

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

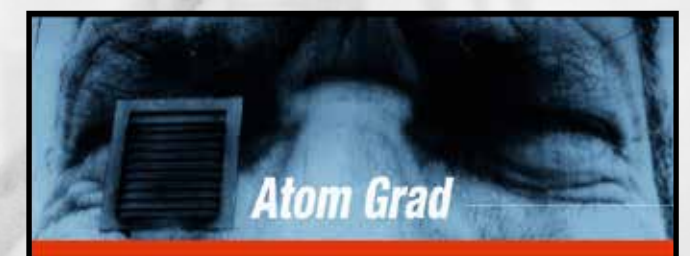


LINDSEY OLIVER - VOCALS



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

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

Website:  
[www.mrpaulburgess.com](http://www.mrpaulburgess.com)



## 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

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

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

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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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:  
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Andy Foster – Sax  
Chris Moore - Keys

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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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Chris Moore – Keys  
Andy Foster – Sax

Music – Phil Taylor, Steve Lockwood,  
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](https://www.instagram.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](https://www.instagram.com/mandyracine9584)

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

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Nelson Day - Keys

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

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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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Lindsey Oliver – Vocals  
Steve Lockwood - Backing vocals

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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 contemporary 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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Andy Foster – Sax

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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  
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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](https://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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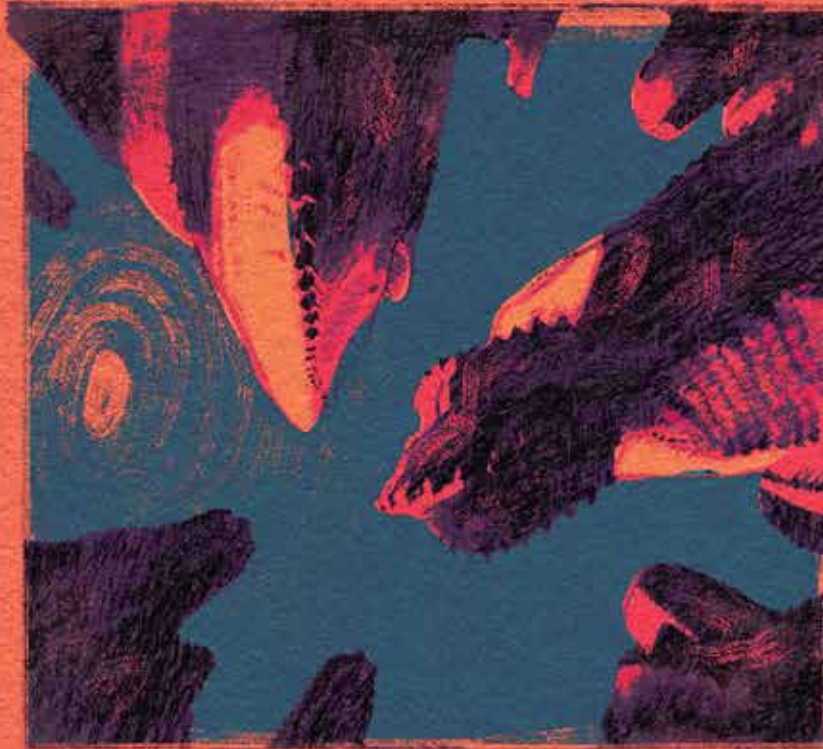
Music – Phil Taylor, Steve Lockwood,  
Chris Moore, Andy Foster  
Lyrics – Phil Taylor  
Track Artwork – Jamie Eke

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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

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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Track Artwork – Phil Taylor

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

Website: [www.studiovitrine.co.uk](http://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](http://atomgrad.bandcamp.com)

## SWEET NIGHT (REPRISE)

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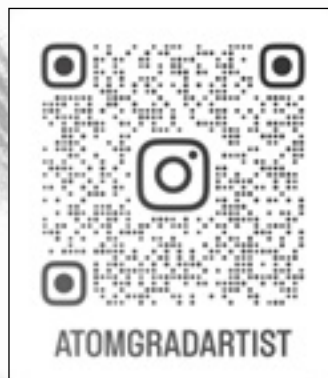
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Booklet design Ella Waters/Phil Taylor  
Non-artist visuals Phil Taylor/Ella Waters

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



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