

In Stores: 20.07.2007

# PORTUGAL THE MAN

## Church Mouth

DEFIANCE RECORDS LXXXI (NR.81) - FORMAT: CD/LP

**"SELL ME, I'M A SKEPTICAL BOY."**  
Taken From "Church Mouth"

What is it about Portugal The Man that makes them stand out, that separates them from every other rock band?

Is it due to an unconventional upbringing in the magical and menacing tundra of the Land of the Northern Lights? Maybe it has something to do with their visceral live shows, their effortless ability to create concert experiences that differ wildly from night to night. Or perhaps it's due to the bond they actively forge with their ever-growing fan base evidenced by their showing up to in-store signings, radio stations or interviews with personalized paintings for their supporters.

In other words, Portugal The Man isn't a band, it's a movement and a force this strong could only be born out of a place as icy and isolated as Wasila, Alaska. While those of us who grew up in the Continental United States were raised on Saturday Morning Cartoons and sugary cereal, PTM front man John Gourley's upbringing was unorthodox. He spent a good deal of his youth exploring nature in one of the few virtually untouched territories left in the world. "Alaska is the prettiest place I've ever been," explains Gourley, whose striking enigmatic vision makes its mark on all of the Portugal The Man's CD packaging, merch designs, videos, photos and posters. "I think that environment has had a huge impact on our music."

Although Alaska is a decidedly conservative state, Gourley grew up as the child of two hippie parents, also one of the few husband-and-wife teams who ran the Iditarod, Alaska's annual dogsled race. John and his family lived in a remote cabin that needed a generator to provide electricity and had no phone. Thankfully, the generator provided enough juice to power the family's record player, and instead of getting caught up in mainstream hip-hop which permeated his hometown, he was raised on his parents' very limited record collection, poring over albums by the Beatles, Led Zeppelin, the Zombies, and Motown artists at a young age and being encouraged to explore his own inner creativity, which eventually lead to his joining Anatomy Of The Ghost with bassist Zach Carothers in 2002. When that band broke up in 2004, Portugal The Man rose out of the ashes.

**"WE CLIMBED UP THOSE BANKS FROM OUR PLACE IN THE SHADE, BUILT US A FIRE BUT NEVER KNEW WHAT WE MADE."**  
Taken From "Oh Lord"

"These days, it seems like there are either bands that don't care about the way they look or they care way too much about how they look and lose track of the music," Gourley explains about Portugal The Man's unique aesthetic, which relies less on fancy press shots and more on abstract imagery which Gourley dreams up after carefully analyzing the band's music. "If you can write a song you should be able to try to visualize it," he adds and anyone who has seen the band's inventive video for "AKA M80 The Wolf," will certainly concur.

A huge departure from 2004's drum-machine and sequencer-heavy Waiter: You Vultures!, Church Mouth is an organic rock record that transcends genres by managing to reference seemingly disparate acts such as the Beatles, Led Zeppelin, the White Stripes, the Mars Volta and Santana without sounding dated or derivative of any particular act. In other words, it paints a picture without spelling anything out. As the title might suggest, the album also ambiguously centers on political and religious themes (see lines like "Oh, I'll dance on the cross from 'Sugar Cinnamon'"). However, the stylistic and ideological hallmarks of the album are less important than the feeling you get listening to Church Mouth.

"We feel like this record is a better representation of who we are now," explains Carothers, attributing the band's recent evolution to the amount of touring they've logged in the past few years. "Also, our first-ever tour of Europe last year made quite an impression on us and that certainly affected the way we write music. When we went into the studio, we barely had any material," he elaborates about the unorthodox writing approach that went into Church Mouth, which was produced by the band's self-described fourth member, Casey Bates. "We're never totally sure what it'll sound like, but that's more fun for us because we just get to come up with ideas off the top of our heads and just kind of wing it," he adds. "It keeps us on our toes as musicians."

**"IT NEVER EVER RAINS IF YOU NEVER CRY AND YOU NEVER HAVE TO MOURN IF YOU NEVER EVER DIE."**  
Taken From "Sleeping Sleepers Sleep"

From the funky-soul-prog feel of "Sugar Cinnamon" (think an updated version of the MC5 but with effects pedals) to psychedelic groove of "Oh Lord" to more melody-driven yet equally intense rockers like "Shade" and "Children," to the powerful gospel refrain of "Dawn," Church Mouth is a versatile disc that spans rock's history without resorting to self-indulgent genre exercises. "We tried to keep any small harmless mistakes in the recording," explains the trio's drummer Jason Sechrist. "Little things like that are what makes a song sound live and whole, instead of a bunch of tracks on ProTools," he continues. "We want to bring most of the stuff on the album to the live shows this time around and I think we are ready to pull it off."

Although the band has already shared the stage with Throwing Muses, Grizzly Bear, mewwithoutYou, Circa Survive, Fear Before The March Of Flames and Fall Of Troy, with Church Mouth, Portugal The Man has transcended the restrictions of scenes and eras to create music that's unparalleled in its ambition and uniqueness.

"When the band started," explained Gourley, "it was much more beat-based, we wanted to be a Beatles meets Wu-Tang. But things evolved, we added a drummer and learned how to play live and we found a place where we were comfortable musically. That was a rhythm based rock band that maintained the ideals of Soul and Hip-Hop, or at least our interpretation of them. For the most part our songs are written from the perspective of the bass groove."

With Church Mouth, the band has come one step closer to fully realizing that goal. However, ultimately music is meant to be listened to and not analyzed, so sit back, relax and let Portugal The Man take you on a voyage through the landscape of their collective consciousness. Like the sprawling, ice-filled landscapes of the Alaskan outback where Gourley strummed his first acoustic guitar, we promise it'll take your breath away.



1. Church Mouth
2. Sugar Cinnamon
3. Telling Tellers Tell Me
4. My Mind
5. Shade
6. Dawn
7. Oh Lord
8. Bellies Are Full
9. Children
10. The Bottom
11. Sleeping Sleepers Sleep
12. Sun Brother

Im Vertrieb von:



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# LYRICS: JOHN BALDWIN GOURLEY

## CHURCH MOUTH

Sell me, I'm a skeptical boy  
And if you need help I'm not easily found  
We met the man in the deep deep south with  
the gritty smile and the  
dirty old church mouth  
"my breath was short better hit the ground  
runnin"  
papers, read and weigh down the stands  
It's cold here and waiting weighs on this man  
still not full. I need a pass and a page  
march stepped some steps and it spoke some  
war tongues flickered about  
that dirty old church mouth  
fill me up with money gold cause ain't nobody  
ever need me  
my salt was skin of maps made whole gotta  
get out gotta sell this soul  
I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds  
me  
stroll about through these forks and roads find  
me in the pines in the  
sleet and cold  
Shine on, in this brilliant paced pulse  
all I need in this life is this love  
"march stayed with the dirty old church mouth"  
fill me up with money gold cause ain't nobody  
ever need me  
my salt was skin of maps made whole gotta  
get out gotta sell this soul  
I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds  
me  
stroll about through these forks and roads find  
me in the pines in the  
sleet and cold  
We met the man in the deep deep south with  
the shit teeth smile that  
poured about the church's mouth  
fill me up with money gold cause ain't nobody  
ever need me  
then take me to the steeple let the preachers  
hands a bathe me  
"march stayed with the dirty old church mouth"  
I'll be better when the sleep comes and finds  
me  
fill me up with money gold cause ain't nobody  
ever need me

## SUGAR CINNAMON

did you ever see anyone  
did you ever know anyone  
speech trial come and lead my palms  
soil pressed to the knees and below  
because standing tall will make you grow  
but only sharp eyes ever know  
(Slip out your arrows in tongues  
sleepin in the streets  
Oh I, I'll dance on that cross)

Tell me where we plan to be

That sugar met the cinnamon (baby) boys born  
a gentleman  
Only love for everyone  
My piano begs to take him home  
But he's got those keys in his nose  
that dance about in skipping views  
got my only son feeling so low  
(Slip out your arrows in tongues  
sleepin in the streets  
Oh I, I'll dance on that cross)

I'll be digging up these crops like snails  
licking, leaving lips like  
living trails  
bodies dragging down against the earth they  
said "don't you squeal I  
know a pig when I sees one  
coming up about the bend its a long and quiet  
road ahead still they're talking  
and always moving while we're sleeping

did you ever see anyone  
(Slip out your arrows in tongues  
sleepin in the streets  
Oh I, I'll dance on that cross)  
did you ever know or plan to tell me where we  
plan to be...

## TELLING TELLERS TELL ME

Summer came and I lost my shoes  
while them purple gold linens, pressed them  
down in the basement  
and if don't you know or see them clouds  
Will step to the sky and wind... down  
tell me what you know tell me what we get tell  
me where we go then  
tell me when you come back around  
Shelter never pays without months without  
rain after winter leaves  
we'll just do it again  
Calm will find your soul

Im Vertrieb von:



Those tired lonely lips dragged him down to  
the train tracks  
left them purple gold lids sittin down in the  
basement  
and if we die here will we ever be back again?  
Dawn was likely lined in the coming of men  
that shuffled slithered  
legs till they found how to standevery time I  
grow I know I'll never change  
because the liver tree sways, but knows he'll  
never find me  
I know my problems and know where they lay

Calm will find your soul  
those tired lonely lips dragged him down to the  
train tracks  
left them purple gold lids sittin down in the  
basement  
and if we die here will we ever be back again?  
Dawn was likely lined in the coming of men  
that shuffled slithered  
legs till they found how to stand

my brothers busy laughing at the end of the  
hall, said "That mans not  
a doctor if he cures no cancer"  
placed in the back where there are no dancers  
crooked steps diamonds  
and a bag housing answers  
where I step to sky and  
wind... down

Calm will find your soul  
those tired lonely lips dragged him down to the  
train tracks  
and if we die here will we ever be back again?  
Dawn was likely lined in the coming of men  
that shuffled slithered  
legs till they found how to stand

## MY MIND

Stepping steps of floating floats that float  
above such shining notes  
they know (Just where/why their feet are  
moving) just where we should rest  
policed and waiting patiently we knew where  
we'd gone and where we'd be  
we know this should never drown the seeds  
ahhhhh ohhhhh

My mind is all gone.

deaf and dumb but fluent speech speaking  
speaks and listening  
while eating piled tangled sugar weaves  
(Just where/why their feet are moving)

My mind is all gone

down deep pace past finding another there, got  
a dollar? sold!

you are hands just do as I please...  
I feel my body moving and feel these feet a  
moving

A messy mess of fruits and pies that dance  
about these aging eyes  
They know just what becomes of seeds  
A busy suit or dirty boys feeling rude in lazy  
lies, (oh) my my my my  
(Just where/why their feet are moving)

My mind is all gone

## SHADE

claims, they crawled from those clouds and  
over mountains cried  
into the streams where they ran the length of  
past and time that called out  
with their hands beside you as all the people  
shouted up to the  
"northern" territories  
My, they glowed a bug burning at the ends of  
sheet covered crowns  
whose only words were  
wicked mumbles that shake unstable  
manners brought these thoughts about you  
lights up like flies and ants that dip about and  
aim.... to swallow us  
up like them bread baked gums...  
now I remain glowing at the ends it's because  
it's you they've become  
Shade drifts around, southern where the  
sheets are growing ash and  
steeple factories  
old boy you'll never know just what they think,  
it never finds you  
cheap work finding pockets only when we're  
aimed.... to swallow them  
up like the bread baked gums...  
these lights were waves that spilled through  
my space (in the plains)  
where no one knows if they'll ever need again  
(I want to) come and get and take me home

## DAWN

Because its safe at the bottom this lake  
we know what your gonna do when you get  
there  
sit down and listen

We built that cold hearted fool and on that shit  
he made money  
motives lost in a heap because the deaf don't  
deaf don't listen

Wake up, oh that sunshine is shining in  
Let's go. I don't care who knows it  
I'm an apple dripping man just like the  
feet that tapped "take me home"

We'll be back when the stores are in order, the  
house isn't shaking  
and the king is elected from the love that  
grows it love thats growing

Wake up, oh that sunshine is shining in  
Let's go. I don't care who knows it  
I'm an apple dripping man just like the  
feet that tapped "take me home"

We built the mountains to stand up where he  
knows  
all the sheep that showed don't care who  
knows it  
but the sons are the giants built by the  
pharaoh's  
where the apples fed them sheep

Wake up, oh that sunshine is shining in  
Let's go. I don't care who knows it  
I'm an apple dripping man just like the  
feet that tapped "take me home"

## OH LORD

Shepherds they came  
stripped of their names  
and we were all the daughters  
that fell from her to ground  
because she needed us  
she needed love  
but we're all gone  
to strip that ground

Shivered pores were caves  
teeth were all decayed  
jutting jagged rising up  
like welts on backs in strain

We climbed up those banks from our place in  
the shade  
built us a fire but never knew what we made  
its not your mind, self, not your thoughts not  
your soul  
because  
we are that fire

We're you safe down in my hands  
The higher we climb  
these shapes show  
and this place is more holy when noboday  
knows/goes

Show me what is still free and I will tell you. Its  
not your mind your  
self your thoughts your soul.

## BELLIES ARE FULL

Look at him working wearing his hands to the  
bone just to prove where  
he came from  
The mans always worried, the man only  
worrns himself if his pay and  
his of mention  
if we had the money we'd climb our way back  
down somehow  
and if we're in the garden don't you know that  
our bellies are full  
His eyes always moving licking about as they  
please, you know he's  
always in question  
hair falling about him favors fair please and  
polite very fond and  
glad to have known you  
if we had the money we'd climb our way back  
down somehow  
and if we're in the garden don't you know that  
our bellies are full  
now that heavens out the way  
Don't you feed them hungry or to hold  
somebody when you're sleeping  
through that night all alone  
hold tight maybe we're all hungry and lonely  
cause those fires don't  
burn well alone  
Look at him moving, listen to feet falling bare  
on the stone all about him  
that tamborines ringing, those bells have all  
worried their minds  
because there's no sorted of safety here  
our bellies are full now that heavens out of the  
way,  
Don't you feed them hungry or to hold  
somebody when you're sleeping  
through that night all alone

hold tight maybe we're all hungry and lonely  
cause those fires don't  
burn well alone

## CHILDREN

Birth me of blood oil  
salt sugar water pales  
build me black jesus  
cause jesus can't save me  
Shackles pulling at your hair  
shine me from roots out  
wash me form the neck down  
Cut me fat stores

Take me to the tree line  
I'm a headin down down down  
down to the river cause I don't believe in  
medicine  
I'll crawl out shakin pale  
always got the answer I got ears all around me  
burn up in black smoke  
thick and pourin down your throat  
make me of bread walks  
listen up with ears we're divin  
birth me of blood oil  
salt sugar water pales  
build me black jesus  
shackles pulling at your hair  
I'm a headin down down down  
down to the river cause I don't believe in  
medicine  
I'll crawl out shakin pale  
always got the answer I got ears all around me  
Tell your children we got another year comin  
oil stands the legs this body speaks in tongues  
and croaks "I'm headin down"  
I'll walk down to the river where we met our  
pales  
filled and spillin like our sothern friends  
met that pale atop the rocks and moss  
grass grips licks about our heels and bends  
Tell your children we got another year comin  
oil stands the legs this body speaks in tongues  
and croaks "I'm headin down"  
Tell your children we spent a year in this fire,  
copper bands and hells getting lighter line up  
in lines we can only get higher  
Tell your children we got another year comin

## THE BOTTOM

How High. Soldiers pull boys through rain  
ground to their toes ground to the dirt  
(oh) my. They spilled down the steps  
filed in rows like hair likes to pour  
like skin loves to warm  
but teeth don't pull like these chains don't drag  
around  
.... because it's safe at the bottom....

Wind down to the beds of the leaves  
bedding of sand where fire don't burn (but the  
tops of trees)  
Out, out of the head streams a maze  
of colors and shapes that dance from these  
walls  
but trust don't pay like these guns don't fuck  
around  
.... we know it's safe at the bottom....

I know what I know, and all I ever need is you

Down, down in the sand lives alone  
in shackles and bone meat blood from grown  
gravel and stone  
but teeth don't pull like these chains don't drag  
around  
.... because it's safe at the bottom....  
Calm but never finds rest these bones  
for what we don't know for all that we know  
It's all that we've known  
but trust don't pay like these guns don't fuck  
around  
.... we know it's safe at the bottom....

I know what I know, and all I ever need is you

## SLEEPING SLEEPERS SLEEP

shave our heads  
strip our clothes  
burn them books but  
the mind still grows

a sheltered mind with  
fears of rings  
fear of time  
and missing links  
we all once were,  
and I'll walk until my legs are broken

I was up walking and you were the shoes  
bored with the thoughts that you thoughts I  
could use  
Islands were made of brick stone and shade  
where deaths only rest of laughable tunes

Feel your toes  
buried sand  
wide eyes roll and  
the legs, they stand  
i was asleep until my eye were opened

we are made  
to be sewn  
bodys lips eyes  
earlthed and regrown  
shave our heads  
strip our clothes  
burn them books but  
the mind still grows  
and I'll walk until my legs are broken

Bills sit about talking of people they've used

Born of new worlds that have fallen past due  
trusting in funding and finding a place  
in wheel wells and homes and people like you  
films finding fair faces and lies  
white ships bearing backs house glass teeth  
and eyes  
like the apartment of capable tunes  
that bored with the thoughts that we thought it  
could use

it never ever rains if you never cry  
and you never have to mourn if you never ever  
die

## SUN BROTHER

heavy were the words  
dripping from my brain  
flow about and sink in little bitty bits where I  
know  
I know myself  
where floors were found  
shores were shaping doors  
stretch for miles and mile and miles I know  
I know myself  
and everyone hidden from the sun  
pepper churns and salts about my little nose  
where I know  
I know myself  
and if you love everybody  
then I wonder, shall you be saved  
and I'm thinking, when will we be found

I towed you way down through south land  
where we left it all to die  
climbing up back woods with palms quaking  
and thundering  
out out out way way out south land

then I wonder, shall you be saved  
and I'm thinking, when will we be found

I need you sunshine this rains a poured  
please please please please please me  
cry down and out film reflecting that  
reflections  
send me a car these feet can't take it no more

earth and roads were mouths  
that swallow up and down  
twist about the creek in step stepped steps and  
I know  
I know myself  
tiny tickled toads  
concrete molded bowls  
hop and fall and roll about them little selves  
where I know  
I know myself  
and everything  
every word and sight  
I know about the present, end, dawn and time  
and I know  
I wonder...

(and if you love everybody)

I need you sunshine this rains a poured  
please please please please please me  
cry down and out film reflecting that  
reflections  
send me a car I know these feet can't take it  
no more  
I'll take me time I don't worry that old man no  
more  
he's a worry for lights that splash bout my  
eyes running around  
shy naked and whispering found but listening  
know no ones behind  
I told you wait down south land  
where we left it all behind  
climbing up back woods with palms quaking  
and thundering  
out out out way way out south land  
Hide deep down inside way away where  
nothing dies  
sorry for the words that roll stroll and tumble  
about  
I know myself every inch stumble and inside  
out  
I don't need no one and I know won't anytime  
soon

# PORTUGAL THE MAN

## Church Mouth Track-by-Track

### CHURCH MOUTH

**John Gourley:** "This is like the entire record in one song, if that makes any sense. The way 'Church Mouth' was recorded and written was very spontaneous, which I think is really important to a couple of the tracks on this record, although this song in particular is a little more fast-paced and urgent than the others. As far as the lyrics go, it's a little more straight-forward than the rest of the disc. I like to mess around with words and put them across in different ways, but on this one I wanted to set the tone early on for the entire album."

### SUGAR CINNAMON

**Gourley:** "This was another one of these songs that was really spontaneous. I had this really moody bassline and the phrase 'sleeping on the streets,' and really wanted to write something to go with it. The whole track was built off of those two ideas."

**Zach Carothers:** "'Sugar Cinnamon' was one of the few demos where we just basically re-recorded with organic drums and it sounds almost exactly the way it was done on the demo."

### TELLING TELLERS TELL ME

**Gourley:** "That line, 'Summer came and I lost my shoes' I wrote in Philadelphia and I actually had lost my shoes, which just goes along with me being a total mess a lot of the time. There's still the overall religious theme of the record though, like when I sing 'calm to find your soul.' We talk about Alaska in that song a lot, too; there's really bad drug problems in Alaska and that's where the train track and basement references come from."

### MY MIND

**Gourley:** "You know how you walk around and you see people on the street and you go, 'wow, that guy is crazy' and it's not funny, but you could never see yourself being like that? This summer out of nowhere I felt like I was suddenly that guy and afterwards I was like, 'so that's what it feels like to have no idea what's going on' and it was not good, so we kind of made a joke out of it and that's how that song was created. Hopefully that doesn't happen again, because it wasn't very much fun."

### SHADE

**Gourley:** "'Shade'" was written a lot about Alaska, actually. I had the gold rush in mind when I wrote this song and I'm not really sure why; it was just a random thought that went along with the music so well. Alaska is so full of beauty and I am still constantly in awe of it, even when I'm sitting somewhere in a totally different continent. That's the type of feeling we tried to capture with that song."

### DAWN

**Gourley:** "'Dawn'" I wrote a long time ago; I think I wrote it probably around June of last year. It was that upbeat song the record needed, even though I didn't know it at the time. I really don't write a lot of happy or positive stuff and this is what that is to me. I mean it pulls back into the record and kind of gets you back on track and tells you that not everything is that bad, you know?"

### OH LORD

**Gourley:** "It was really random, but I'd been listening to a lot of Blind Willie Johnson and Muddy Waters and Robert Johnson and stuff like that when I wrote this song; it's a bunch of mixed influences that I'm sure aren't super obvious unless you listen to it. For the outro, we tried to give it a real chain-gang sound, with me singing in the back of the room as opposed to close to the mic and the producer got a bunch of tools and we were all banging on them to make the background sounds."



### PORTUGAL THE MAN IS:

#### JOHN BALDWIN GOURLEY

Vocals, Guitar, synthesizers, programming

#### ZACHARY SCOTT CAROTHERS

Bass, Background vocals, percussion

#### JASON SECHRIST

Drums, Congas, Percussion, and background vocals

### BELLIES ARE FULL

**Gourley:** "'Bellies Are Full'" was one of the songs that was personal as far as what this band is about. The song is just about working to get somewhere and the way I've always been and the way people I've always been around have been. We're not working for money, we're working for ourselves. The chorus of the song is 'If we had the money, we'd climb our way back down somehow,' and that speaks a lot for me and the band personally because we have definitely felt that way at times."

### CHILDREN

**Gourley:** "This song is all about when we had to get from Baltimore to Arizona to start a tour and our van broke down just outside of Jackson, Mississippi. We were already bummed it was way too hot for us to be walking and the town was really far away and out of nowhere it just started pouring rain and thunder and lightning. It was just this crazy moment and this song completely came out of that. The chorus of 'to tell your children' was something I wrote on that fateful walk."

### BOTTOM

**Gourley:** "I've always loved the sound of having a lot of different types of percussion going on, like all the shakers doing different rhythms and that old-school rock 'n roll feel you get when the lyrics follow the guitar. 'Bottom' is a really rhythm-based song and the lyrics follow everything. It's also one of my favorite choruses on the record, because it's so sonically heavy and sludgy at the same time."

### SLEEPING SLEEPERS/SUN BROTHER

**Gourley:** "This is a commentary on people in general. I think the 'shave my head, shed my clothes' line is really important because music is supposed to be about progress and getting a point across and I think that's what I tried to do with this song. I think 'Sleep' just ties in that everyone is an individual. I was very opinionated throughout the record, but now I'm just saying everyone ultimately has their hearts in the right place no matter how screwed up they may seem to us."

## Portugal, The Man on Tour:

23.05. Rüsselsheim Rhein/Main - Das Rind 24.05. Berlin - Intro Intim / Maria 25.05. Hannover - Cafe Glocksee 26.05. Rostock - Mau Club 28.05. Saarbrücken - Kleine Garage 29.05. Düsseldorf - Zakk 30.05. Hamburg - Knust 31.05. Münster - Visions Party / Gleis 22 01.06. Dortmund - Visions Party / FZW 02.06. Bielefeld - Visions Party / Forum 03.06. Heidelberg - Karlstorbahnhof 04.06. Stuttgart - Schocken 05.06. Konstanz - Kulturladen 06.06. A-Innsbruck - Weekender 07.06. CH-Zürich - Hafenkneipe 08.06. CH-Luzern - Konzerthaus Schüür 09.06. CH-Oberentfelden - Böröm Pöm Pöm

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