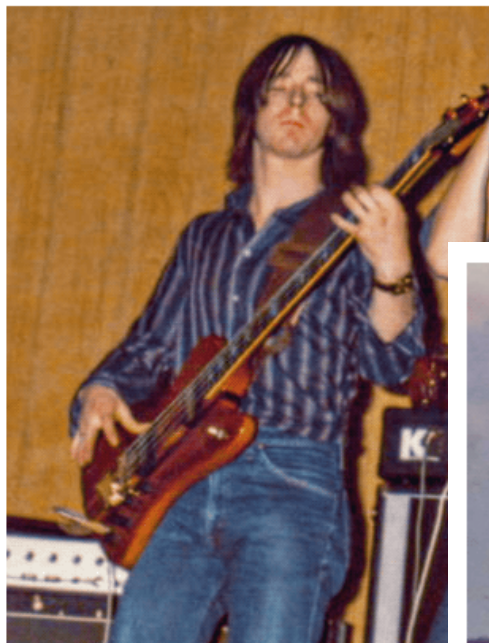
Rob Oliver - lead guitar

Rob Ostler - bass guitar

Mike Scott - 12-string acoustic, rhythm guitar

Programmed and arranged by Rob Oliver for Corvo Moon.

Mastering and worldwide distribution by Symphonic.





Second Sight

Corvo Moon

The Spheres Alpha

Kingdom of Sand

The Manse

Alone Within

Lady of the Lion

The Day of Wrath (Dies Irae)

The Judgement

The Great Divide

The Spheres Omega

The Dead and Living King



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