Artist: BIRDS OF PASSAGE
Album: THE DEATH OF OUR INVENTION
Format: CD | LP | DIGITAL
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Tracklist:
1. If Full of Care Part 1 0:44
2. Haunt My Existence 7:26
3. Creature of My Night 3:13
4. The Love Song 3:30
5. Shadows of Our Mind 3:25
6. Another Thousand Eyes 4:14
7. Without the World 3:47
8. Dare I Feel 3:25
9. Demons in Our Midst 5:47
10. Wake to the Dream 4:24
11. Modern Monster 4:56
12. If Full of Care Part 2 00:48

Masterworks of minimalism and glacial beauty. With Birds of Passage, New Zealand based Alicia Merz presents us with an endearing invitation into her fragile world, a captivating journey through the landscapes of her emotional euphoria and agony, a further commitment to musical experimentation.

The cold minimalist-drones, distorted field recordings, and sparse instrumentation, illustrate an icy, desolate and dark world. With allusions to dark-pop and classic broken-folk, the reverb drenched instrumentation, metaphorical fairytale lyrics, and anti-climactic compositions remind us that Alicia Merz is a singer songwriter for people who don't like singer songwriters. After four years of silence, Merz returns with the fourth full length 'The Death of Our Invention'.

"Birds of Passage is humble and heartbroken. Her warm words are crimson berries that bear fruit in the cold depths of winter, hanging over crooked, bare branches where nothing else survives. Her dove-like vocals soar, but her introverted lyrics blossom with the fondness of love." (Fluid Radio)

"Alicia presents us with an endearing invitation into her fragile world, a captivating journey through the landscapes of her emotional euphoria and agony, a further commitment to musical experimentation… The cold minimalist-drones, distorted field recordings, and sparse instrumentation, illustrate an icy, desolate and dark world. It's as if we are listening to the sound of winter itself; an audio exposure to the unforgiving elements of winter." (Headphone Commute)

"It's raining very slowly and the world seems to be black, gray and white. Sometimes a soft tone of blue in small stains are injected, blurring the vision. It comes with a slow and whispered voice over an infinity of sound immersed in a simple and unquestionable sequence of cold notes. It's like an old factory filmed in slow-motion, the simple and wild marks of a serious face or simply sonic exuberance wiped of all its edges. Beautiful melodies filling strange and sometimes comfortable sights of desolate paintings, cold rusty over warm feelings. It floats without the world." (Sputnik Music)

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Label: Denovali
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Promotion:
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