

Link do produktu: <https://shop.fallentemple.pl/panopticon-the-rime-of-memory-2lp-black-ice-vinyl-with-white-splatters-vinyl-12-p-26206.html>



PANOPTICON The Rime Of Memory 2LP Black ice vinyl with white splatters [VINYL 12"]

Cena	179,90 zł
Dostępność	Dostępny
Czas wysyłki	5 dni
Producent	BINDRUNE RECORDINGS

Opis produktu

Track listing:

1. Erindringens Høstlige Dysterhet
2. Winter's Ghost
3. Cedar Skeletons
4. An Autumn Storm
5. Enduring the Snow Draught
6. The Blue Against the White

Album Details:

- 2LP
- Gatefold Jacket with Spot UV
- Black ice vinyl with white splatters limited to 1000 copies
- 12 page Booklet
- poly lined inner sleeves

About The Rime Of Memory:

It is such an ugly thought that we all will taste death. Many of us do our best to kind of push it to the back of our minds, so we can go about our daily lives, but just before sleep, it runs its fingers down your spine, resting warmly at your hip as you embark upon a dream, just to be startled with the reminder of your own impermanence.

Life is short...and gathers speed as it falls...slowly rolling down hill until making its plunge into the abyss, only to abruptly end at its highest speed...the days flying by like minutes, with each wrinkle in our increasingly fragile hands until we simply stop breathing....for what ever reason.

So we make occasions of mile stones...erecting them to acknowledge the ages we pass through. Every traveler stops to pay their respects and be reminded by those who long ago visited those mile stones...16....18....20....21...25...30...35...40...50....and so on...each milestone further apart than the last, each one less attended... less flowers at the foot of the stone crumbling into oblivion....and then the milestone is a grave....weeds growing around it, seldom seen and then forgotten...

Along the way we grapple with it as best we can...desperately holding on to our youth (some of us)...engaging in outlandish behavior to attempt to rediscover our passion for life, or revitalize our youth...but it's pointless...you are what you are. And with each day you become more and more that.

It is the natural cycle of life. Be born, grow, die, be born, grow, die.

Our planet has such cycles as well. But along the way, our desperate attempts to halt our own cycles got in the way of the planet's cycles. So desperate to evade our inevitabilities...we will harness and destroy the very life force we thrive from to just have one more day of youth and ease...we will desecrate the sacred cathedrals of the wilderness, the havens of all life just so that we can have a simpler existence, with more abundant resources for a privileged few...

...And then it comes. The well dries up. The forests burn. The smoke filled air choking our lungs...the dust billowing around our

homes, our bellies crying out from food scarcity, dry eyes and parched throats seeking shelter from ever violent weather, cowering in the ruins of our landscapes, between walls, huddling in fear of collapse... we look in the mirror and we see: We look old. It all served us nothing. There is no escape from death and grief and loss...So why did we do this? I guess we just couldn't come to terms with the end...so we encouraged it.

This album has 2 meanings. You can see this album solely as a rant about the climate crisis and wilderness advocacy. Or you can see this album as a coming to terms with the aging process...Or, as I do, you can see it allegorically about both. I wrote this album in my years of 37 to 40. It's strange to remember my parents at my age and think about how different it feels...raising my own children...having my own career...my own priorities...my own struggles. They did too. Passing by their mile stones, we begin to humanize them... they stop being the distant untouchable monoliths, towering over us...and we begin to see the cracks in them... just as we begin to crack, ourselves. Every time I go home, I drink a beer or two at my old man's grave. His final mile stone... One day, my boys just may drink a beer at mine.

Each day is sacred as we slowly march towards the end. Don't forget to enjoy the beauty you see, smell, taste and feel along the way. It won't last forever...so enjoy it, cherish it... protect it.

Don't let the fire burn out.
Austin

credits

releases November 15, 2023

Panopticon is: A. Lunn: Screamed and Sung Vocals, Acoustic and Electric Guitars, 4 and 12 String Bass, Drums and Percussion, Keyboards, Pedal Steel, Lap Steel, Accordion, Flutes and Whistles, Singing Bowls, choirs, samples, Recording, Square neck Resonator, Choir and String arrangement.

Also appearing in significant performance, writing and arrangement collaboration:
Charlie Anderson: Violin (Electric and Acoustic), String composition and Arrangement
Patrick Urban: Cello, String composition and Arrangement

Treasured Guest Performers:

Echtra: Screamed Vocals on "Winter's Ghost"

Victor Sanchez: Screamed Vocals on "Cedar Skeletons" and Additional Lyrics

Patrick Næs : Poem and Reading on "An Autumn Storm"

Jan Van Berlekom : Screamed and Sung Vocals on "Enduring the Snow Drought"

Johan Nilsson : Piano on "I Erindringens Høstlige Dysterhet" and sung vocals on "The Blue Against The White"

Nina Nilsson: Hardanger Fiddle and arrangement on "I Erindringens Høstlige Dysterhet".

The North Woods (International) Choir:

Austin Lunn, Andy Klockow, William Seay, Patrick Urban, Jan Van Berlekom, Andrea Morgan, Bekah Lunn.

All Choir Arrangement was collaborative between members.

A special thanks to Andy and Andrea for their significant arrangement contribution.

Mixed and Mastered by Spenser Morris

Photography and Art Direction by Bekah Lunn.

All photography taken in Minnesota's beloved North Woods

Illustrations and Layout by A. Lunn

Thank you to my wife, Bekah and my sons Håkan and Rune, Jan, Marty, my live band brothers, Grift, Falls of Rauros, Afsky, Fauna, The Glorious Dead, Exulansis, Vemod, Primevil Well, Obsequiae, Dämmerfarben, Aerial Ruin, Nechochwen and Waldgeflüster. And of course: thank you.
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