



CYNIC



CARBON-BASED ANATOMY - Running time: 23 minutes – Season of Mist Records

1. Amidst The Coals 2. Carbon-Based Anatomy 3. Bija! 4. Box Up My Bones 5. Elves Beam Out 6. Hieroglyph

Players: Paul Masvidal (vocs, gtrs), Sean Reinert (drums), Sean Malone (bass), featured vocals by Amy Correia

“Cynic should be understood not so much alongside any metal bands, but along with such radical harmonic progressives in the last 45 years of pop and jazz as Milton Nascimento, the Beach Boys or Pat Metheny.” - NEW YORK TIMES, Ben Ratliff

Carbon-Based Anatomy is a fully-realized piece of art that raises consciousness and thrills with feats of daring musicality. Legendary progressive music-makers CYNIC, redefine themselves once again with a 6-song EP that combines diverse influences from 70s-inspired Prog Rock to cutting-edge Metal, tribal folk and futuristic alien shapes and sounds. A mini epic, CBA is both a philosophical as well as a musical journey, one that begins in the Amazon jungle on the lips of a shamanic wisewoman (as portrayed by Amy Correia) and ends in outerspace on the luminous wings of songwriter and guitarist Paul Masvidal's electric guitar. Exploring concepts of "death", "the self" and "freedom," Masvidal shines a light with virtuosic playing that has been simplified to its most potent elements and performed with spontaneity and joy. Sean Reinert's visceral drumming creates a dynamic and pulse-raising energy throughout the action-packed 23 minutes of music. Primal and direct, at times haunting or anthemic, this is CYNIC's most immediate and urgent offering to date. It's an invocation and an offering to the legions of fans around the world who, like the band itself are truth-seekers and misfits, finding unity and transcendence in a new kind of modern tribal music.

On the opening track, "Amidst The Coals," waves of ambient sound and chordal movement create a sense of touching earth and space. From the ethereal mist, a shamanic wisewoman (as portrayed by Amy Correia), conjures a traditional Amazonian Icaro, or sacred song. A chilling piece, the opening track suggests the energy of Pat Metheny's 'Above The Treetops' from his classic 1992 record 'Secret Story'. On track two, "Carbon-Based Anatomy," a tribal bass and drum rhythm swirls up in a pool of ambient guitars and soaring vocals, evolving into a spare arrangement of the original melody. A sea of child-like voices join Masvidal to sing the chorus "Drop the knife/ Leave it all behind/ Just for a moment/ Calm the mind/ The longing never ends/ Not while you're human". On

Track 3, "Bija," the listener is transported center stage into the realm of gypsies and mystic poets, where chants, tablas, and free-associated vocal sounds appear and disappear in a dense tapestry of sound. Track 4, "Box Up My Bones," is a dynamic journey that reflects classic Cynic, with adventurous production shifts and cascading twists and turns. At the end of chorus two, Masvidal sings the words, "I have everything I need/ Box up my bones I'm free." A bass solo responds to this proclamation followed by a looping and angular reverse guitar solo. The pre-chorus bridge swells with a vocal section, climaxing at the final chorus. The unpredictable 'suis generis' approach to arrangement is alive in well. Track 5, "Elves Beam Out" is a futuristic rock anthem, evoking 70's prog-harmony and odd time signatures, an apocalyptic vision that pierces the veil. The album closes with track 6, "Hieroglyph." As though one's just walked through the portal into death's door, ambient spacey guitars manifest. Featured vocalist, Amy Correia, reappears as the cosmic mother, gently guiding one through the great unknown, perhaps the sound of a DMT journey or death itself.

QUOTES/ NOTES:

Cynics at their root are essentially truth seekers who challenged the myth of social conventions by asking people to detach and not let the outer world determine their sense of identity. It was the Cynics who coined the word "Cosmopolitan," which means "belonging to no state" or "a citizen of the universe." Since Cynic's influential debut 'Focus', the truth seeking language of these ancient mystics has played a leading role in their musical vocabulary.

The songs on Cynic's new mini-album explore the idea of forming geometric patterns of harmony and how they interact with the human body. How harmonic 'feeling shapes' affect us without even knowing it. "Ultimately, we're talking about healing the heart and learning how to love ourselves. Music and songwriting for me have always been about touching into the human spirit and looking at who we are and why we are. These are musical imprints filled with the magical juju of inner to outer transformation."

"I recorded guitars and vocals in my garage studio in the Echo Park neighborhood of Los Angeles where we live. It was hot in there, and because I had to turn the air off when tracking vocals, I found myself completely naked, singing and sweating my ass off, touching the core of these songs in the most authentic way I knew how. I was literally stripped bare and purging like I never had before. I walked into the ceremonial fire and let my self burn to bits."

"Much of the arrangement shapes and vibes emerging from these tunes were improvised. Rehearsal room ideas were: First thought is best thought. We squeezed into our incredibly tiny space and let instinct run the show. It's really about trusting in the moment and knowing that it's all there. When we let the creative process happen without getting in the way, we seem to do all right."

"When we got word that we lost a month on our delivery date, we found ourselves relying on the inner resources of being musicians who would have to trust their instincts and literally jump off the cliff. The wonderful discovery here is that we didn't have parachutes, and our beginner minds had to step in and trust in the unknown of every decision. Just when we think we understand how this works, or even pretend to know it, even that falls away and all that's left is the mystery of it all. Sure, the technical components of being a musician are easy to intellectualize and find security in, especially as a couple of guys who spent years in chops land, but it's in tossing all that knowledge out the window and letting feeling dictate, that I keep coming to realize that it all begins and ends with the song and how it makes you feel".

Carbon-Based Anatomy is a metaphor for life itself, a journey into survival and surrender, a dance with feverish musical energy formed into a creative maelstrom of sound. Paul concludes, "I feel like I rediscover this process anew each time we deliver a body of work. What this translates to in the real world is adrenaline-driven, sleep-deprived insomnia for weeks and months on end...an exhilarating engagement with sonic architecture, where we become immersed in the millions of details upon details that eventually become background fodder when love itself takes hold of the wheel and doing becomes non-doing".

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