



ARTIST	The Somnambulist
ALBUM	Moda Borderline
LABEL	Acid Cobra Ltd.
RELEASE CODE	AC007
RELEASE DATE	May 28th, 2010
DISTRIBUTION	Cd1d (FR) Venus Dischi (IT) Believe (Digital)

TRACK	TITLE	LENGHT
01	Red Carpet	4:51
02	Don't You Want To Devour This War?	6:47
03	Luce	6:29
04	Moda Borderline	4:39
05	80s Violence	4:55
06	Quinto Mistero Della Gioia	5:37
07	God Is Not A Good Shot	7:30
08	Alice Never	5:16
TOTAL RUNNING TIME		46:07

RAFAEL BORD	violin, viola, oud, theremin	
MARCELLO S. BUSATO	drums, percussions, objects	
MARCO BIANCIARDI	vocals, guitars, drums, piano, samples	
RECORDING AND ENGINEERING	Till Kreische	
RECORDING LOCATION	Antje Øklesund, Berlin (DE)	
RECORDING TIME	August 24th-30th 2009	
EDITING AND MIXING	Marco Bianciardi, Till Kreische	
MASTERING	Franck Rivoire - Supadope Factory, Lyon (FR)	
PRODUCTION	Marco Bianciardi	
BASS TECHNICIAN	Arnold Erben	
DRUMS TECHNICIAN	Kristof Shepherds	
PRE-PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS	Lorenzo Marzocchi, Giulio Burroni	
PHOTOGRAPHY, ART DIRECTION AND DESIGN	Christian del Monte	
SET LOCATION	Madame Claude, Berlin	
STARRING	Alicja Adamczyk, Jekatherina Asmus, Janine Leckelt	
OFFICIAL WEBSITE	www.hotelambiente.org/the_somnambulist.htm	
MYSPACE PAGE	myspace.com/the-somnambulist	
FACEBOOK PAGE	www.facebook.com/pages/The-Somnambulist/103078016401445	
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DOWNLOADS	Digital Press Kit	www.hotelambiente.org/public/The_Somnambulist_PRESS_KIT.rar
	Digital Promo	www.hotelambiente.org/public/ModaBorderlineDIGITALPROMO.rar
	Preview	www.hotelambiente.org/public/THE_SOMNAMBULIST_Preview.pdf
	Pictures	www.hotelambiente.org/public/The_Somnambulist_PICS.rar

RED CARPET

Goddam evil trend
By a wire a drone I suspend
Man-on-man, end or mend
On this red carpet we strand

Scrub brush, dead hole
Noblewomen hustle their dole
Turn tail, get bare
Arm mines, handle with care

It tears up and levels tears up

Loud are the waves in this night, so rejoice
Crashing these rocks, they are spreading their voice
All the arrivistes and bootlickers shake their bad asses
They oscillate and hypnotize: take your own aim
Airlines and crankgears, invoiced and cranes
Ruby are feelings, so irradiate flames
Ride on Holy Joes, piggyback, whiplash, jog trot
Level these tears up

DON'T YOU WANT TO DEVOUR THIS WAR?

and now get out, isolate
get out information
fuck you, out!

forget your bad supersoul
move on absolution
fuck you, out!

and now a cuss, grainy cross-grain
your nail and its taste
the superman flies high

get down, lil' girl, to supervene,
you godsend, bright as grace
so crash-land me

a jar, a beam, a giddy-great-head
you ride out the faith
then fuck you, out!

rebate this used and stupid cloak
colleague, free the nation
the superman

strain your car and see
don't you want to devour this war
huh?

and now get out, concentrate
get out, destination
tease it out

and thrill and shout
and never stop
walk on to the most
perfect quake

strain your car and see
don't you want to devour this war
huh?

What is
about
superman?

LUCE

Can you see the fun
of a green and endless sun?
I will leaf thru my moods again
That's a harsh and mean
way of getting in
I will leaf thru my moods again
A deadly-pale face peers
every morning thru my fears
Heading off my bent
for the aqueous climbing plant
I will leaf thru my moods again

Yeah, not really half bad
Stray

Concavo-convex
Slippery is sex
I will leaf thru my moods again

Fingers vanish much
sooner than they touch
I will leaf thru my cracks again
I will leaf thru my cracks again

Staring at the goats
Staring 'til they explode

That's a harsh and mean
way of getting in
I will leaf thru my moods again

MODA BORDERLINE

Don't stun me babe
Don't you see the starry sky?
Don't shop with me
Don't you know I could misguide?
Don't rock me babe
Would you really meet the thirst?
Don't mock me babe
'Cause I could hide under your bed.

Don't fool me ba-ba-baby
Have you seen all your little scars?
I know you were born from a blow-job
You better ask your dad
Call me motherfucker and I'll cover you with lead
I'll dig you in a kitchen and destroy your teddy-bear
Your stupid screams are making me sick

Don't touch me babe
Don't you know I'm made of slime?
Don't hurt me babe
Don't you know I'm made of fire?

Just till you dig deep-deeper
Dig deeper than your deepest scar
I will never have enough cause your cunt shines
Shines into my eyes
it's the mighty sun that dims the other stars in sky
Your vacant personality's not convincing as much
You think that I'm your puppet and I like to let you think
Cause you're my toy
My favourite toy
I use you to feel better

80s VIOLENCE

over the street the crowd screamed out
want to be like no other
I see you in there thru a grill and trapped doves
you will meet 80s violence
you gave to me
just a box made of sweet-smelling flesh
to be filled by my dreams
but my dreams are old-fashioned
without advertising breakdown

like a bar full of smoke
where we could lose and find ourselves
my dreams are violent
like a never-ending landscape
blessed girl!, you make fun of pain

that should be due to your young age
if you keep clear of earthquake and seaquake
but the opposite should be true
that should be due to your metro-cradle
if you keep clear of silence
but the opposite should be true
that should be due to I don't know what
if I'm not so much talked about
but the opposite should be true
that should be due to the tired ground
where they grew me

at the point of exploding
she insisted on laughing
then she fell - yeah, she fell
under the menace of a cigarette
blessed girl!, you can say goodbye

GOD IS NOT A GOOD SHOT

Once, when I thought to excess,
my skull broke and so I
caught myself wishing the rain.

Today it rains, so we meet.
Don't be afraid on Thursday,
when in my bed you'll fall asleep.

Friday you'll wake up
in a desert land
with your best dress on,
so what's the use of being the sexiest girl?
I forgot to have sex for 13.000 years,
an Elsewhere that ever walks behind me
is growing and God is not a good shot.

Fluorescent snow falls
in that desert land
where you're calling me,
but I can only make my empty bed.
Walk and meditate just for 13.000 years,
an Elsewhere that ever walks behind you
is growing and God is not.

One day I'll sleep to excess,
I will find my stunned self
flabby and merged into my bed.
Ceiling will hide a clear sky,
somewhere ground's remaining
dry and barren without rain.

ALICE NEVER

Could I get lost
if I dream like a ghost?
See you, weird tum
See you, my son.

Alice her name,
don't go into details:
Alice gets at
top shelves like a brat.

Alice sinks down in the ocean
and slams coffee grounds,
goes mouth to mouth.

Alice is trying my patience,
brings black coals to eat,
takes her mind off me.

Alice never drinks my good health.
See you, cheers, actors by birth.
Dance on people, dance on my nerves.
Green is chilling, orange still jerks.
Alice never gives her good passion to elevate me.

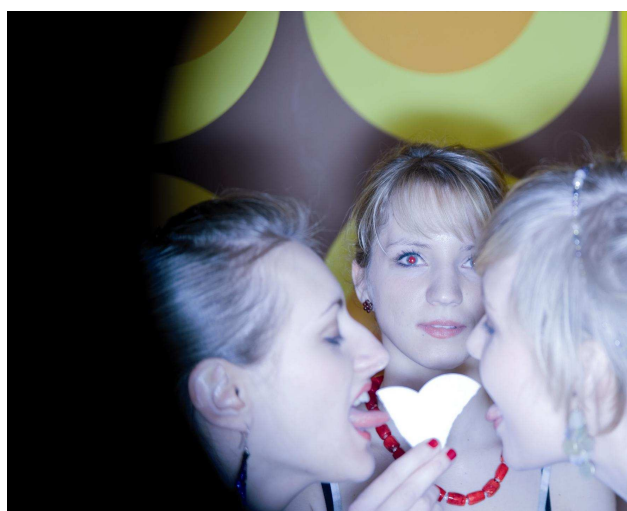
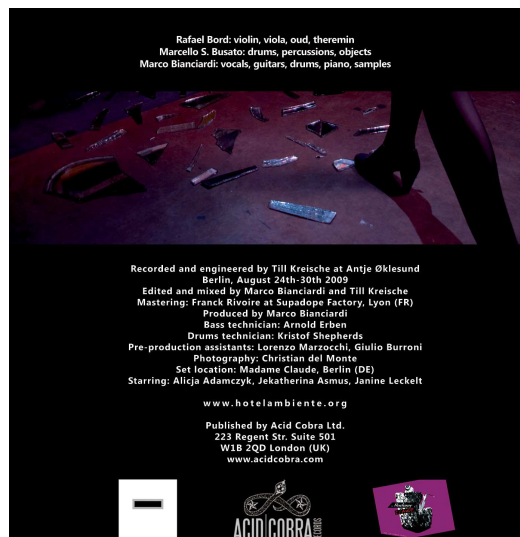
Alice's not wrong,
reads in my tongue,
doesn't like my face,
doesn't like my race.

Alice is well-run and friendly,
she sleeps to her best:
atom bomb test.

Orange and green, Alice never
got it one with her left.
Which thought comes in last?

Rainy railways at dawn,
all ghosts are alone.
Wool telephone.
Naked feet on the grass,
ice smooth like a glass.
Alice wants a mess and sinks down in the ocean,
she tears her bad faith away:
she likes it this way.

THE SOMNAMBULIST
Moda Borderline
ARTWORK



"An album that flies high and leaves you on tenterhooks. A discovery to be made unhesitatingly"

Muzzart

"Like a score ready to be played in a cemetery or at the entrance of a brothel, the eight tracks of this album are simply astonishing."

Foutraque

"Rock and New Wave fill with mysticism. A trip which charms you so as to better kill you then. This band is as seducer as it's dangerous."

La MagicBox

"Eight tracks romantic and insidious, vehement and dark, of a preciousness both thoughtful and wild."

SentireAscoltare

"A simple and essential message: Pop can also hide under melting lava and tectonic plates."

À découvrir absolument

"The melodic structures are surprising, sometimes soaring, sometimes dark, wavering between Gothic and Balkan music."

Sound Of Violence

"Bellicose and obsessive, it leads and uppercuts while you indulge in a guilty hippietude."

Concert And Co.

"A singular and captivating album."

Pertes e Fracas

"A must for anyone who likes to be emotionally shaken."

Nouvelle Vague

"A thunderclap in the face, in the sense of love at first sight."

Emoragei

"An answer to the dilemma: can we still write great songs in 2010?"

Osservatori Esterni

"An album of great elegance, captivating and subtle: The Somnambulist look like no other."

Indie Rock Mag

"The Somnambulist are a luminous landscape: as inspired as competent, they hold a power which is shared by few."

Shiver

THE SOMNAMBULIST
Moda Borderline
DISTRIBUTION

