



# SOARS

(self-titled debut album)

## TRACK LIST:

Introduction  
The Sun Breaks Every Way But One  
Throw Yourself Apart  
Escape on High  
Ditches  
Figurehead  
Young Adult  
Monolith

Catalogue: LSE018  
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Label Contact:  
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US Distribution:  
Chicago Independent  
www.chicago-independent.com

UK/EU Distribution:  
www.cargorecords.co.uk

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Digital Press Kit/ Stream:  
la-soc.com/soarspreview.html

Soars is a reflection and by-product of Eastern Pennsylvania's Lehigh Valley; a fertile creative pool over the past decade, spawning a healthy number of noise/experimental/punk artists, bands, and venues (Brother JT, Pearls & Brass, etc). With NYC and Philadelphia in close proximity, it's all too common for the artist-as-drone to flee one's breeding grounds, leaving the assiduous worker-bees to tend the hive. Comprised of four long-time mainstays of the LV's spirited independent community (members of Memes, Goodnight Stars Goodnight Air, Dark Circles and We Have Heaven), the band's atmospheric scapes of dream-pop are awash with gauzy hints of Cocteau Twins and My Bloody Valentine, propelled by lockstep industrial rhythms. While destroying and rebuilding sonic textures and lyrical myth, Soars mirrors the depth, beauty, and character of their regenerative post-decay rust-belt colony.

Soars is: Briana Edwards, Chris Giordani, David Kresge, Anthony Perrett

## Selected Press:

*"They push along delicately, establishing moody elegance before ribbons of breathy words enter the mix. Like My Bloody Valentine, the balance of instrumentation and vocals are projected with paleness, but expertly considered, leaving your head floating in a dreamy wash of sadness, begging for inward reflections..."*  
-strangersinstereo.com

*"...brooding excellence, a methodical spiral burrowing into the psyche..."*  
-Sentimentalist

*"The first single, "Throw Yourself Apart" delivers its promising title by referencing sounds of the Cocteau Twins, while traveling along barefoot on its own high grass landscape— and the rest of Soars' debut unfolds onto itself forming layers of seemingly tufted sound."*  
-freewilliamsburg.com

*"Music can often play on memory, personal experience, dreams, and emotion. Great music can make the listener feel something they never knew existed, filling a void that was never acknowledged. This is my experience with the dreamy outfit SOARS."*  
-welistenforyou.blogspot.com

*"Across the record there's substantial nuance both in dynamics and style, including a throw-back Gothic gloom that we don't hear many of Soars' musical peers referencing these days."*  
-clicky clicky music blog

*"...awash with waves of guitar that pull you about, as the vocals build wispy worlds that are alive for only minutes at a time, and can end as abruptly as they started."*  
-deadasdigital.com



THE SUN BREAKS EVERY WAY BUT ONE you are the prize that stays by my side. honey to some, reflect my all. I am the man to be with you. baby, my world, my love, this girl. don't ever once forget my love. play away. don't ever trust, respect once was, love no more. hear that, the way I crave for you? pay me some mind, expect you'll find. autumn, the days you hate with your heart. don't take it hard. project it all. I know. it's coming up on me. every little way, that sadness in your eye. we'd break. baby hold it in. worry little one, forever and a day. on a warm day the sun breaks every way but one. so does the shoe fit? your anger fucking bleeds apart. on a warm day the sun breaks every way but one. I want to smell you. I feel you ripping my whole world. outside, outdoors swinging, why oh why? cut up and empty is no way light.

THROW YOURSELF APART pick up off her sheets. run us, rosy, alone. violet, safety, soft. hear them falling along. be a man, your broken arms. and I elect, you push back the layers. be a man, your broken heart. and I arrest the comfortable payoff. over, I am waking up. overjoyed. over, are you waking up? over me. helen took her sheets. wide eyed, looking alone. violet, safety, soft. silent children along. look high and right at the sun. look wide, so tight in your eyes.

ESCAPE ON HIGH this time you fall alone. it's sad, nobody knows why. you're fast asleep. this spring you're far away. I care, nobody knows why. you've gone and died. hit 'em in the front, all they do is wind you. kick a little bit, till he starts to spit. in air you're left alone and playing. I can still hear you, rest well my love. and I wanted to float all this time, all day. but you reached up and pointed out, my man. oh, can we in life enjoy respite, tidy alone, can we? hang. neck on a rope. laid on the floor. hang off the roof love. all, it's all a joke. it's all a stroke. heaven she's cruel my. hang on your word. hang on these seams. hang on this fools life. go. it's all a joke. it's all been seen. you won't miss a thing, jon.

DITCHES all recognize the pieces left back? it's so tragic that you were my friends, but no more. oh well, the dying basement lives on. so whether you replace it is your chore. say never in a day. say never in your heart? kick killer. you're on a stage now big boy. go settle for second indeed, it's bored. no better thy divine once "cool kid". remember your ego beat you as I did. sit up son. you have won. you are dead. your mother won't let go. of her gray. her old man. they still fight. that trash is still all in your head. so no fair and boo-hoo. I clap up. the mediocre maker. with that voice. with that eye. where's the charm? keep grudging it will stay sweet. home.

FIGUREHEAD hell's above. fake its pulse with another two. boring, shake your might. so my love. cheap instant of an elder one? sacred, nothingness. all come lay in my favorite mind. so my son. station less. well then who knew? boring, clean and white. I hate you so much it's fucked, but I never blew. anymore full lines? all come play in his broken mind. figurehead please die. take what's yours in my body, blood and soul. leave us now and go. straight to hells above. don't you leave my love. all the years since passed. slaps and skin you crashed.

YOUNG ADULT open up, time for warning. waters high, she's been waiting. for your love, sighs in mourning. kill the girl, I've been obsessed. we all fail all. the castles sit burning on harmony. sacrifice, he's there so long. I and I, old lands changing. we open up this paper. it lights my life in color. we all fail all. the water sits burning on. misery. have a list of what you are? the words have been all on. when it comes to my own might the burrs have all been bought off. can the cyst of what you buy be trapped or bled along? in the midst of all this shit I only want a way out. sit old boy since all's been done. there's shit in your heart. I see it in your eyes. this slows us without a word. shit rolls on and on.

MONOLITH some of your paintings carve a little inside. under your bad dreams, try to see and free my heart. front of your feelings is a laughter less than mature. sucker in silence, of what becomes a mixed mess? top of your worlds run high. pain in my arm can't hide. couple your breathing with a bit of fools pride. baby, I'm underneath the fear of this lie. silly you're moving, cannot hurry enough. lazy young old man, how I miss you, you'll never know. top of your worlds run high. pain in my arm can't hide. he was watching from the floor this night, and she was begging him for more outright. son. it's been a while. fall backward into my arms. it's all been a dream. go back from where you came.