

Mp3 Humble Grumble - Dreamwavepatterns



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Most people refer to Frank Zappa when they hear their music, but this group is a true nuance in the Belgian music scene. 6 MP3 Songs JAZZ: Latin Jazz, ROCK: Progressive Rock Details: Humble Gabor: guitar/vocals After wandering the complete European continent, Humble Gabor settled in Gent in 1993, and tried to make a living with his wayward busking style. Barely a year later, he found himself involved in loads of projects. "Dearest Companion" (the precursor of the successful group Ambroziijn), The popular, "Think of One Juggernaut project", and occasional cooperation with musicians from "Flowers for Breakfast", "Moondog jr", and ... "Die Anarchistische Abendunterhaltung". In 1998, he became a member of the striking "Excelsior fanfare", and he founded the bOOmfanfare in 2001. Musical millipede Gabor can not be pinned down to one genre and with Humble Grumble, a madcap theatrical music collective, he wants to demolish the musical boundaries further and stir the podia of many clubs. The CD "Dreamwavepatterns" was recorded during a ripe period loaded with vision and it was a truly new experience for the musicians who joined Humble Grumble in the year 2000. As vision belongs to the music, only this following little Humble CV can explain the sphere this recording creates; A HUMBLE CV So the story begins with an idea that floats in a timeless void in space desperately searching for the right host so that it can manifest itself into the material, after having waited from the beginning of time it grows impatient until finally on August 26th 1998 at 14 .23 precisely on the river Tisza in Hungary it had finally found its home or should I say homes. It suddenly realized that it had to split itself up into two different parts. 1st part being Sound the second being Vision and there they were the perfect hosts ripe and ready to be plucked for the materialization into a living form .The first host being Humble Gabor "Sound", the second being Humble Gawayne "Vision" The idea was so happy to have at last found it's home, it was swelling and coloring itself with glee, over flooded secret mountain caves, made enchanted lovebirds

begin to tap-dance with desire and most of all, it created the swing to rock the world into the 21st century !
!! So the next part after having conceived itself into the minds of Gabor and Gawayne it had to develop
itself for it to a state of readiness for its birth, in the head of Gabor it did not stop playing it's incessant
tunes, 'till the point this poor Hungarian hit the final border of his happiness, blew right over it to a higher
sphere and got for ever and ever overjoyed. Gawayne was throwing colored paint in front of his
frenchlikebritish, uncertainbutworthabucket face all day and all night until he just had to pick up that paint
brush and start spreading the colors of a decent rainbow into an indecent expression of imagination.
Despite these two Humble figures althrough their history on earth neglected to develop any sense of
reality defined by the inhabitance of their planet, still able to feed every good heart with bioelectric
laughing shockwaves, by which this planet keeps on turning in the correct direction. And there it was, a
complete creation, the little tykes grinning as if those billions of years we wasted on evolution were
coming back to happen three times a day, so that we all laugh at ourselves while keep falling off the tree
back into the sea, swim out, climb back up and try to get the dry land on the other side singing "hope".
Red Tyke fast witty Yellow Tyke Greedy Green Tyke sloooowwww and easy ohhhhhhh Big Croc Manic
mite watch out they bite Humble starfucker Too horny to be an astronaut Old Bill on his best trip yet Oh
would u look at that! !! Pukeman Everything he likes he eats it five times So there are the fist creations of
the "Humble family" And a fine bunch of dweebs I must say or play But the idea still wanted more, never
contented fully with itself and them always searching for missing links into the captured rapture world that
is needed for the very sanity of human life, if such thing exists as nobody has seen it yet. And then
"Spermy" spilled out of a giant cock and was also looking for a place called home, somewhere nice and
warm preferably at 39c and most possibly it will fertilize every joyful soul into the humble spirit. Spermy
likes rhythm banging its head into the bass drum every now and then to make sure the power takes
longer than an hour, a little sweet and sower rockin' woo it in ya Womb! So there again the Humble family
was getting bigger and bigger, grumbling of love burps, smelling like burnt tires, but still the idea was not
contented and he knew that There were still certain entities missing and started rummerging in the head
again to search for solutions. Scratch, Scratch, rumble rumble, ping ping and what else should be willing
to appear but a submarine rising above from bellow the rending podium of the ego-tripping Humble
Grumble musicians soon enough as the atmosphere turns rather watery, deep as a hallucination about
the monster of Lochness which sings Russian communistic marchingsongs translated into Irish, (We

respect good traditions), and who should be in this massive sea craft? "Dicky Albert!" The Grumpy Old Fart from up North, who's looking for his wife and we must admit, she's still swimming around horny in that lake not that far from Heaven, and despite Dicky never gives in to the realization of how close he is to a Total enlightenment on his journey, the band keeps on swinging ignoring the lost submarine. Yes, Dicky Albert, the miserable old sod ever complaining what is around him at the time, who needs a high pressure airbrush to blow the dry grapes out of his rectum once a year, is still a true hearted fellow and should be told that the certain lake he's looking for is in the opposite direction. The Gang was complete and we stayed roaming fantasies with a wineless mind of the Hairy Fairies, Gooks, Tykes, Dweebs and Sinners and all that is needed for a Humble jazzy, rocky, funky Band to sparkle the spirits precisely at the time our Humble little tale is being told to magnify and behold the family of a non-religious rebirth commandos crashing recklessly into the explosive butthole of the 21st Century's audience.

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