

# Black Helicopter *"Don't Fuck with the Apocalypse"* CD/dig

cat: E#13E



## TRACK LISTING:

1. Invasion of Prussia
2. Golden Days
3. Copout
4. None Taken
5. Record Player
6. Hurple P
7. Pickle Jar
8. This is the One
9. Class Action
10. Occupation
11. Idiot Son
12. King Shit
13. Under the Bus
14. In the Blood

"Black Helicopter are the real deal, a classic sense of rock heaviness and infectious melody, they are their own thing, deep and distinctive"  
**Thurston Moore**

Since their first live performance in 1999 and subsequent first release *That Specific Function* to their third full-length release on Ecstatic Peace! Boston's Black Helicopter have been riding a fine line between mechanical, grinding cyclical rhythms, sparse yet intricate airy psych-outs, and addicting pop melodies. *Black Helicopter's Don't Fuck With the Apocalypse* (Ecstatic Peace! 2010) is no exception, with both meaty slashing layers filled with pounding intent and engaging melodic interludes that stick in your skull.



Whether it's the plight of Soviet soldiers during the second East Prussian offensive (Invasion of Prussia), begrudgingly accepting the limitations of one's self (In the Blood), or pining for a bygone era (Record Player, Golden Days), the tales told here are relatable to a broad spectrum, yet yield nothing to conventional "product rock." Black Helicopter takes no orders from passing trends, clearing their own wide swath as they go.

Tim Shea's vocal delivery falls somewhere between Scott "Spiral Stairs" Kannberg and J. Mascis, and is what makes Black Helicopter's rangy meat-and-potatoes workouts worth returning to. The man has a soft spot for all manner of sad sacks, erecting sturdy narrative windows into the depths of their doldrums. Comparisons have been made to bands like Shellac, Pavement and Mission of Burma. Instrumentally, Shea lays down tastily distorted treats that get the props in motion and set the course for the path less-traveled. Guitarist Eric Baird plays the foil to Shea's structured guitar templates, happily squalling at times and reinforcing when melodically necessary. The band is rounded out by Boston's most Albanian rhythm section, Zack Lazar and Matt Nicholas who prepare the helipad for the 'Copter's departure by pounding out thick slab after slab.

The time has come for Black Helicopter to end the covert ops of the past and come to the fore to be held accountable for their actions.

**Ecstatic Peace!**



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