

ATOM GRAD | *DRIFT*





PHIL TAYLOR - GUITARS, BASS, KEYS, DRUM PROGRAMMING



STEVE LOCKWOOD - VOCALS



ANDY FOSTER - SAX



CHRIS MOORE - KEYS



NELSON DAY - KEYS



JON GILHOOLY - VOCALS



LINDSEY OLIVER - VOCALS



FRANCOIS DEVILLE-CRAIG - PEDAL STEEL GUITAR

ARE YOU READY FOR THE BLUES
LAND OF NEVER MORE
PULLING PUNCHES
TWO OF A KIND
LITTLE RED CAP
SWEET NIGHT
DANCING MEN
A WORLD WITHOUT END
ARCO STATION
UNDER A PALE AND GIBBOUS MOON
SWEET NIGHT REPRISE



ALBUM COVER IMAGE BY JUDIT BIWAN

ARE YOU READY FOR THE BLUES



Paul Burgess is a collage-based artist, designer and photographer working across music graphics and publishing, living in Sussex, UK

Website:
www.mrpaulburgess.com

You blame your morning on the news
But you're only saving face
Do you think it's always new
When there is someone to disgrace

And you said you wanted more
For your multitude of sins
Well you've, you've got to be secure
To even let them in
Dreamers need not apply
No point, no point in asking why
The story's comes home to you
Are you ready for the Blues

Welcome to your world
So smooth and so refined
Where the price for speaking out
Is to be paid back in kind

And that's all you'll ever need
Your creed is undefined
Reputation is a wrecking ball
That you're forced to set aside
Are you ready for the blues
Are you ready for the blues
Are you ready for the blues
Are you ready for the blues
Are you ready for the blues

Recorded 2020, Sussex, UK

From the Album 'Drift' (2023)
Phil Taylor – All instruments, except:
Jon Gilhooly – Vocals
Chris Moore – Piano
Francois DeVille-Craig – Pedal Steel
Music – Phil Taylor, Jon Gilhooly, Chris Moore
and Francois Deville-Craig

Lyrics – Phil Taylor & Jon Gilhooly
Track Artwork – Paul Burgess

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LAND OF NEVER MORE

Step on back inside yourself
Everything I've ever said or done
You've done in a darker way
Good intentions just slip away

The Land of Never More
The Land of Never More

Don't lose your grip, as you do most days
It's so easy to go astray
To always turn and walk away
When we need to really to feel our way

Let everyone see
How much you've missed them
Let them see
The light in your eyes
Even if they know
That is never you
They know it's a lie
That's never true

And when you can burn no more
The hand that truly binds
You'll return to the one you made before
Before the rush, and the madness

When the hours are long
And nights turn into days
Please hold my hand
You know it won't be long

We get caught inside ourselves
As we've done a thousand times before
And then we're free, to see it all
But we'll do it all again once more
Drink down that potion
The one you made before
Made for you better self
The one they adore
Look at your reflection
Stand back and adore
Mad Hatters gather

You're the one
That coils inside before forgiving
And the sadness dies
Ready to cry
And to hide away
In the Land of Never More

Step on back inside yourself
Everything I've ever said or done
You've done in a darker way
Good intentions just slip away

When the hours are long
And nights turn into days
Please hold my hand
You know it won't be long

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Phil Taylor – All instruments, except:
Steve Lockwood – Vocals
Nelson Day – Piano

Music – Phil Taylor, Steve Lockwood,
Nelson Day
Lyrics – Phil Taylor
Track Artwork – Heitor Alvelos

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Heitor Alvelos is a researcher,
academic, musician, artist
and publisher, based in
Porto, Portugal.

Website:
<https://abodyoffractures.wordpress.com/about/heitoralvelos.wordpress.com>



PULLING PUNCHES

Why'd you go
When all you wanted was to stay a while
Though it's just a game
Hey, why'd you stay
Don't pull your punches
It won't hurt

And you know it is not for real I told you
Once in a while, when things get bad
I'll hold you you will see

You said you've loved me far too much it scares you
I'll do anything to help take your regret away

You did your best to chase me out the door
You tell yourself it's what you really feel
For me our life gets better everyday
Do you even care at all?

Keep at bay the possibility that you're ok
Face those demons away

Trust in me
And you know it's not for real this time you'll see
The one you need is me

Why'd you go
When all you wanted was to stay a while
Though it's just a game
Hey, why'd you stay
Don't pull your punches
It won't hurt

And you know it is not for real I told ya
Once in a while, when things get bad I'll hold you
You will see

You said you've loved me far too much it scares you
I'll do anything to help take your regret away

You did your best to chase me out the door
You tell yourself it's what you really feel
For me our life gets better everyday
Do you even care at all?



Arnaud De Bonis is a painter,
based in Southern France.

Website:
<http://debonis.free.fr/vie.html>

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Phil Taylor – All instruments, except:
Steve Lockwood – Vocals
Andy Foster – Sax
Chris Moore - Keys

Music – Phil Taylor, Steve Lockwood,
Andy Foster, Chris Moore
Lyrics – Phil Taylor, Steve Lockwood
Track Artwork – Arnaud De Bonis

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TWO OF A KIND

Georgia, your boy is coming home
Your boy is coming home again
Oh Georgia, you'll never be alone
But no-one can be sure these days
Especially if you like it raw
Especially if you want some more
There's a price to pay I tell ya
But no-one can be sure these days

Georgia, your boy is coming home
The mountains are calling to you
Your brother, lies dying back at home
I know you can't believe it's true
The gun has proved its worth
As a means to an end
But what remains is nothing more
Is nothing more than water and earth

But no-one can be sure these days
Only drift and indecision
No-one can be sure these days
As the quicksand surely thickens
Everything you ought to know
Is not so clear to see
They had me down for taking a life
A life that could not be

Let's dance the night away
Shake off the guilt and the shame
We're two of a kind, you and me
In my mind, it's clear to see
Let's dance the night away
Shake off the guilt and the shame
We're two of a kind, you and me
In my mind, it's clear to see
In my mind it's clear to see

Georgia, your boy is coming home
Your boy is coming home again
Oh Georgia, you'll never be alone
But no-one can be sure these days
Especially if you like it raw
Especially if you want some more
There's a price to pay I tell ya
But no-one can be sure these days

Oh Georgia
Oh Georgia
Let's dance the night away
Shake off the guilt and the shame
We're two of a kind, you and me
In my mind, it's clear to see

Let's dance the night away
Shake off the guilt and the shame
We're two of a kind, you and me
In my mind, it's clear to see
In my mind it's clear to see

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Andy Foster - Sax

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Chris Moore, Andy Foster
Lyrics – Phil Taylor
Track Artwork – Trisha Rafferty

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Trisha Rafferty is a Sussex -based
artist working in ceramics, silver,
illustration and animation.

Website:
<http://www.trisharafferty.com>
[@rafferty_trisha](#)



LITTLE RED CAP

Golden velvet under foot
Trees and hills all around
The scent of flowers leads my way
To the place you'll be found

The house is an island and a curse
The light is calling me
One foot after the other
And I am glancing as I go

There's a card game on the left
Ooh raised voices on the right
I climb the stairs towards the night
And the day draws in

White, red, glistening, and bright
I have walked into his room
He is not the one
I had thought of for so long

White, red, glistening, and bright
I have walked into his room
He is not the one
I had thought of for so long

Dark rooms all around
I can see the light ahead
And would this be the moment?
I have thought of for so long

There's fire, and blood, and much more
A lover's embrace, until life's no more
Innocence in that moment
Has been dashed down to the floor

Red colour of blood
Oh torn clothes of lovers no more
I put stones in his belly
These bones are hard and raw

White, red, glistening and bright
I have walked into his room
But he is not the one
I had thought of for oh so long

He is one of me
Family from my tree
My mother, brothers, all of us three
Sisters and father, a family we'll be
He is one of me Family from my tree
My mother, brothers, all of us three
Sisters and father, a family we'll be

White, red, glistening, and bright
I have walked into his room
He is not the one
I had thought of for so long

"I had a look at various classical/old master sources which I like to do with my work. This takes inspiration from 'Susanna & The Elders' and I thought it would be good to show Little Red Riding Hood naked (vulnerability) with the lecherous men (referencing the wolf/masks) painted in a very loose, gestural way. The repetition in the lyrics 'white, red, glistening & bright' fuelled my imagination in particular in respect of the image." - Mandy Racine

Mandy Racine is a freelance contemporary artist, based in Mallorca, Spain who takes particular inspiration from classical/old master paintings especially the Baroque/Rococo era & puts a contemporary twist on them.



Instagram:
[@mandyracine9584](#)

Website:
[www.saatchiart.com/algaida](#)
[www.rvp.gallery](#)



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Nelson Day - Keys

Music – Phil Taylor, Steve Lockwood,
Nelson Day
Lyrics – Phil Taylor
Track Artwork – Mandy Rancine

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SWEET NIGHT

Take me outta here
Coz I'm a dead soul walking
Waiting for the fear to come
Walking the back roads

Until the sun comes hard
Then I'll hide away
Waiting for the sweet night
To come and wash my sins away

Oh Sweet Night
Come take my fear
The faces I see
Are the ones I hold so dear

I reach the edge of town
And I turn around
Grass is wet underfoot
Needles on my skin

I see the stars above
I feel the scars within
I see light in their eyes
As they judge me and my skin

Oh Sweet Night
Come take my fear
The faces I see
Are the ones I hold so dear

Take me outta here
Coz I'm a dead soul walking
Waiting for the fear
Walking the back roads
Until the sun comes hard
Then I'll hide away
Waiting for the sweet night
To come and wash the town away
Oh Sweet Night
Come take my fear
The faces I see
Are the ones I hold so dear
Oh Sweet Night
Come take my fear
The faces I see
Are the ones I hold so dear

Seiko Kato is an artist who is currently traveling around Japan since returning from the U.K. in March 2023.

Instagram: @seiko_kato



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From the Album 'Drift' (2023)
Phil Taylor – All instruments, except:
Lindsey Oliver – Vocals
Steve Lockwood - Backing vocals

Music – Phil Taylor, Lindsey Oliver, Steve Lockwood
Lyrics – Phil Taylor
Track Artwork – Seiko Kato

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DANCING MEN

Strange Gentlemen can love too well
Always to have the charm
To take your eye to hold your arm
The April sun and the April rain

She was gentle
But she could hate
She was working in the dead of night
Always chasing those sinners

On the last bright day of August before the Fall
Men became soldiers, brothers one and all

We danced for men, for soldiers of war
We grew up fast, they grew up tall
The April sun and the April rain
Came around, around again

Our love must stay hidden
No-one will cut us sway
Yes our love must stay hidden
No-one will stand in our way

We must fight all the time
As we butcher, kill, and slay
This land is not our land
But we take it anyway

All that we want
All that we need
Our love still holding sway
Despite the blood, the taste of greed

We hold each other come what may
To be together again
To have food in our mouths
Souls in our heads
To want nothing more than you

When the world permits
And hard men take no quarter
We will take her up
As the land offers us its daughter

And as our own, and at our call
We danced for men
Our girl she'll be
To make men's toil and wager war
To set their souls forever free

Our love must stay hidden
No-one will cut us sway
Yes our love must stay hidden
No-one will stand in our way

We must fight all the time
As we butcher, kill, and slay
This land is not our land
We still take it anyway



"I call myself "The Crow" but I sign my artworks with my name "Biwan". Originally I am Hungarian, however I am a London based con-temporary artist focusing on abstract and cubism, expression-ism. I started painting and drawing during the first lockdown in 2020 March in Germany. Ever since nothing else matters! Art became my partner for life." - Judit Biwan

Instagram: @rtofbiwanj



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Phil Taylor – All instruments, except:
Steve Lockwood – Vocals
Andy Foster – Sax

Music – Phil Taylor, Steve Lockwood,
Andy Foster
Lyrics – Phil Taylor, Steve Lockwood
Track Artwork – Judit Biwan

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A WORLD WITHOUT END

Come into my world,
The world I've made for you
Everything's perfect
Perfect and true
You will never want, for anything
Or anyone, just you wait and see

Innocence is the daughter
To forgive is the son
Family will be together
It don't matter what we've done

Others may judge us different
What they think we should be
We must take our own path
Behold unto thee

Life is a splendour
Life is so rich
A pageant of wonder
For those who surrender

Life is a splendour
Life is so rich
A pageant of wonder
For those who don't go under

Innocence is the daughter
To forgive is the son
Family will stay together
It don't matter what we've done

Others may judge us
What they think we should be
We must take our own path
Behold unto thee

It will not take long
For you to really feel
A Heaven on Earth
Made for you and for me
You will never long for anything, or anyone
It's always you and me

Innocence is the daughter
To forgive is the son
Family will stay together
It don't matter what we've done

Others may judge us
What they think we should be
We must take our own path
Behold unto thee

Life is a splendour
Life is so rich
A pageant of wonder
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Life is a splendour
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Innocence is the daughter
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Others may judge us
What they think we should be
We must take our own path
Behold unto thee

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Andy Foster
Lyrics – Phil Taylor
Track Artwork – Julia Burns

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Julia Burns is a painter
working with acrylics and
mixed media- she lives in
the West Midlands-UK.

Contact:
linktr.ee/juliaaburns_painter

ARCO STATION

The night is coming
And sky turns to blue
I can hear cicadas
And everything is you

The sense of joy
Would appear in my dreams
Everything's calm
Perfection it seems

Life seemed so open
So much we could do
So many roads to choose
Time spent together
The best of times
And everything was you

The ghosts of our past came into view
I thought they were gone
But that wasn't true
For you, for me
For you, for me

Counting time became real
The past flooded in
Fears and actions combined
And took their toll
Took their toll

The morning has come
Our dreams have moved on
Like the wind in the trees
Here and now, it's gone

Head to the freeway
Anywhere will do
I'll never go back
To that life with you

Life seemed so open
So much we could do
So many roads to choose
Times spent together
The best of times
And everything was you

The ghosts of our past came into view
I thought they were gone
But that wasn't true
For you, for me
For you, for me
Counting time became real
The past flooded in
Fear and actions combined
And took their toll
Took their toll

New Mexico landscape
And creosote views
Dusty highway
And no one in view
Drive for hours
And fuel is low
Pull off the dirt road
It's time to go
Alien rocks all around
Leave the car
I'm canyon bound
Maybe one day
I'll see you there
Too much to carry
Too much to care
And that you, were never, really there.

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Chris Moore - Keys

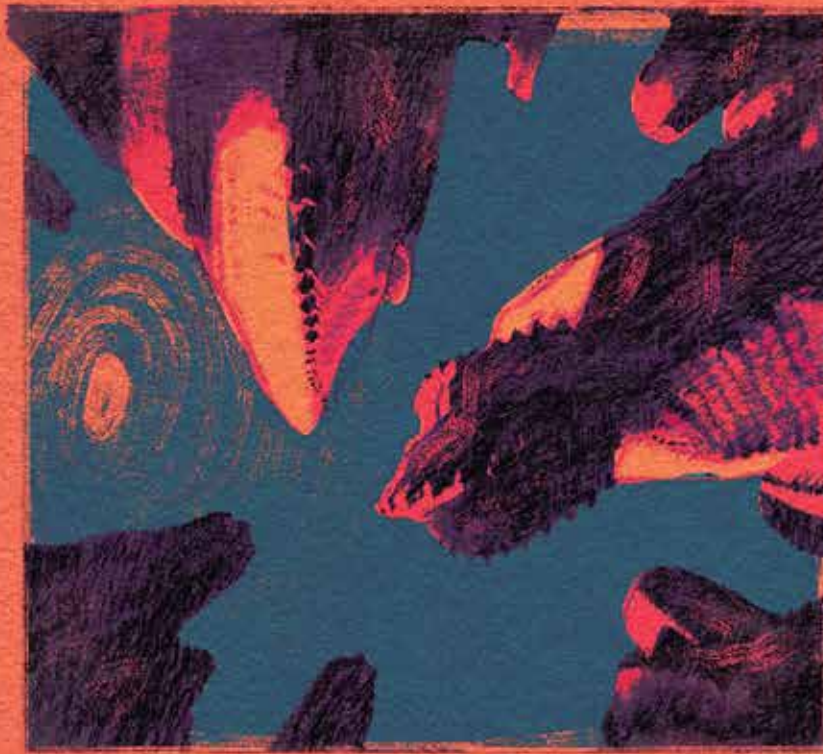
Music – Phil Taylor, Steve Lockwood,
Chris Moore, Andy Foster
Lyrics – Phil Taylor
Track Artwork – Jamie Eke

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Jamie Eke is a Brighton based
illustrator and designer, recently
graduated with a 2.1 from the
BA Graphic Design course at
the University of Brighton.
Available for commissions
and collaborations.

Contact:
Instagram.com/jamieeke
Instagram:
@ jamieeke





UNDER A PALE AND GIBBOUS MOON



Phil Taylor is an artist based in Brighton, UK, working primarily with video, photography, drawing and sound.

Website: www.studiovitrine.co.uk

Phil Taylor is the founder of Atom Grad - an ongoing recording music project based in Brighton, UK. Two albums and various singles have been published to date, encompassing a range of post-punk, melodic, and ambient genre influences, with collaborations from other musicians.

The music of Atom Grad can be found at all major music providers and streaming services, including Apple, Spotify, Amazon ... search 'Atom Grad music'.

Music: atomgrad.bandcamp.com

You spoke to me of me
Home truths and half lives
Never memories or warm ties
So hard and grey

When did this all begin?
I guess it's mission creep?
But it's so hard to tell?
Warnings while asleep

Choose your hill to die upon
Is what you say to me
The truth is so much closer now
For all the ties, I think I'm free

A sleight of hand?
Who knows, but only you?
Clear days and summer haze
The fog is burned away
I'm glad I'm feeling free
Fragile egos in the sea
The moon is up
The sky is bright
Find you way up through the light

Clear days and summer haze
The fog is burned away
Complex and feeling free
Fragile egos in the sea

And I hope it's a better day
Under a pale and gibbous moon
Not quite, but nearly there.
Under a pale and gibbous moon

Yeah I hope it's a brighter day
Under a pale and gibbous moon
Unlock the thoughts, we're nearly there.
Under a pale and gibbous moon
Under a pale and gibbous moon
Under a pale and gibbous moon
Under a pale and gibbous moon

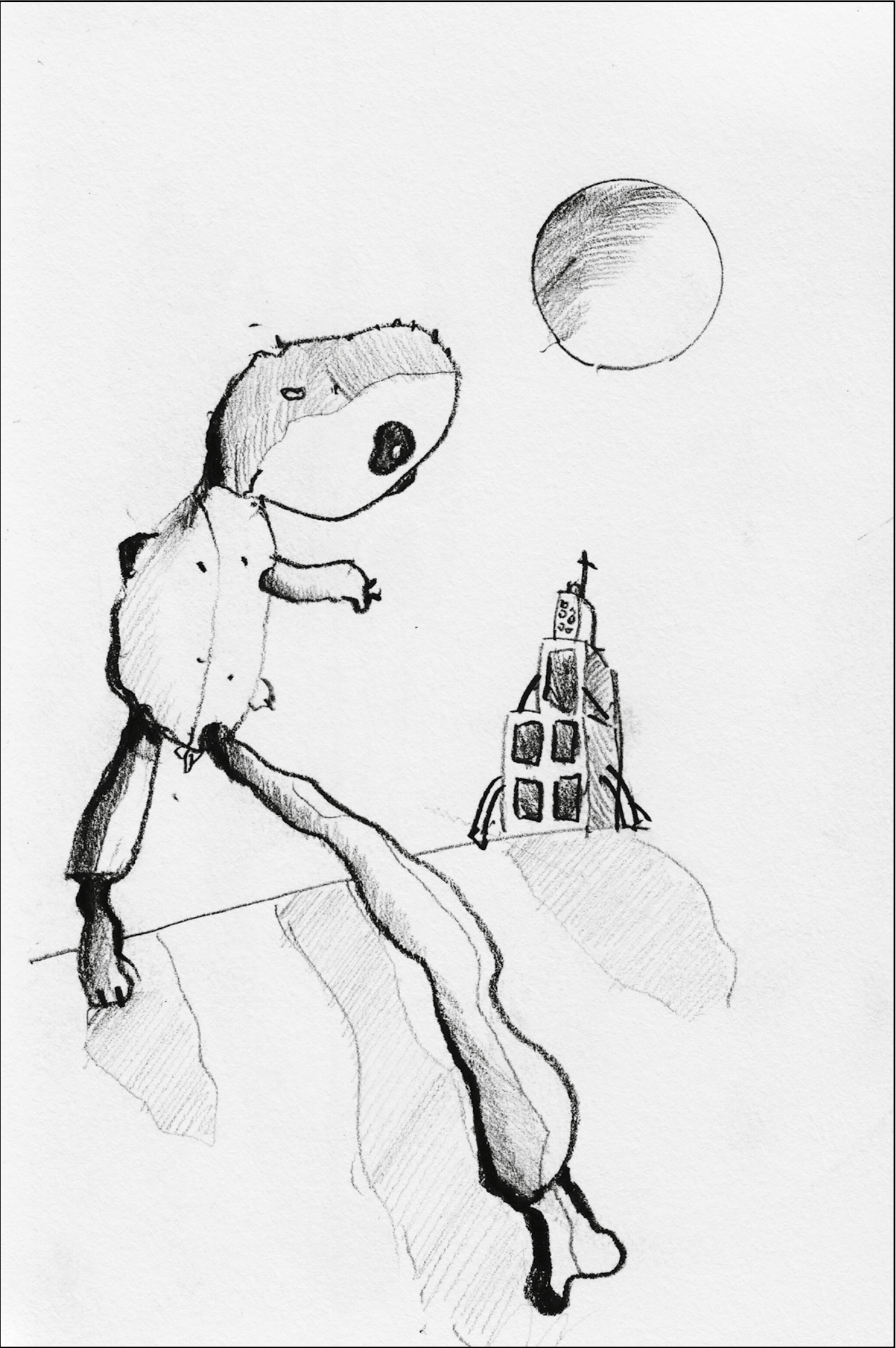
(extract from 'Blood Meridian ... Or The Evening Redness In The West' by Cormac McCarthy)

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Phil Taylor – All instruments, except:
Jon Gilhooly – Vocals

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Lyrics – Phil Taylor, Jon Gilhooly
Track Artwork – Phil Taylor

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SWEET NIGHT (REPRISE)

Recorded 2021, Sussex, UK

From the Album ‘Drift’ (2023)

Phil Taylor – All instruments, except:
Lindsey Oliver – Vocals

Music – Phil Taylor, Lindsey Oliver
Lyrics – Phil Taylor
Track Artwork – Phil Taylor

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Take me outta here
Coz I’m a dead soul walking
Waiting for the fear
Walking the back roads

Until the sun comes hard
Then I’ll hide away
Waiting for the sweet night
To come and wash the town away

The houses and the streets
Are familiar to me
As I walk up and down around
Deadbeat and feeling free

The colours of the rainbow
Are following me
I can’t see so clear
Only dust and rain

I reach the edge of town
And I turn around
Grass is wet underfoot
Needles on my skin

I see the stars above
I feel the scars within
I see light in their eyes
As they judge me and my skin

Oh Sweet Night
Come take my fear
The faces I see
Are the ones I hold so dear
(repeat)

Take me outta here
Coz I’m a dead soul walking
Waiting for the fear
Walking the back roads
Until the sun comes hard
Then I’ll hide away
Waiting for the sweet night
To come and wash the town away

Coz I’m a dead soul walking
Waiting for the fear
Walking the back roads
Until the sun comes hard
Then I’ll hide away
Waiting for the sweet night
To come and wash the town away

(“And he went to sleep”)



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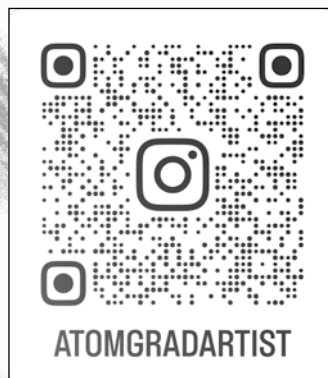
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atomgrad.bandcamp.com

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Booklet design Ella Waters/Phil Taylor
Non-artist visuals Phil Taylor/Ella Waters

To see more of Phil Taylor's visual work visit:



Ella Waters
Instagram: @ellrws
Website: <https://ellrws.cargo.site>
Location: Brighton, UK