

Episodio 1 - Agua, Vida y Muerte (Water, Life & Death)

1. La Herramientas de Rayanya

Written & Performed by Tom Moose

Tom Moose: Organ, Electronics

2. Lluvia

Lyrics by Julio Montero, Music by Cuñao

Severin Behnen: Backing Vocals, Accordion

Josel Cruz: Backing Vocals, Bass

Julio Montero: Lead Vocals, Guitar

Tom Moose: Mandolin

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Lead Vocal harmonies, Violin, Shaker

Isaac "El Rabioso" Rodríguez: Djembe, Conga, Güira and additional Percussions on Cumbia

Craig Shields: Backing Vocals, Cajón, Bells

Dile que lo quiero, Dile que lo adoro
Y que lo voy a extrañar
Dile que es muy corto, La espero del otro
Si hay vida en el más allá

Donde todos llegan, del lugar que vienen
Todos al mismo lugar
En un rinconcito, del patio chiquito
Donde yo te vi jugar

Son las memorias que quieren ser momentos
Y La lluvia cósmica nos trae el silencio eterno

Con una mirada, con una sonrisa
Con lo que se queda atrás
En todo momento, con los pensamientos
Con lo que no vivirás

Con naturaleza, contra la pobreza
Con lo que se quita y da
Y entre las promesas, llenas de riqueza
Y falta de felicidad

Son las memorias que quieren ser momentos
Y La lluvia cósmica nos trae el silencio eterno

Tell him that I love him, tell him I adore him
And that I will miss him
Tell him that it is short, the wait
If there is life beyond

Where everyone arrives, where they're from
everyone to the same place
In a little corner, of the tiny yard
Where I once saw you play

They are memories that want to be moments
And the cosmic rain brings its eternal silence

With a single stare, with a single smile
With everything that's left behind
At every moment, with every thought
With what you won't get to live

With nature, against poverty
With the give and take
In between promises, full of riches
And a lack of happiness

They are memories that want to be moments
And the cosmic rain brings its eternal silence

3. Atlantis

Lyrics by: Julio Montero, Music by: Cuñao

Severin Behnen: Accordion

Josel Cruz: Bass

Julio Montero: Lead Vocals, Guitar

Tom Moose: Violín

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Vocal harmonies, Vihuela

Isaac "El Rabioso" Rodríguez: Bombo Legüero, Minor Percussion, Hand Claps

Craig Shields: CajónTab

<p>Con la luz de un muelle, y el caparazón de un caracol, Hacen que la noche no se estrelle, Al tener en mano el corazón</p> <p>Cantan a deleite y bailan al compás de un gran tambor Roban risas que les abastece, Al tener en mano el corazón</p> <p>Carcajear para no llorar El nivel del agua crece y crece Las angustias nadan con los peces Al tener en mano el corazón</p> <p>Al final la vida se nos va, Al igual todo dejan de bailar Al final el tiempo se agota, Qué más cae, disfrutemos lo que hay</p> <p>Flotan como reyes, ofrendas que recalcan esplendor Al reino de los que ya no florecen La esperanza que nunca llegó, nunca llegó</p> <p>Calcifican sueños, que en su tiempo todo conquisto Noche a noche roban a sus dueños La esperanza que nunca llegó</p> <p>Aprietan para no soltar El océano abierto cede y cede La certeza casi retrocede La esperanza que nunca llegó, nunca llegó</p>	<p>By the light of a dock And the shell of a snail It prevents the night from crashing When the heart is worn on the sleeves</p> <p>They sing in delight And dance to the beat of a great drum They steal laughs that are supplied When the heart is worn on the sleeves</p> <p>They roar laughing so as not to cry The water level grows and grows The anguish swims with the fish When the heart is worn on the sleeves</p> <p>In the end, life leaves us All the same, everyone stops dancing In the end, time is up What else can we do? Let's enjoy what we have</p> <p>They float like kings, offerings that emphasize the splendor To the kingdom that no longer sprouts The hope that never arrived</p> <p>Calcified dreams, that in their time conquered everything Night after night, they stole from their masters The hope that never arrived</p> <p>They squeeze, so as not to let go The open ocean gives and gives The certainty starts to back down The hope that never arrived</p>
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4. No Me Alcanza

Lyrics by Julio Montero, Music by: Cuñao

Severin Behnen: Backing Vocals, Accordion

Josel Cruz: Backing vocals, Bass

Julio Montero: Backing Vocals, Guitar

Tom Moose: Mandolin

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Lead Vocals, Violin

Isaac "El Rabioso" Rodríguez: Castanets, Percussion Effects

Craig Shields: Backing Vocals, Cajón

<p>Antes de que nuevo salga el sol Duerme con angustia en un rincón Huele a vino agrio y tabaco Y al abrir sus ojos reclamo:</p> <p>NO ME ALCANZA!</p> <p>Colecciona latas de color Las que flotan por el malecón Con maravilloso carretón Transeúnte alma que grito:</p> <p>NO ME ALCANZA!</p> <p>Cuenta como el frío lo tumbó Cuenta como el trago lo hundió Y declaro:</p> <p>No me sirven manos de un reloj Queda solo un poquito de ron Con mil vicios soy un malhechor Un poquito es poco pero no,</p> <p>NO ME ALCANZA!</p>	<p>Before the next sunrise He sleeps anxiously in a corner Smells like sour wine and tobacco When he opened his eyes, he complained:</p> <p>CAN'T AFFORD IT!</p> <p>He collects colored cans Those that float by the esplanade With a marvelous cart The transient soul screamed:</p> <p>CAN'T AFFORD IT!</p> <p>He tells how the cold knocked him down He tells how the drink sunk him deeper And he declared:</p> <p>The hands of a clock are useless to me There's only a bit of rum left With a thousand vices, I am a criminal A little is a little but no,</p> <p>CAN'T AFFORD IT!</p>
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Episodio 2 - COSAS DEL CORAZÓN (THINGS OF THE HEART)

5. La Luna Y La Ballena

Written and Performed by: Julio Montero

Julio Montero: Classical Guitar

6. El Compás Ft. Alih Jey

Lyrics by Julio Montero, Music by: Cuñao

Alih Jey: Lead Vocals

Severin Behnen: Backing Vocals, Accordion

Josel Cruz: Backing vocals, Bass

Julio Montero: Lead Vocals, Guitar

Tom Moose: Backing Vocals, Violin

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Backing Vocals, Violin

Isaac "El Rabioso" Rodríguez: Djembes

Craig Shields: Backing Vocals, Cajón

<p>Santa piel que lo perdonó Leche y miel que le ofreció Es otro día igual que ayer, pero hoy me voy</p> <p>En tu corazón, ya no existe amor En mi alma no, ya no hay rencor</p> <p>Fácil es cuando el fuego se apagó El café enfría dulce en su tazón Vuelve! inocencia que el hilo es corto, y se rompió</p> <p>Este trabazón, hoy desalojo Y un compás quedó, en busca del calor</p> <p>Sin afinación, con un rasguño Todo lo vivió, todo lo sintió</p>	<p>Holy skin that it forgave Milk and honey that it offered It's another day just like yesterday, but today I depart</p> <p>In your heart, there is no longer love In my soul no, there is no more resentment</p> <p>It is easier when the fire goes out The sweet coffee grows cold in its mug Innocence return, the thread is short and torn</p> <p>This connection, was dislodged today A compass left behind, looking for warmth</p> <p>Out of tune, and with scratches It lived everything, it felt everything</p>
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7. Amada Amiga

Written by: Julio Montero, Music by: Cuñao

Severin Behnen: Accordion

Josel Cruz: Bass

Julio Montero: Lead Vocals, E. Guitar

Tom Moose: Violín

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Backing Vocals, Violin

Isaac "El Rabioso" Rodríguez: Tan Tan, Percussion Effects

Craig Shields: Cajón, Drums

Hoy comí de tu luz Hoy bebí de tu manantial Y trate de apreciar Tu encanto y luminosidad Quiero brillar como tu, para inspirar Hoy sacie de tu amistad Y confie en tu lealtad Y cambie por un amar El estro incondicional Quiero brillar como tu, para inspirar Quiero sentir como tu, para llorar Por que soy de ti	Today, I ate from your light Today, I drank from your spring And tried to appreciate Your charm and brightness I want to shine like you, and inspire Today, I quenched from your friendship And trusted in your loyalty And for my love I traded An unconditional lust I want to shine like you, and inspire I want to emote like you, and cry Because I belong to you
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8. Fortunato

Lyrics by: Julio Montero, Music by: Cuñao, Vocal Arrangement by: Severin Behnen

Kristen Meyer: Alto, Soprano & Tenor Vocals

Severin Behnen: Accordion, Piano

Josel Cruz: Bass

Julio Montero: Lead Vocals, Guitar

Tom Moose: Violín

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Violín

Craig Shields: Cajon, Percussion

<p>Son ya más de 10 años Desde la última noche en que les dije adiós Miles de ciegas palabras que viajan por medio del aire, de un ordenador</p> <p>Cada suspiro que pasa Es una lista de eventos en donde no estoy Pero, Igual me dan gracias Por ser el gigante fantasma único proveedor</p> <p>Y díles, díles, díles quién soy yo Cuéntales la historia de los dos Y muestrales las fotos que dejé - Allí</p> <p>Años de cuentas bancarias Guardo el recibo marcando un futuro mejor Debo, igual yo les mando Hasta el grandioso retorno que se imaginó</p> <p>Y díles, díles, díles quién soy yo Cuéntales la historia de los dos Y muestrales las fotos que dejé - Allí</p> <p>Y díles, díles, díles quién soy yo recuérdales bonitos momentos no dejes que mi cara sea olvidada - Aquí</p>	<p>It's been longer than 10 years now Since the last night when I said goodbye Thousands of blind words that travel through the air, through a computer</p> <p>Every sigh that goes by Is a list of events where I am not present And still, they give me thanks For being the giant ghost and sole provider</p> <p>And tell them, tell them who I am Recount the story of the two of us Show them the pictures that I left - There</p> <p>Years of bank accounts I keep the receipts marking a better future Debts, and still I send them more until that radiant return that we've all imagined</p> <p>And tell them, tell them who I am Recount the story of the two of us Show them the pictures that I left - There</p> <p>And tell them, tell them who I am Remind them of the beautiful moments Don't let my face be forgotten - Here</p>
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Episodio 3 - QUI? (WHEN?)

9. ¿Que Qué?

Written and performed by Josel Cruz

Josel Cruz: Bass, Drum programming, Lead Guitar, Organ

10. ¿Quién Sabe Cuando?

Lyrics by: Josel Cruz, Music by: Cuñao

Severin Behnen: Accordion, Backing Vocals

Josel Cruz: Lead Vocals, Bass

Julio Montero: Backing Vocals

Tom Moose: Guitar, Backing Vocals

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Violin, Backing Vocals

Isaac "El Rabioso" Rodríguez: Congas, Tan Tan, Güira, Minor Percussion

Craig Shields: Cajón, Hi-Hat, Agogo, Backing Vocals

Cuándo veo los colores que me pintas con tu voz
Sonríe un acertijo en mi memoria
Porque tus palabras ponen a mi mente a volar
Volar, volar lejos de aquí

Cuéntame que opinas cuenta qué te gusta odiar
Qué es lo que hay absurdo en tu vida
Porque cuando encontramos que el dolor nos sabe
igual
Igual, es más dulce el sufrir

Espero poder verte de nuevo
Quién sabe cuándo, ¿Quién sabe nunca?
Mientras tanto llevaré conmigo
Tu retrato tu sonrisa tu memoria

Abriste mis pupilas y gritaste con silencio
No me canso de tu universo
Porque en este mundo que no existe lo real
Real existes frente a mí

Podría conversar contigo hasta el fin del mundo
El tiempo se dilata al infinito
Por eso parece mentira que se tenga que acabar
Se va tu tiempo junto a mi

Y cuándo te veré de nuevo
Quién sabe cuándo, ¿Quién sabe nunca?
Quiero que vuelvas a ser el sol
Aunque sea una vez más
Y si tenemos otro encuentro
Que sea bonito, que sea perfecto
Mientras tanto que la suerte te acompañe
Y que te vaya bien

When I see the colors you paint me with your voice
A riddle smiles in my memory
'cause your way with words always send my mind out
to fly
To fly, fly far away from here

Tell me your opinion tell me what you like to hate
What is the absurdity in your life
'cause when we realize the pain for both of us tastes
just the same
The same, it makes suffering so sweet

I hope I will see you again
Who knows whenever, who knows if ever?
Meanwhile, I will carry with me
Your portrait, your smile, your memory

You opened up my iris and you loudly screamed with
silence
Of your universe I cannot ever tire
'cause in this world where nothing ever seems to be
so real
So real, you're standing next to me

I could strike a conversation with you 'till the end of the
world
While time slowly expands into infinity
That's why it's a crying shame that there has to be an
end
Our time, is fading away
And when, will I see you again
Who knows whenever, who knows if ever?
I want you to be the sun again
Even if it's one more time
And if we, ever again get together

que te vaya bien

May it be pretty, may it be perfect
In the meantime, may luck be with you
And hope you fare well

hope you fare well

11. ¿Quién Será Gnosienne?

Lyrics by: Cuñao, Music by: Erik Satie & Cuñao

Severin Behnen: Backing Vocals, Accordion

Josel Cruz: Backing vocals, Bass

Julio Montero: Backing Vocals, Guitar

Tom Moose: Backing Vocals, Mandolin

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Backing Vocals, Violin, Jarana

Isaac "El Rabioso" Rodríguez: Minor Percussion and Effects, Djembe

Craig Shields: Backing Vocals, Cajón, Bells

¿Quién Será Gnosienne?	Who is Gnosienne?
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12. Quita La Mano

Lyrics by: Julio Montero, Music by: Cuñao

Severin Behnen: Backing Vocals, Accordion

Josel Cruz: Lead vocals, Bass

Julio Montero: Lead Vocals, Guitar

Tom Moose: Backing Vocals, Mandolin

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Backing Vocals, Violin

Isaac "El Rabioso" Rodríguez: Castanets, Percussion Effects

Craig Shields: Backing Vocals, Cajón, Treshchotka

En una noche escalofriante aterradora
Viajan dos pibes en neblina forestal
Van casi a ciegas por la ruta de la sombras
Y en el silencio gimotean indignidad

Luna creciente que los guía a un campamento
Y la fogata que despierta al paladar
Con sed de muertos que ya casi los consume
Inebriados, a la hoguera tropezan
Y uno gritó:

Quita la mano del fuego, quita la mano
Y no quemaras

A medianoche continuaban el deslumbre
Y las ampollas empezaron a brotar
Es el dolor que cobra el vicio y la costumbre
por no querer el enfrentar la oscuridad

Y de repente se escucharon lindas voces
Que los llamaban con gran tierna calidad
"No tengan miedo, no se espanten como buenos,
Solo tenemos unas cosas que aclarar"
Y uno gritó:

Quita la mano del fuego, quita la mano
Que no soñas

Amanecer en su morado atrevimiento
Marcaba el fin de una aventura espiritual
Solo restaban los dos pibes y una carpa
Y la sensación de que ya todo iba a cambiar

Y con el paso de los años fue durmiendo
La urgencia joven que a sus pasos afligió
"Fue solo un sueño" hoy en día ellos remarcan
De aquel incendio que una noche los quemó
Y uno gritó:

Quita la mano del fuego, quita la mano
Y No recordas

It was a chilly frightening night
2 kids traveled through a forestal fog
They traversed blindly through the route of shadows
And in silence they indignantly whimpered

A rising moon that guided them to a campsite
And the bonfire awoke their palate
A deadly thirst almost consumed them,
And drunk into the fire they fell
And one of them screamed:

Take your hand out of the fire,
Take your hand out, And you won't get burned

At midnight the visions continued
And blisters started to sprout
Pain is the cost of vices and bad habits
For not wanting to face the darkness

And suddenly they heard beautiful voices
That called them with a tender quality
"Don't be afraid, don't be scared, we are good,
We only have a few things to clarify."
And one of them screamed:

Take your hand out of the fire,
Take your hand out, And you won't dream

Dawn with its purplish insolence
Marked the end of a spiritual adventure
All that was left were 2 travelers, a tent
And the sensation that things had changed from here
on

And with the passing of the years, it grew dormant
that youthful urgency which upset their paths
"It was just a dream," today they remark
Of the great fire that one night burned them up
And one of the screamed:

Take your hand out of the fire,
Take your hand out, And you won't remember

Episodio 4 - EN ROUTE

13. Daselo Al Mar

Written and performed by Craig Shields

Craig Shields: Piano, Djembe

With Josel Cruz: Bass

14. El Camión

Lyrics by: Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz, Music by: Cuñao

Severin Behnen: Accordion

Josel Cruz: Bass

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Violín

Craig Shields: Cajon, Percussion

Yo voy en camino
En este camión a mi destino.

Tierras inolvidables
Y desconocidas voy pasando.

Señor conductor paramos un momento
Para respirar el aire fresco.
Te toca descansar por un ratito.

Oye compañero siéntate conmigo
Y cuéntame un poquito de tu historia.

En el camión conoces mucha gente.
Unos llenos de tristeza y otros muy alegres.

Oye amigo levántate, despierta
Porque ya se acerca mi parada.
Si pasas por aqui tienes tu casa.

En el camión todos somos pasajeros
Y la amistad es esencial

I am on my way
On this bus to my destiny

Unforgettable and unknown lands
I pass by

Driver, let's stop for a moment
To breathe in some fresh air.
It's your turn to rest for a little while.

Hey friend, sit next to me
And tell me a little of your story.

On the bus you meet lots of people.
Some full of sadness and others full of joy.

Hey friend, wake up, get up
Because my stop is coming up.
If you pass through here, you have a place to stay.

On the bus we are all passengers
And friendship is essential

15. Salvador

Lyrics by: Julio Montero, Music by: Cuñao

Severin Behnen: Accordion

Josel Cruz: Bass

Julio Montero: Lead Vocals, Guitar

Tom Moose: Mandolin

Gabriel Ramirez-Ortiz: Backing Vocals, Violin

Isaac "El Rabioso" Rodríguez: Tan Tan, Triangle, Tamborim, Doumbek

Craig Shields: Cajón, Hi-Hat, Shakers

Si es verdad, que en la cima del cielo hay
Un cuento que nunca puede acabar,
Si es verdad que costumbres muy fuertes son
Más de lo que el amor puede brindar

Si es verdad, con un lápiz en mano voy
A cambiar este mundo frágil
Si es verdad, con tus versos idílicos
A soñar con un mundo ágil

No será? Otra vez con la obscenidad
Son las palabras simples que duelen más
No será? Busca en fama y de lujos voy
Al ser profeta sabio de bienestar

Si es verdad, con un lápiz en mano voy
A cambiar este mundo frágil
Si es verdad, con tus versos idílicos
A soñar con un mundo ágil

Si el amor es grande porque no puede ganar
Si el amor es grande porque no puede triunfar

If it's true, that on top of the heavens there is
A tale that can never end
If it's true that habits are very strong
More than what love could offer

If it's true, with pencil in hand I go
To change this fragile world
If it's true, with your idyllic verses
To dream of a healthy world

Could it not? Again with obscenities
It's the simple words that often hurt the most
Could it not? In search of fame and luxuries I go
To be a well-off prophet

If it's true, with pencil in hand I go
To change this fragile world
If it's true, with your idyllic verses
To dream of a healthy world

If the love is big enough, why can it always win?
If the love is big enough, why can't it always triumph?

16. A Media Tarde

Written and performed by: Severin Behnen

Severin Behnen: Piano