

Hailing from Oslo Norway and inspired by coldest place on earth, Siberia, SIBIIR are a blackened-hardcore quintet who revel in darkness and misery to create their uniquely spine-chilling sound. Summoning up the band's collective influences of black, death, technical, thrash and hardcore, SIBIIR turned heads across with world with their self-titled debut, which Metal Hammer UK described as *'an explosive, eclectic and exciting listen'*.

On second album *Ropes* the band continue to focus on harrowing soundscapes but also take their sound into more experimental territory. They explain:

*"On this record we wanted to explore the diversity in the riffs. We worked on utilizing the different parts in different ways, instead of cramming sh*tloads of ideas into one song. We've been focusing more on the dynamics, not only on each track, but also of the album as a whole."*

Anticipating of the inevitable collapse of society and the eventual demise of humanity, SIBIIR tackle many of the issues that are sending us down this path on *Ropes*. The band continue:

"The lyrics revolve around issues we find in society today. A looming concern that doesn't let go, which sooner or later will evolve into bona fide anxiety and despair for what the future might hold. The lyrics deal with subjects such as the climate crisis, the increasing wealth gap, a failing capitalist system, and our passive attitude towards it all."

Produced by Øyvind Røsrud Gundersen and mixed by Magnus Lindberg, *Ropes* is nine tracks of pure darkness and aggression that takes the blackened-hardcore sound into new territories with its musical diversity and cutting lyrical content. A record that promises to firmly position SIBIIR as one of the most important heavy bands of tomorrow.

SIBIIR have built a reputation as a ferocious live act from touring with Kvelertak and Shevils, playing shows with Attan and Beaten To Death and performing at Tons of Rock, Øya Festival, Fres Festivals, and more. The band this year will be performing at Wacken (DE) and Festival Les Boréales (FR) and will soon announce a headline run in support of *Ropes*.

Recorded at Caliban Studios in Oslo, Norway from May 5th to May 13th 2019. Additional recordings done at Brageveien Studio in Oslo

May 30th 2019. Produced by SIBIIR & Øyvind Røsrud Gundersen. Engineered by Øyvind Røsrud Gundersen. Mixed by Magnus Lindberg at Redmount Studios in Stockholm, Sweden. Mastered by Brad Boatright at Audiosiege in Portland, Oregon, USA. Cover by Remi Juliebø / deformat. Logo by Vertebrae33.

All music written and performed by SIBIIR. All words by Jimmy. Additional vocals by Tobias. Additional vocals on Monoton by Øyvind. Piano, sibiir-o-tron and synths by Tobias. Additional synth on The Silent Repent, Blurred Flickering Pictures and Monoton by Øyvind.

SIBIIR: Eivind Kjølstad (drums), Jimmy Nymoene (vocals), Kent Nordli (bass), Steffen Grønneberg (guitars), Tobias Gausemel Backe (guitars)

LYRICS

With singer/lyricist Jimmy Nymoene's comments *in cursive*

Leeches

It's about how we use up all the nature's resources, and how we're letting down future generations.

The rot we leave behind, like a disease it's spreading. Hail the greed until we die. We're like flies surrounding shit. The stench is so appealing. A blinding bliss. We choose to have it all. Revelled beyond repair, we leave them nothing. Devour all, and let it die. We're obsessed by greed. We're leeches. We always crave, we always thrive. We scrape all the remains. The world left barren. It's too late for remorse. We can't change the path we've paved. The world rots, ignore the stench. The world rots, and still we grace the lie.

Worlds Apart

How people show compassion and sympathy for others that have it worse than themselves, as long as it doesn't inflict with their own interests. Keeping their backyards clean.

We give our empathy, sharing your sorrow. Our concern for your tragedy, how it breaks our hearts. But keep your shit far away. Keep your shit far from me. Don't need this filth in my street. Get help where you belong. I pay to have my conscience clean. I pay to provide a safe distance between us. Keep us worlds apart. I have to have my backyard clean from misery.

For the Few

Is about greed, selfishness and the increasing wealth gap.

Infected you breed a culture of gluttony, efficient envy and monstrosity. As profit precedes the needs of humanity. Protected behind a wall of eloquent lies. The rapacious prevail. Vultures of society. Belittle the frail. Left behind, redundantly. Shut out the masses as you're saving yourself. You suck the bone dry, keep it all to yourself. You're fueling the fire, that burns for the few.

A Trail of Failed Attempts

The lyrics revolves around the issues I have about getting older.

Bright eyes as they turn to pale. No lease of life, I'm empty. I stay numb in the remnants of light. Paralyzed, I wither. Can't escape these chains of apathy. It's too late to cut the ties. A trail of failed attempts is all I leave behind. Lost in past mistakes, too late to rewind.

Transparent Lives

We see beggars, drug addicts and homeless people in the streets on a daily basis, but we choose to ignore them, totally indifferent to their shit.

We're caught by wounded eyes. So tired and worn. A glance filled with despair, easily ignored. Transparent lives shattered. Silently concealed. We shut our eyes to your anguish. Stay oblivious. We look the other way. Choose to neglect. Choose to suppress. We remain heartless and cold as you stay disowned.

The Silent Repent

We've lived lifetimes in wealth and prosperity, but it have taken its toll on the world. Now, maybe facing mankind biggest challenge yet, we're left with hindsight and uncertainties.

We're the plague, the disease. A narcissistic breed. We're parasites, we're lice. This greed will drain it dry. A race to decay, our demise. A collective suicide. Our denial speaks in tongues. We can't breathe with punctured lungs. Now the silent repent. We have all played a part. No one here is pure of heart. Save us. Slay us. Slaughter us all.

Blurred Flickering Pictures

I have history with quite heavy drinking. The lyrics is about the feeling of waking up not knowing what happened night before. Just hints and glimpses that triggers the anxiety to build.

Blurred flickering pictures run through my mind. And all my fuck ups forming a line. I can't admit how my abuse causes this shit. Still I defy, always deny. Anxiety building. I can't remember why. But these

pictures still run through my mind. Awaken drenched in sweat. This feeling never lies. I drown my remorse. Get back into my hole. My pit of self-loathing.

Monoton

I feel that society has become more and more shallow, and it's reflected in what you see on TV, in music and in newspapers. The lack of content seems constant.

Praising these plastic dreams you feed on the herds of vanity. Botox beauty queens glorified by this vain society. Strip our lives of content, stay blinded by this veil of conceit. Confined, trapped by emptiness. Praise the apathy. Blissful like a dream. We're the children of vanity, embraced by monotony.

Old Patterns

Blind to the past, we see yet again right wing extremism growing. Seems history hasn't taught anything.

Who put all this fucked up hatred in your head? What's the root to the evil you're infected with? You're buried neck deep in this ingrained bigotry. You fuel the fiery violence of white supremacy. Spreading sickness with your lies, as we head for our demise. Fuck the bigots, arise. Still repeating the same mistakes. Old patterns prevail. Killing equality. So once more we head down the same path.