## Mp3 Killaholics - More Wars, More Whores



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Do yourself a friggin' service and buy this rekkid already?. 15 MP3 Songs ROCK: Hard Rock, METAL: Alternative Metal Details: The times in which these recordings were made were, for the artists, most definitely NOT about hitting it big, getting a record deal, reaching the largest possible audience or any of that kind of faggoty-assed crap - they were about friendships; meaningful, local, human bonds, welded together in fires of a common and sometimes ragingly hellish every day. They were also very much about musical expurgation and experimentation; exploring the emotional importance of making an effort to capture the pain or joy of certain, often elusive moments, in the name of enhancing memory ('cause we all know that memories fade) for constructive purposes, such as living. The times surrounding these recordings were about the artists' floundering to find what, if any, twisted beauty might exist in the act of crashing and burning - twisted because crashing and burning seems to often be assumed to mean the very antithesis of trying (which is soooo not the case), and beautiful because the trying simply ever occurred. This is important because (just like memory) some of the talents, and whatever timely facilitative circumstances surrounding the talents, of these artists will no doubt someday fade in certain ways. And that's all right. Today, these artists have moved on from this work to other things; newer moments. And that is awesome. Real people made this crap. For whatever reason. And despite the (false) indication given by the songwriting/song-publishing credits, each individual involved with these recordings cut and hewed with their own unique effort and skill to shape the fragile, chemical-flavored landscape that the killaholics sessions became. Sure, some of the songs are silly, and some never quite hit the artists' mark. But if through some funny miracle of human connection you find that you kind of like them in a strange and maybe embarrassed sort of a way, then dig that. Please, enjoy these songs freely, knowing that the real, human emotions of some all right guys, and a mad,

just-escaped-from-a-violent-car-crash type of exuberance went into making them, regardless of the outcome, which must make them meaningful to someone, somewhere. And that's all that matters. Ever. Zambia - bass vocals Kevin - acoustic electronic drums F. Auf/Mod - guitars sounds

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