



R E A L I Z E

C A R L O S

G A Y T O T O

B E V T I S E



From upon the mountains  
Right from the main fountains  
Descends pure sacred hard water  
To bathe the profanes  
And wash out the shame  
Of people self called the most foughter

Alike plato's cave  
Some birds miss their cage  
For pain is their comfort zone  
Deep love one must learn  
So fear won't become  
A way of life on its own

Put intention  
Search for the light and get it done  
Put intention  
Search for the right and reach the light

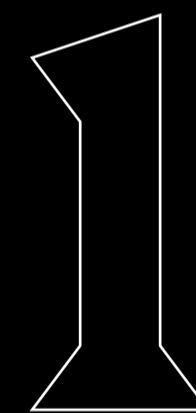
They say the spirit  
Lives in the body  
But it's the soul  
Making skulls go down the road

Through broken glass windows  
In the valley of widdows  
I saw a woman attending her daughter  
Saying, there are good men  
But they're one out of ten  
It's always been hard to be a mother

That kid had no choice  
Just her inner voice  
To grow the love for her body  
Detach from the past  
So pain must not last  
Remember to never feel sorry

Put intention  
Search for the light and get it done  
Put intention  
Search for the right and reach the light

They say the spirit  
Lives in the body  
But it's the soul  
Making skulls go down the road



## Unlike Plato's Cave

[kk - BRYCG100001]



## Turn The Tide

# 2

[kk - BRYCG100002]

As the ship rides the horizon  
And the sun starts to sink  
The waters know that's for a reason  
And decide not to think  
The waves are tied up in knots  
They mind it just as before  
The tides drown in thought  
And still wonder some more

If I'm out of red  
In early May  
I'll paint in blue  
As the master used to say

As you listen to the thunder  
And the saints roll their eyes  
You keep working on the plunder  
Or either raise hands to the sky  
You are left on the crossroads  
And miles away from home  
Pathways unfold  
And you're sure your time has come

If I'm out of red  
In early May  
I'll paint in blue  
As the master used to say

I turn the tide  
Now you are mine  
Until the day I die  
Feeling love to you  
Is like loving myself too

3

# Todo Sonho Feito

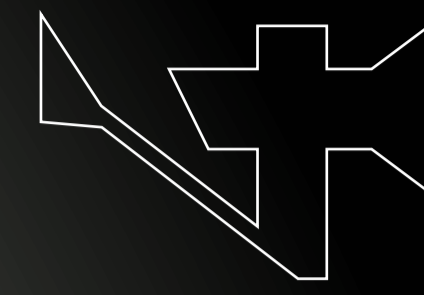
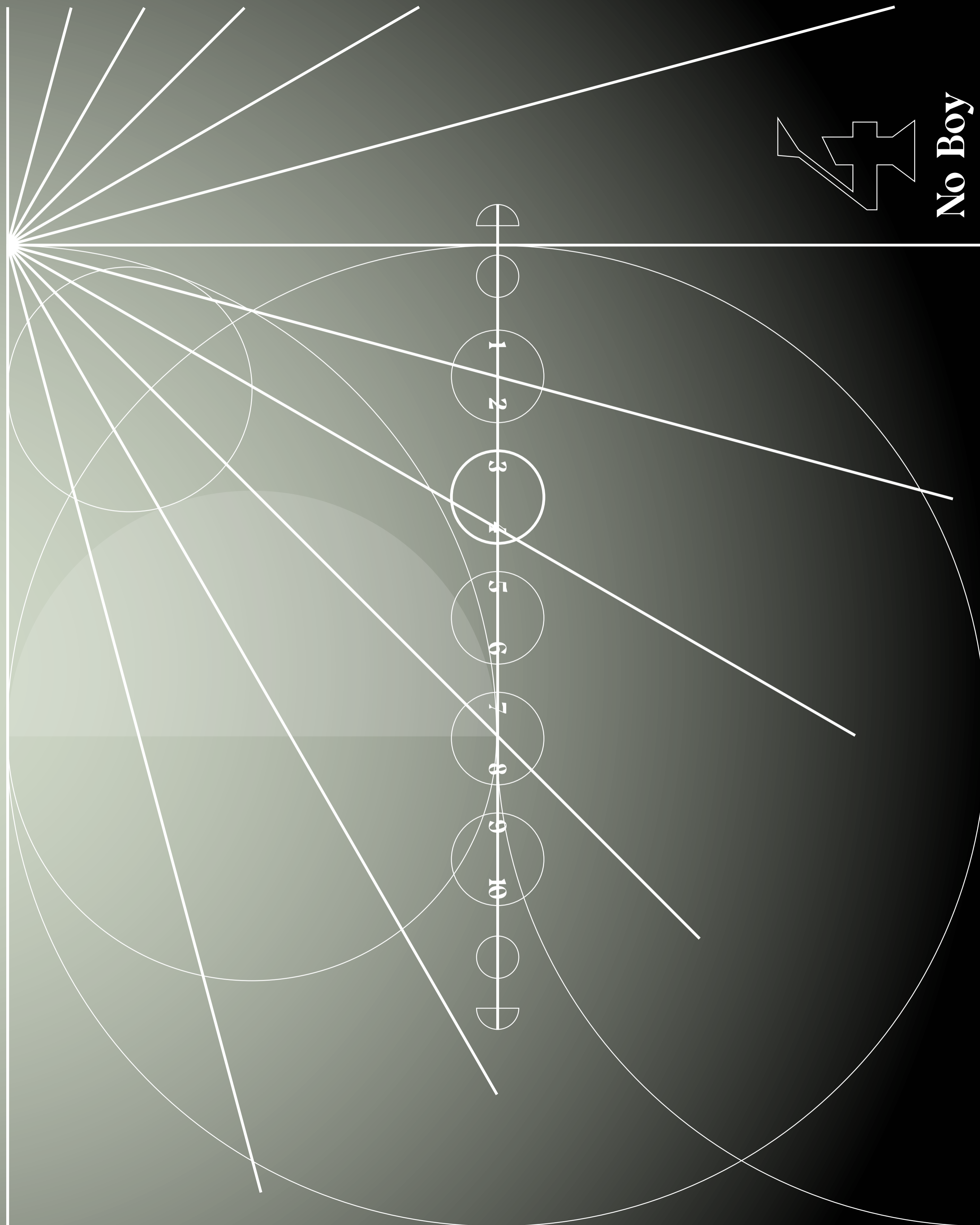
[Kk - BRYCG100003]

Do lençol rasgado,  
Agarrado à madrugada,  
Fito o portão farpado  
Que intentou tê-la prendada  
E enquanto o peito meu  
Pede que a dor se cale  
Eis que amanheceu  
Entre os montes do meu vale

De cruzar a nado  
Cada rio que tem em cada  
Margem um outro lado  
Onde há nós, ó minha amada  
Tem-me no seu leito eu  
E n'aqui bem mais que em bali  
Já que Deus alvoreceu  
Entre os montes do meu vale

De dedilhar o fado  
Perdeu o calo da enxada  
O anjo, o piá mimado  
O amor de toda fada  
O homem que Deus creu  
Para conceber os males  
Eis que entardeceu  
Entre os montes do meu vale

Do alto do condado  
Olho o céu e vejo nada  
Ou sou eu que sou o gado  
Ou sou eu que sou manada  
Silêncio vindo seu  
Esperando que Deus fale  
Eis que anoiteceu  
Entre os montes do meu vale



No Boy

[Kk - BRYCG100004]

Once upon a time  
There was a boy  
Who loved to satisfy  
And feel the joy  
He'd bring home every night  
As if there was a home  
As if there was a night  
And no boy

Once upon a time  
There was a man  
Who loved to crucify  
Every boy  
He'd sense that he could fight  
As if there was a time  
As if he would ignite  
Some boy

Once upon a time  
There was a land  
That loved to glorify  
Any coin  
In exchange for light  
As if there was a coin  
As if they wouldn't mind  
No boy

Are you delivering  
An excellent and satisfying  
Experience  
A ludic and exciting  
Amusement  
With all those rating stars  
So they'll come back again  
With no churn

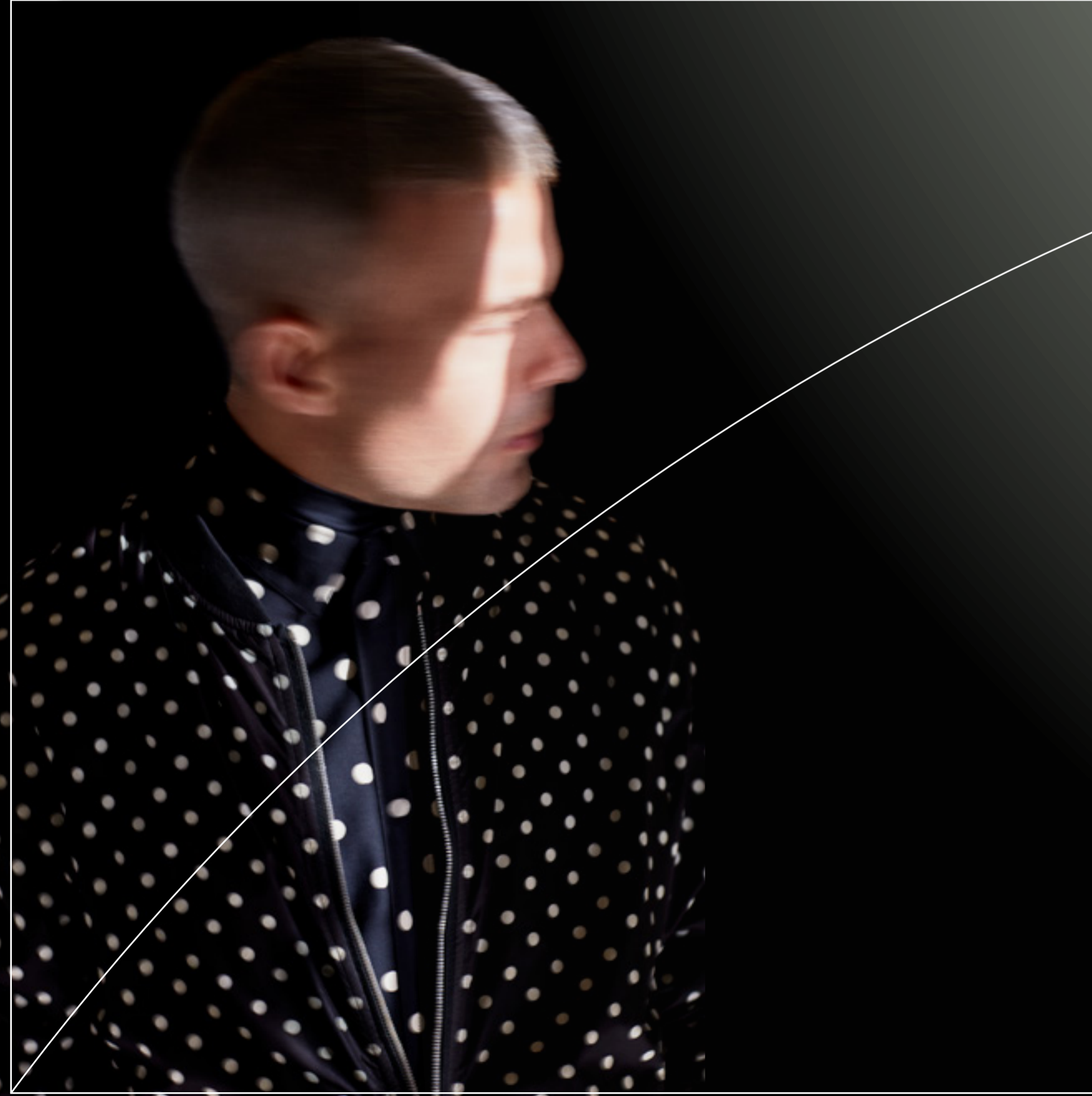
On the streaming Era don't only create  
You must make them feel like pushing play again  
You may also want to tell them just what to like

Once upon a time  
There was  
No boy

# 51

## Senhor do Tempo

[Kk - BRYCG100005]



# 62

## Wine into Water

[Kk - BRYCG100006]

I was given the friendship of loneliness  
But loneliness couldn't bear to hear me confess  
That I deserted love for a life of mess  
She's been leaving me on and over countlessly

Happiness' face changes from time to time  
But what has time to do with this condition of mine  
Among the things that last I wished a smile  
I'm a fool who can't see what doesn't shine

Unconditional love is found on an open fist  
Pure love happens only when winds a-swift  
Gods are atoms of clouds and mist  
There's no I, you or me, only God exists

I met a perfect man who couldn't see his ego  
His vanity was a lost safe inside his greed  
As if his soul was a wallet and greed was legal  
As if being perfect was some kind of grit

If you were told you cannot compose a song  
That is when you should prove them all wrong  
What is a song for a soul where music lives on  
Just go in there resonate their moan

Unconditional love is found on an open fist  
Pure love happens only when winds a-swift  
Gods are atoms of clouds and mist  
There's no I, you or me, only God exists

They screamed that I could not live out a poem  
And indeed there's nothing out of my forehead to  
show em'  
I understood it twenty years from then  
For there was no sea when I saw the ocean

I pity mortality like a skydiver deals with fear  
Try to kill the water with fire it becomes steam  
Kill it with cold and you'll see what I mean  
As dead carbon men make the water clean

Unconditional love is found on an open fist  
Pure love happens only when winds a-swift  
Gods are atoms of clouds and mist  
There's no I, you or me, only God exists



# Even Minded

[Kk - BRYCG100007]

Don't hope anymore  
Don't give less than you can  
More is gonna overflow the shore  
Less is gonna dry the sand

I was trying to refine  
Every taste and every need  
Until I trace the perfect line  
Onto the waste of all my deeds

I was willing to prevent  
Myself from every harm  
Till I found the perfect way  
To be the wild sheep in the farm

It's ok  
Not to be  
Ever perfect  
Just gotta be love

On the note of the chant  
On the wave of vibration  
Lies the seed which is a plant  
Lies the need for salvation

I was trying to refine  
Every taste and every need  
Until I trace the perfect line  
Onto the waste of all my deeds

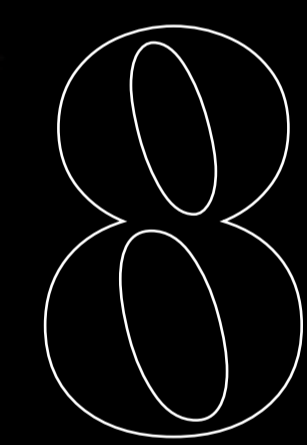
I was willing to prevent  
Myself from every harm  
Till I found the perfect way  
To be the wild sheep in the farm

It's ok  
Not to be  
Ever perfect  
Just gotta be love



# Territórios

[Kk - BRYCG100008]



No princípio era terra e céu  
E treva e o abissal  
E pelo suor até ateu  
Deus pagava em pá de sal  
Mas com acídia em seu colo  
O homem viu o sal no solo  
E fez do solo um feudo  
E da cerca veio o medo  
E solidão

Vivendo como mercancia  
Faltava engarrafar o ar  
Aquela mais letal mentira  
É a que se escolhe acreditar  
“dou oito homens pela terra  
mais suas filhas e a serra”  
Se herdou capitania  
Pensou que talvez poderia  
Vender o chão

Um pé de cana para um de café  
No apetite industrial  
“a burguesia vai viver de fé  
mas sem pecado original”  
Migrando Uganda à Guiana  
E acorrentando os Wayana  
Isso, corta a própria córnea  
Até pedir misericórdia  
Mas sem perdão

Dos romanos eram os celtas  
E também um Deus na cruz  
Assim nasceu o blues do delta  
De sangue que virava luz  
Mas com o fim da escravatura  
Jogaram Roma na lavoura  
O karma vem com paciência  
Humildade e transcendência  
E remissão

A lua é pedra em arremesso  
Uma terra a conquistar  
Assim também é o meu berço  
O meu escalpo e o meu cocar  
De pai de mouros em Turim  
De mãe de negros e Tupis  
Que estão naquele território  
Que prova tudo transitório  
E ilusão

The star I am staring at tonight  
Has lit all the room with afternoon light  
The curtains on the eleventh floor  
Haunt away a ghost I saw from the door

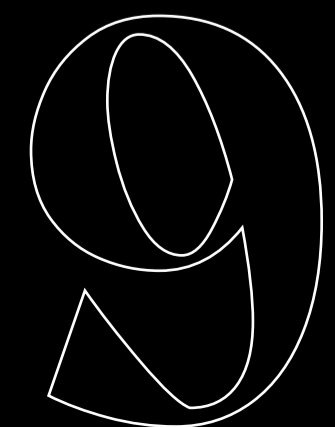
And this is how I'll keep you  
Those days we were two  
It was only you and I  
I was yours and you were mine

You said we'd go back to be dust  
Now you arose from hell during dusk  
But in my heart what sun sets today  
Is the thing left unsaid that took you away

But this is how I'll keep you  
Those days we were two  
It was only you and I  
I was yours and you were mine

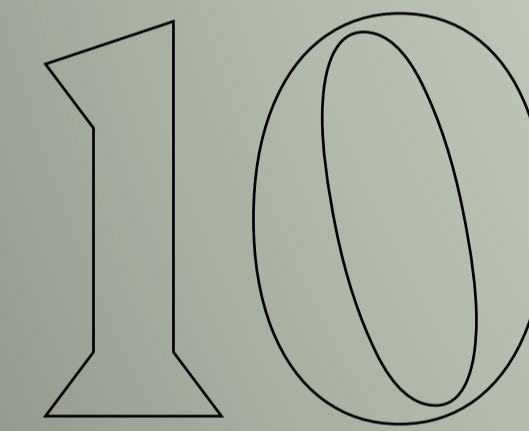
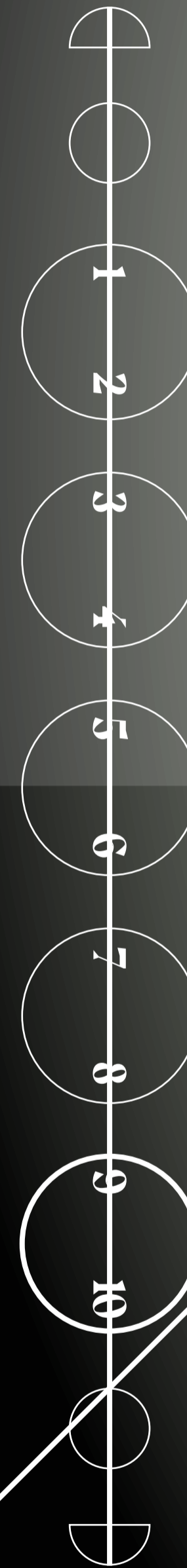
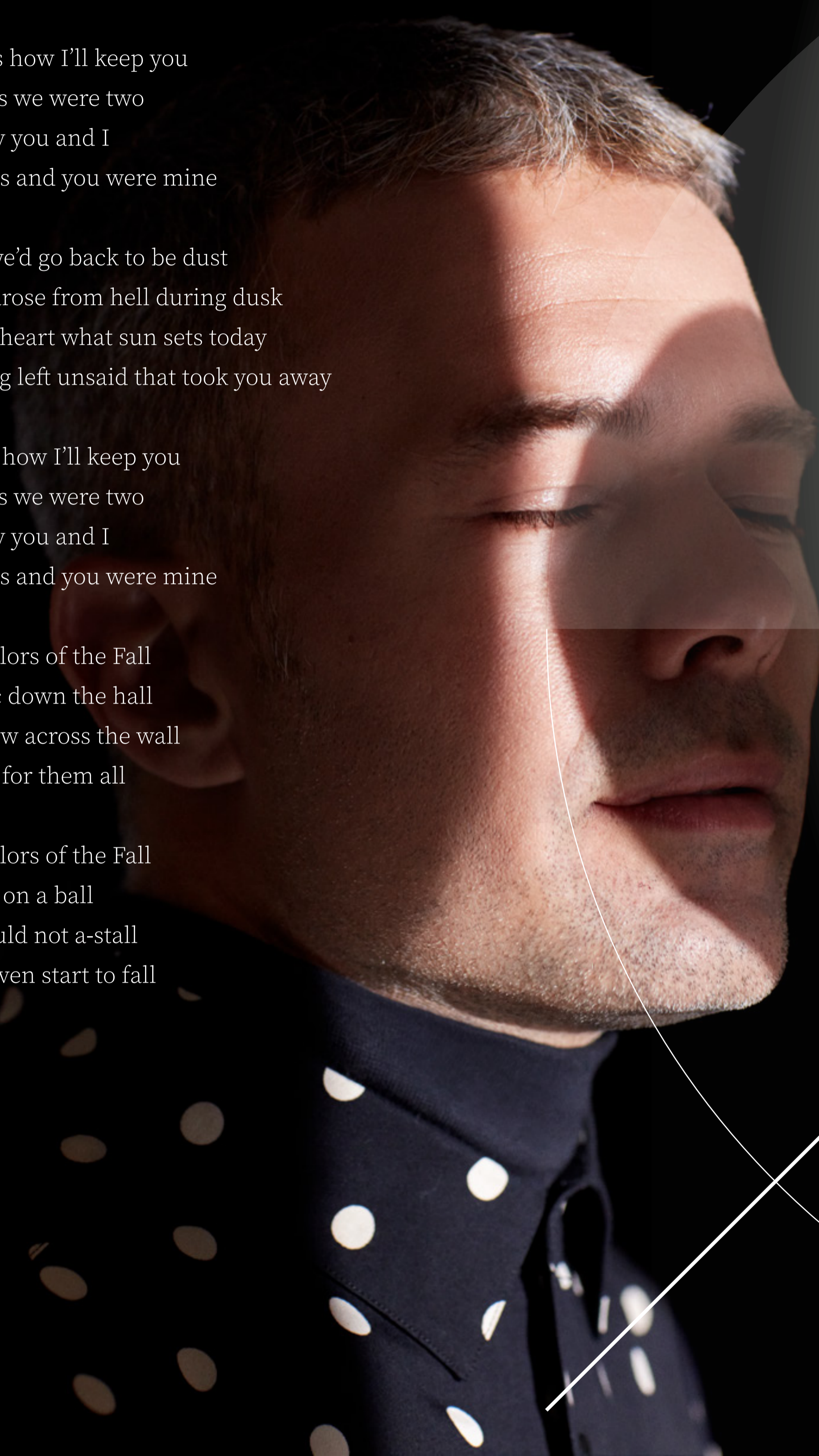
Oh, the colors of the Fall  
The music down the hall  
The shadow across the wall  
Expecting for them all

Oh, the colors of the Fall  
We faking on a ball  
If God would not a-stall  
Could heaven start to fall



# Color of the Fall

[Kk - BRYCG100009]



**Lia**

[Kk - BRYCG100010]



**Realize**

**Carlos Gayotto**

voices  
electric guitar  
acoustic guitar

**Neymar Dias**

10-string Brazilian guitar  
7 mouthed 10-string Brazilian guitar  
square-neck dobro  
acoustic guitar  
double bass  
electric bass  
electric guitar  
lap steel guitar  
mandolin

**Paulo Perin**

pedal steel guitar

**Edson Moreira Araújo**

5-string banjo

**Agenor de Lorenzi Cancelier Junior**

piano and keyboards

**Big Rabello**

drums

**Tó Brandileone**

drums

**String Orchestra**

violins

**Pedro Juliano Dellarolle**  
**Ricardo Takahashi**  
**Adriano José de Mello**  
**Ugo Minoru Fonda Kageyama**  
**Marcos Henrique Scheffel**  
**Sergei Eleazar de Carvalho**  
**Edgar Montes Leite**  
**Rodolfo Delgado Lóta**  
**Otávio Scoss Nicolai [Otávio Teco]**

violas

**Daniel Pires da Silva**  
**Gabriel Henrique Marin**  
**Camila Ribeiro Rodrigues**

cellos

**Vana Bock**  
**Rafael Cesario**  
**Mariana Amaral**

upright bass

**Pedro Jorge Gadelha de Oliveira**

All songs and lyrics by **Carlos Gayotto**

Music production and direction, arrangements and conduction by **Neymar Dias**

Sound engineer **Tó Brandileone**

Mixing engineer **Ricardo Mosca**

Mastering engineer **Maurício Gargel**

**Visual Id Album**

Artistic direction | Visual concept

**Patrícia Black**

Design

**Uibirá Barelli**

Photos

**Caroline Curti**

**Photo session**

Assistance

**Tamires Prado**  
**Ethel Braga**

Styling

**André Puertas**

Styling assistant

**Renan Kawano**

Beauty

**Janaína Marques**

Executive Producer

**Nayda Rodrigues**

**Visualizers**

Footage by

**Carlos Gayotto**  
**Bianca Halpern**  
**Ricardo Reis**

Directed by

**Carlos Gayotto**

Editing

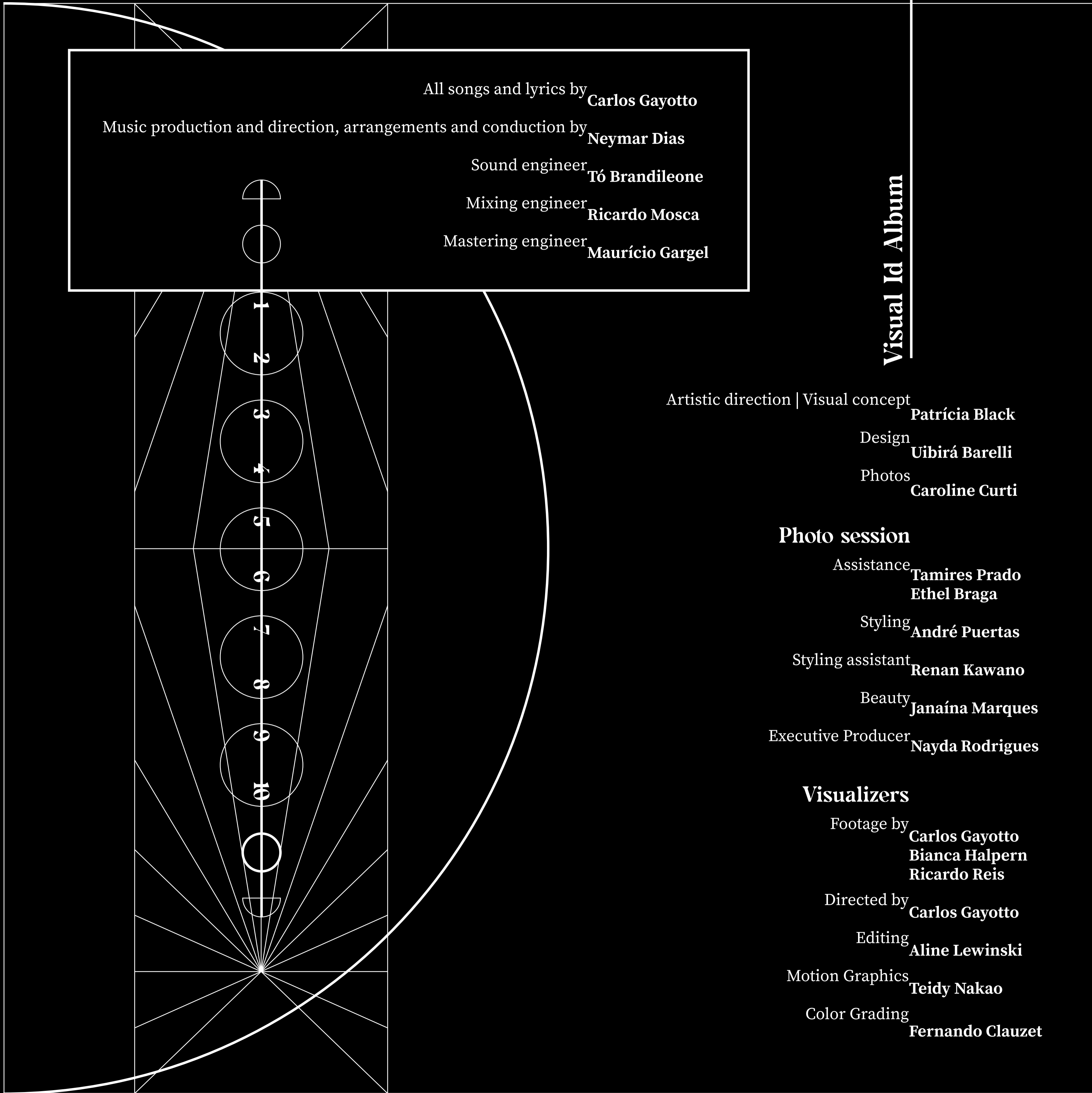
**Aline Lewinski**

Motion Graphics

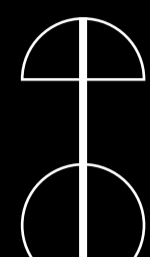
**Teidy Nakao**

Color Grading

**Fernando Clauzet**







**S P E C I A L**

In memory of **Edma Franco de Moraes.**

Dedicated to **Bhavanand Satyam, Guruji Yogi Satyam** and **Kriya Yoga Ashram & Research institute in Allahabad.**

Inspired by **Paramahansa Yogananda** and **Jesus Christ.**

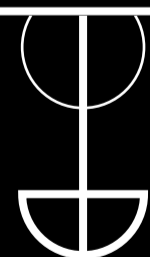
Special thanks to my entourage at **Zoe Films, Tunetraders** and **MINIDocs.**

**Rafael Barreiros, Diego Leandraujo, Caetano Ribeiro, Ricardo Arantes, Victor Nery, Alisson Vines, Jack Quiggins, Juca Novaes, Guilherme Neves** and **Conrado Góes.**

To my guitar hero and "senhor do tempo" **Neymar Dias.**

To my daughter and main inspiration **Lia Gayotto, my family** and **my friends.**

**T H A N K S**



C A R L O S

G A Y O T T O

REARZEE