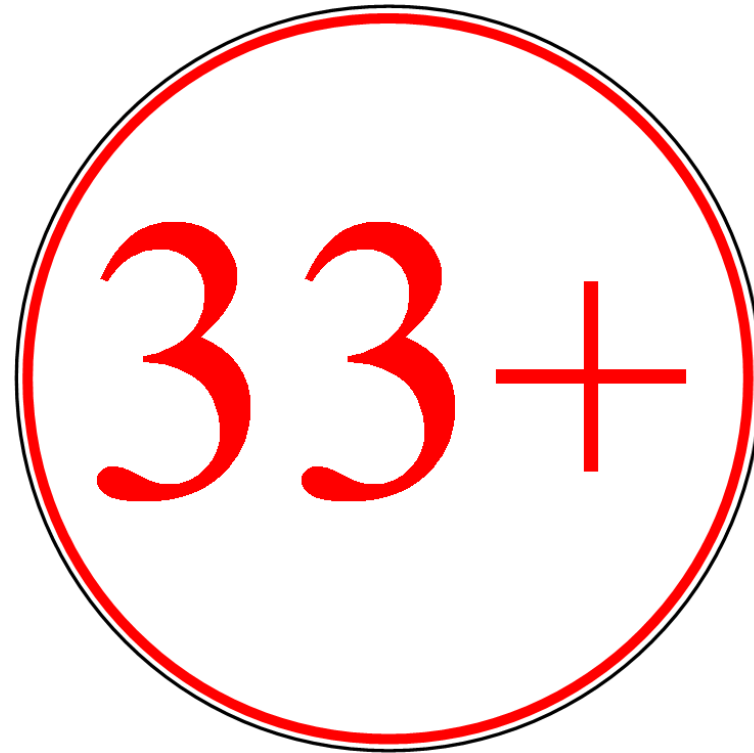


1. Dynamics of Fluids (Fluid Dynamics)
2. Time Out
3. Emergency Landing
4. NELL
5. Uncontrollable Desire
6. Infinite Highway
7. Time is Ripe
8. Rainy Ride Home
9. Epiphany



The Grantholders

*In memory of sweet Rosie –
your wide open eyes are pointing the way...*

Prolusion

So, what is it all about?

It is all about the Grantholders philosophy of life whose central concept is that of a 'grant', broadly understood as a temporal lease/privilege bestowed upon someone to be somewhere in order to do or achieve something (special).

It is also about growing up. When do you cease being a child to become an adult? Or even better, when must you stop being a child and become an adult?

In sum, it is about not getting (too) comfortable as you go through life. Part of the rest is hopefully in the songs.

Why roles and not names? It is simple. We believe individual praising is fundamentally wrong! An award given to an individual decided by other individual(s) in the long term can only create 'career guys', mostly useless childish adults, pathologically selfish (and as such, continuously frustrated) people and dangerously unconscious citizens! It is simply a killer of creativity, ingenuity and the human spirit! Praising kids for doing things right is, indeed, benign and educational, but then when do you stop being a kid?

The longer-term idea is also that these roles can potentially be filled by different individuals over generations to come (kinda trying to fool the inherent impermanence of life :-)).

And remember, life is a grant!

23+% goes to charity!

At least 23% of everything The Grantholders ever do goes to charity!

Grantholder of Confusion (GH-?),
January, MMXI.

The Grantholders

The Grantholders is the name of the band that recorded this album, (33+). The Grantholders is composed of seven roles (not names!):

- Grantholder of Victory (GH-V)
- Grantholder of Knowledge (GH-K)
- Grantholder of Hearts (GH-H)
- Grantholder of Love (GH-L)
- Grantholder of Confession (GH-C)
- Grantholder of the Good Mood (GH-M)
- Grantholder of Confusion (GH-?)

Fluid Dynamics (Dynamics of Fluids)

In present days, enlarged Europe,
a Bulgarian, an Italian and a Germanised Egyptian,
in a remote EC mensa, hungry 'bout middle-age,
begin discussing French issues in English...

Hang on, hang on, I don't follow.
In computer science I learned years ago
to get the best of both Worlds
start top-down and continue bottom-up till it swirls.

I got an A^* at Statics,
found the formulae straight and open (\vec{F})
there was not much involved,
but reach out and touch.

Then came **dynamics* (2).
The witty professor was replaced by a geek.
I never got my head round the change of state (Δ),
got stuck, I'm still stuck, at derivation (\dagger).

But I cracked at last the fluid dynamics
I was instructed by the Master.
He made the rivers flow, the mountains glow
at infinity there is no stagnation (∞)

Definitions of convolution (*):

$$(f * g)(t) = \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} f(\tau)g(t - \tau)d\tau$$

(source: Wikipedia)

“3. convolution – (the action of coiling or twisting or winding together)”

(source: WordNet)

Time Out

Woman, keep your distance!
Put me boys to bed, don't wait
I'm running low on resistance,
I've been wounded, bitten by an ape.
It ain't the first, won't be the last
I need a drink to let it pass.
I limp, but I'm still walking,
I'm bleeding, but I'll live.
"Drinking's the curse of the working class."
Oh, yeah, I'm working class alright!
"Drinking's the tax level index."
Oh, no, did ya' say sex?!
You got me wrong.... I need a drink!
I followed his trace,
right into the woods where Nature rules,
I was looking for a frank embrace,
thought we all knew the rules.
On the dense dark track, he sneaked in from my back.
I need a drink to get back on track.
Autumn's coming kinda hard, it's so dark and damp
I feel like I'm gonna drown (3).
Please don't let go off my hand
or I'll drown, down, drown

Time Out (cont...)

Time to go away
Get the pen and paper do not stay
Start walking no time to lay
People wanna hear what you've got to say.
Time out, time out, time out...

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Uncontrollable Desire

You're leaning back upon the kitchen sink
I put a hand on each side of you
My face is close to yours
I can feel your breath
and you can feel mine.
I can clearly see your eyes
and in them I see mine.
Your thirsty eyes are not at ease
no fear, no uncertainty
only a healing desire.
I slowly keep articulating words
but you can't hear!
For the first time you're not listening
For the first time you're not reading
For the first time.... you burn in fire.
No fear
water can put out the fire
No confusion
water can control the fire.
only an uncontrollable desire.
No harm
water can play with fire
No illusion
water calms the fire
only a healing desire.

I slowly keep articulating words
but you can't hear!
For the first time you're not listening
For the first time you're not reading
For the first time.... you burn in fire.
burn in fire, burn in fire, burn in fire...



The Infinite Highway

My hand's on the wheel,
my foot's on the pedal,
my core's made of steel,
my mind's on the green meadow...

"I'm walking with my son
hand in hand with her
laughing our way under the sun
drawing plans no one's to alter."

I'm on the left-hand side of my square meter
I'm not alone on this highway, can see further, beyond the glitter
most pass me by in a blink, but all they see is their gas meter.

I fill a bottle with kidney water when I mustn't stop.

My hand's my ease when I'm not too tired

I might get lucky when I've bucks to spare on exit 29, outside my cage

I can drive on night and day, all night and day

I love her smile when I bring the wage, I need his hug when I cross the doorway.

"I'm walking with my son
hand in hand with her
laughing our way under the sun
drawing plans no one's to alter."

You've only that many nights to use up, they say

A "made of steel", a "don't give up" and a road that never ends...

after exit 64 comes 65, then 66 and 67 follows

I've never known 69 after 68.

I carry tons of goods along the highway,
yet (I've seen hunger worse than death) (2),

I've met children's smiles with broken mouths, I've witnessed common rapes.

I've hauled thousands of litres on and on, I don't quench the thirst.

The Infinite Highway (cont...)

My mouth's so dry, it hurts to smile, when did my heart turn into steel?

I have a wife who's never full, a son who can't picture my face

I've felt hunger for death (2),

I've driven through so long legs full of pain and dirt.

"What's she doing tonight?

Wage time's so far-off

I know he fell asleep

with daddy on his lips."

My hand's made of steel,
my foot's on the green meadow,

my core's on the pedal,

my mind's on the wheel...



Time Is Ripe

Your time is up
and I'm not home to give you a hug,
I've been around and not,
wandering.

Your time is up
you're not home and your children grew up
you planned well, but the plan
got misplaced.

Your time is up
and she said she wouldn't wait up
yet she waited for a thousand years,
the moment's gone.

Your time is up
and you still content yourself with a trollop
you're so successful, you've managed
to gallop.

I hadn't realised my time was up, so someone else instead stood up:
"You've had your eyes closed so long, it's about time you opened them up!" (3)

Your time is up
He gave you life not to give up
but it was all borrowed
what you missed.

Yet again time is up
your strong look packed a wallop
but I truly believe
this time I'm pondering

Time Is Ripe (cont...)

Times have changed,
but you know I still care
I believe the time is ripe
to start getting things right.



Rainy Ride Home

I left the office on my bike,
on to the pouring rain I ride.
I let go off the handlebar,
and stretch my hands wide.

Suddenly I feel connected
to all that's around me,
no need to hold on tight
just ride on into the night.

Pedal, pedal, pedal...

I smell the air in the sky,
I taste the water underground,
pouring into rivers,
flowing down the mountains,
then splashing in the sea.

I hear the footsteps of a thousand rain drops
I feel a thousand tender touches on my face
and cannot help, but smile.

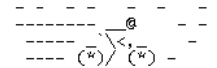
Pedal, pedal, pedal...

"Bring it on!" – I say. (2)

Can't stand the Sun today
It burns my face and dries my bones
All I need is this...
rainy ride home.

"Bring it on!" – I said. (2)

Tonight I will pedal through my sleep
Looking forward to repeat. (2)



Epiphany

Oh, lovely Muse, welcome back
come in, make yourself at home.
I'll be gentler this time.
I'll be kinder this time.

Can I interest you in a bitter baked cabbage,
or a scentless scotch?

I ain't got much, you see,
loose white shirt, shabby pants,
wildly pumping heart and I'm barefoot.
But I've got all I need. You're back.

Let this night last a thousand years, I can't sleep
Please talk with me, I can't sleep
Please be with me, I can't sleep

In a fresh sunny youth
an honest friend warned me
against wearing governments' watches,
which I confess have worn before.

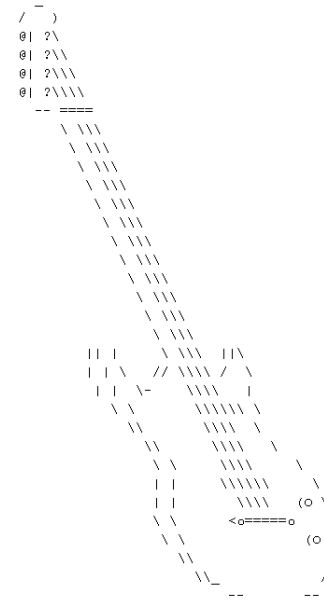
Life's a blinding bright road,
you gotta close your eyes to see.

In a warm cloudy youth
I bought a car instead of a guitar,
but I've learned my lesson now
I was getting by somehow.

Life's a stumbling dark road,
you gotta palpate to walk.

Epiphany (cont...)

Lord, Oh Lord, bleed me some more, I can't sleep
Take me to quintessence, if you please, I can't sleep
I'm undergoing an epyphany, I believe.



Credits:

Vanito Brown (production, rhythm guitar, backing vocals)

Antonio Matute (lead guitar)

Juan Jose Pestana (bass guitar)

Federico Perez Rumpler (bass guitar)

Madelin Espinosa Martinez (percussion)

Arnaldo Lescay Castellanos (drums)

Alberto Alejos Mintxo (mixing, drums)

Alejandro Fernandez Garcia (keyboards)

Justa Vega (backing vocals)

Mijail Kabadjov (rhythm guitar, lead vocals)

Additional backing vocals on Emergency Landing:

Kalina Kabadjova and Arrate Cuartango Rodriguez.

Worthful online resources:

<http://www.wikipedia.org/>
<http://wordnet.princeton.edu/>
<http://www.wordreference.com/>
<http://www.rhyme.com/>