

Tracklist:

1. London By Night (An Introduction)
2. Kensington vs. Kennington
3. Northside Gang Party
4. Imperial War From The Gardens
5. Chadbot, South London Destruction Army
6. NW10 (Featuring Pelbu)
7. 12 To Woolwich Library
8. Welcome, My Friend
9. City Alleys Host Murders
10. Shoreditch Funks On Sunday
11. Like the Old Times in Brixton
12. Up The Trail, Behind The Hills
13. Mayfar Is Where It Ends
14. The Last Dance At The Ballroom + Bonus Track
15. The Singing Return Of The Tower Keeper (Bonus Track)

Lyrics for track 'NW10' written by Miguel 'Chad' Meruje and Pelbu, and also carelessly stolen.

Thank you:

To my family, first and foremost. My father and my grandfathers constantly defied barriers and overcame to become nothing less than the most inspiring and hardworking men any child could have. My mother and my grandmother have always shown endless devotion and love, assuring that I wouldn't be part of the scum that walks around these streets. Everyone says that each own mother is the best in the world, but I know what that really means. My brothers Stimpny (you will always be that to me, I won't be part of that 'new school' Paulinho stuff haha) and Igor (Too many years, you saw me grow up and we can say we were classmates, richtig mein freund?). To the Lisbon hardcore kids, they know who they are. Too bad most of them are backstabbers and jealous motherfuckers, but I won't forget the trips and afternoons we spent together.

To Randi.

To Martinha (in case you don't remember, when we were 5 or 6 our parents used to bring us to the city park and let us play together). You have proved to be a true friend, especially taking so much stupid stuff from my teenage years. The same applies to Ana Margarida. Despite we grew apart, I still hold you both very dear and miss you. To the four Joanas, each very special, the two Patricias and the one Filipa. All Catarinas, who must be five or six (Portuguese people seem to know only 4 or 5 names to their kids, according to my thanks list).

Boys and girls from Viso, those times were too good to be duplicated, 'When we were kings...' We had so many dreams and life was so joyful. It was a pleasure sharing my youth with all of you. I took invaluable lessons from your sincerity, honesty and truthfulness.

For the 'bershkittahs' that I grew up with and we ended up splitting ways, that is how life goes, although probably all of us regret spending time with each other, at the time, it was great growing up on your side. I will forever remember you.

To the good people at Test Tube for enjoying this record and therefore making it possible for others to listen. To Filipe Ps at Enough Records for being brave enough to ask me to release my first Ep with them. In 15 years when I've probably become a boring successful musician, I will ask my label to share the profits with him.

All the net labels. Unfortunately to me, as I love vinyl, they are the future. They give musicians like myself a platform to release our music and reach broader audiences. They work hard so you can listen to artists they like, so show them your appreciation and if you can, donate some money, they always have costs to cover.

To the music that inspired me, countless names. Special mention to the Rucktion/LBU bands. Soldados ready, I am proud to be part of the best scene in the world. London hardcore is too special, we are more than a family. Big up Pelbu, for being receptive to my idea and welcoming me like an old friend.

All artists at UAL/LCC. The good people at Terrorizer magazine.

At last, to London, for being so unbelievable and simple at the same time. Its brutallity and beauty amaze me constantly. Also, Qta. Das Lameiras and my kids over there, that is where it all began.

To you, for taking your time to listen to my music, in a world so busy and distracting, I salute you for doing this. Contact me, I am not a rockstar and I always enjoy talking to new kids.

J. Miguel Gomes D. Meruje, South London, 30th April 2007

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NW10 (Featuring Pelbu) Lyrics

Its all weird
The films
The people
The music
The drink.
21st century people
Aspiring to the 1980s.
Bored red head
Playing with matches.
City boys lost their way
Don't know what they're
Doing here.
Thick black rimmed spectacles.
Dreadlocks.
Angular haircuts
Half long half short.
Droopy clothes.
Movies that don't make sense.
Images that aren't related.
Purposefully clashing.
Sitting on the floor like students.
Music ignored but good
Thick beat rhythm.
Outside skeletal trees and mist.

We believe in this even if London doesn't care about us
The streams shall run in gladness, our eyes shall shine and burn
All sorrow fail and sadness
At the London king's return

Still innocent we are, still wounded sufferers we continue
Primeval sacrifices we endure, incarcerated in our blood they will remain
Between the river and the hills, the dusk maintains us.

What have we done, and what haven't we done.

Our seeds fell far from our soil
to sprout and grow through solid toil
London bred and from concrete we grow.
Combinations to many to mention
Encompassing and taking over this nation.
Son and daughters who never seeked pity
we are born and grown by this heartless city
united with the outcasted and we dont die we overlast it.

They wonder why we're all the same
Too much blood, too much fear to say our name
One town to keep us all together
Children of the world, here we gather forever
LDN town my curse, I won't let it sink
One soul, one will, one tear without love
All straight up from the same hole