

TOP TEN TRACKS OF THE WEEK / 5 POSTERS INSIDE / NEW BANDS ON THE SCENE

# EPIC SOUND

THAT ROCKS

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW OF THE YEAR

# KINGDOM

"IT'S EVERYTHING THAT I CAN GIVE, WHILE I'M STILL HERE"





# Hail to the King

Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarks-grove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia.



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Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way. When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last

view back on the skyline of her hometown Bookmarks-grove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the sub line of her own road, the Line Lane. Pitiful a rethoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy. The copy warned the Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk.

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abused her for their projects again and again. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her.

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**“All of the things that I have done, I don't take it as a regret but as a life lesson.”**





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**“I’ve tried not to get myself into bad situations, so I stopped leading bad people in.”**



## TOP EIGHT FACTS

# ABOUT KINGDOM

- 1 HIS REAL NAME IS...**  
Jack Kingston, born in Essex in 1987.
- 2 FAVOURITE COLOUR**  
Red, as it reminds me of the power.
- 3 FAVOURITE FOOD**  
Cheese burger with bacon and JD sauce.
- 4 FAVOURITE BAND**  
Slipknot. They are f\*\*\*ing amazing.
- 5 BEST PLACE**  
My house with my cat, Ursula.
- 6 BEST MOVIE**  
I like the James bond, but I like Marvel too.
- 7 BEST ALBUM**  
Welcome to the black parade by My Chem.
- 8 FAVOURITE TATTOO**  
Anything that I blocked away. I don't see the point of a cover.



THE STUNNING NEW  
ALBUM FEATURING  
**I AM BRAVE, INTO  
THE SAND AND  
LET ME LIVE**  
AVAILABLE NOW

KINGDOM  
STANDING  
OUT OF THE  
SHADOWS





# OPEN AS USUAL

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WORDS  
Rachel Clements

**A**wonderful serenity has taken possession of my entire soul, like these sweet mornings of spring which I enjoy with my whole heart. I am alone, and feel the charm of existence in this spot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine. I am so happy, my dear friend, so absorbed in the exquisite sense of mere tranquil existence, that I neglect my talents. I should be incapable of drawing a single stroke at the present moment; and yet I feel that I never was a greater artist than now. When, while the lovely valley teems with vapour around me, and the meridian sun strikes the upper surface of the impenetrable foliage of my trees, and but a few stray gleams steal into the inner sanctuary, I throw myself down among the tall grass by the trickling stream; and, as I lie close to the earth, a thousand unknown plants are noticed by me: when I hear the buzz of the little world among the stalks, and grow familiar with the countless indescribable forms of the insects and flies.

**O**h, would I could describe these conceptions, could impress upon paper all that is living so full and warm within me, that it might be the mirror of my soul, as my soul is the mirror of the infinite God! O my friend -- but it is too much for my strength -- I sink under the weight of the splendour of these visions! A wonderful serenity has taken possession of my entire soul, like these sweet mornings of spring which I enjoy with my whole heart. I am alone, and feel the charm of existence in this spot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine.



“WE ALWAYS  
WORK HARD  
TO PUT ON A  
GOOD SHOW.”

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The quick, brown fox jumps over a lazy dog. DJs flock by when MTV ax quiz prog. Junk MTV quiz graced by fox whelps. Bawds jog, flick quartz, vex nymphs. Waltz, bad nymph, for quick jigs vex! Fox nymphs grab quick-jived waltz. Brick quiz whangs jumpy veldt fox. Bright vixens jump; dozy fowl quack. Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim. Quick zephyrs blow, vexing daft Jim. Sex-charged fop blew my junk TV quiz. How quickly daft jumping zebras vex. Two driven jocks help fax my big quiz. Quick, Baz, get my woven flax jodhpurs! "Now fax quiz Jack! " my brave ghost pled. Five quacking zephyrs jolt my wax bed. Flummoxed by job, kvetching W. zaps Iraq. Cozy sphinx waves quart jug of bad milk. A very bad quack might jinx zippy fowls. Few quips galvanized the mock jury box. Quick brown dogs jump over the lazy fox.

"THE FANS PLAY THE PART, THEIR UP LIFTING SPIRITS KEEP US GOING."



Woven silk pyjamas exchanged for blue quartz. Brawny gods just flocked up to quiz and vex him. Adjusting quiver and bow, Zompyc[1] killed the fox. My faxed joke won a pager in the cable TV quiz show. Amazingly few discotheques provide jukeboxes. My girl wove six dozen plaid jackets before she quit. Six big devils from Japan quickly forgot how to waltz. Big July earthquakes confound zany experimental vow. Foxy parsons quiz and cajole the lovably dim wiki-girl. Have a pick: twenty six letters - no forcing a jumbled quiz! Crazy Fredericka bought many very exquisite opal jewels. Sixty zippers were quickly picked from the woven jute bag. A quick movement of the enemy will jeopardize six gunboats. All questions asked by five watch experts amazed the judge.



Jack quietly moved up front and seized the big ball of wax. The quick, brown fox jumps over a lazy dog. DJs flock by when MTV ax quiz prog. Junk MTV quiz graced by fox whelps. Bawds jog, flick quartz, vex nymphs. Waltz, bad nymph, for quick jigs vex! Fox nymphs grab quick-jived waltz. Brick quiz whangs jumpy veldt fox. Bright vixens jump; dozy fowl quack. Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim. Quick zephyrs blow, vexing daft Jim. Sex charged fop blew my junk TV quiz. How quickly daft jumping zebras vex. Bright vixens jump; dozy fowl quack. Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim. Quick zephyrs blow, vexing daft Jim. Sex charged fop blew my junk TV quiz.





# Queen of the red roses

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**“IF I DIDN'T THINK FOR MYSELF, I WON'T OF GOT ANYTHING F\*\*\*ING DONE.”**



**The quick, brown fox jumps over a lazy dog. DJs flock by when?**

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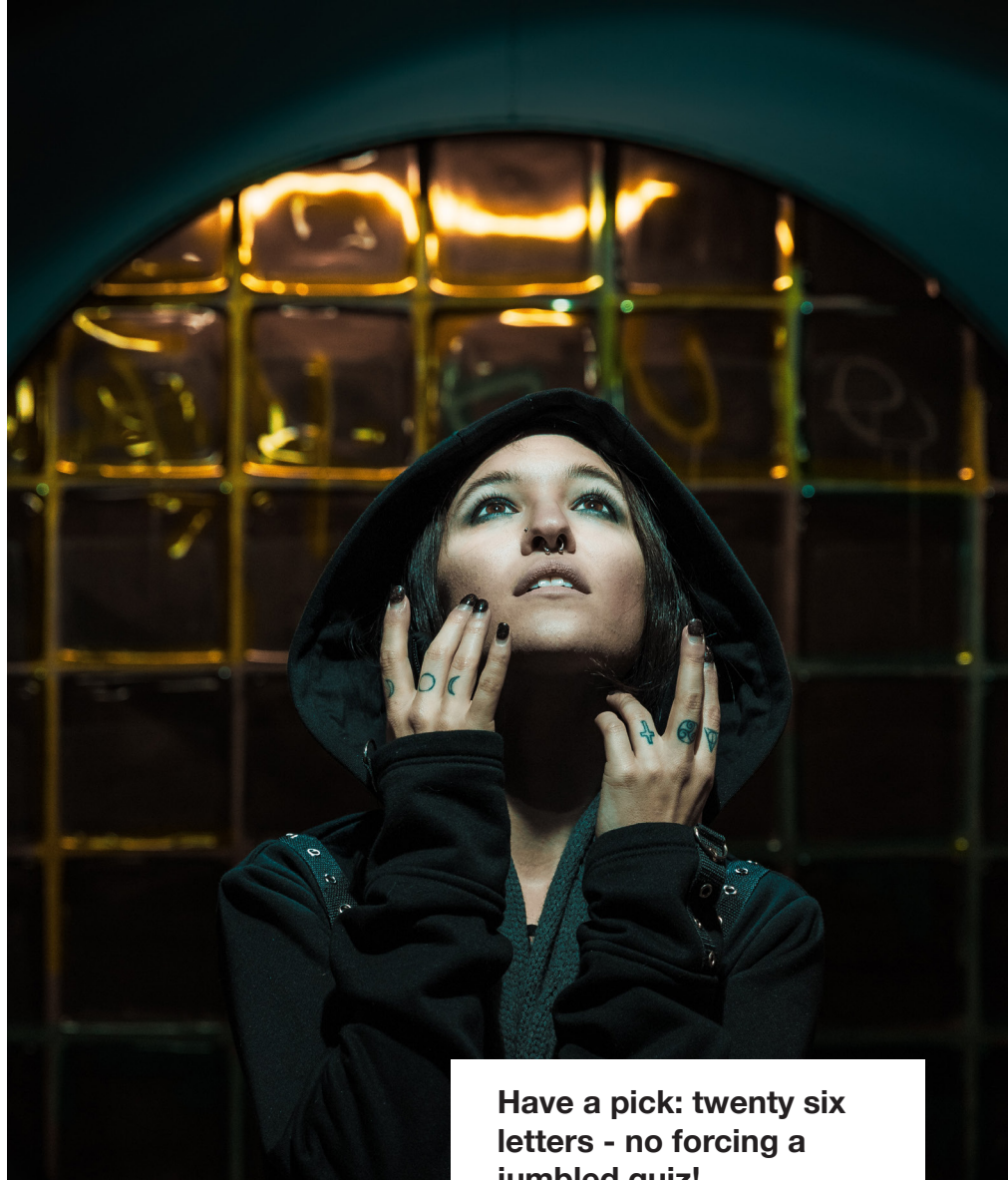
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**The jay, pig, fox, zebra, and my wolves quack! Blowzy red vixens fight for a quick jump?**

Joaquin Phoenix was gazed by MTV for luck. A wizard's job is to vex chumps quickly in fog. Watch "Jeopardy!", Alex Trebek's fun TV quiz game. Woven silk pyjamas

**"WHATEVER IT TAKES, IF I'VE GOT TO PUSH PEOPLE OUT THE WAY- THEY WILL KNOW."**



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Crazy Fredericka bought many very exquisite opal jewels.

**Sixty zippers were quickly picked from the woven jute bag?**

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**Have a pick: twenty six letters - no forcing a jumbled quiz!**

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**OUT OF SYNC  
ALBUM OUT APRIL 15TH**

# NEW SOUND DISCOVER FIRST OF THE NEW NOISE



## CHAOS UNDER FIRE

**Alternative, Heavy, and everything in-between to your ears**

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked.

"What's happened to me?" he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table - Samsa was a travelling salesman - and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame.

It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her lower arm towards the viewer. Gregor then turned to look out the window at the dull weather. Drops of rain could be heard hitting the pane, which made him feel quite sad. "How about if I sleep a little bit longer and forget all this nonsense", he thought, but that was something he was unable to do because he was used to sleeping on his right, and in his present state couldn't get into that position.

**New EP, Getting it out of your system is available on Spotify**

Listen now





# UNDER THE RADAR

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ONE MORNING, WHEN GREGOR SAMSA WOKE FROM TROUBLED DREAMS, HE FOUND HIMSELF TRANSFORMED IN HIS BED INTO A HORRIBLE VERMIN. HE LAY ON HIS ARMOUR-LIKE BACK, AND IF HE LIFTED HIS HEAD A LITTLE HE COULD SEE HIS BROWN BELLY, SLIGHTLY DOMED AND DIVIDED BY ARCHES INTO STIFF SECTIONS.



# HEARING THE WHITE NOISE

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floundering legs, and only stopped when he began to feel a mild, dull pain there that he had never felt before. “Oh, God”, he thought, “what a strenuous career it is that I’ve chosen! Travelling day in and day out. Doing business like this takes much more effort than doing your own business at home, and on top of that there’s the curse of travelling, worries about making train connections, bad and irregular food, contact with different people all the time so that you can never get to know anyone or become friendly with them. It can all go to Hell!

He felt a slight itch up on his belly; pushed himself slowly up on his back towards the headboard so that he could lift his head better; found where the itch was, and saw that it was covered with lots of little white spots which he didn’t know what to make of; and when he tried to feel the place with one of his legs he drew it quickly back because as soon as he touched it he was overcome by a cold shudder. He slid back into his former position. “Getting up early all the time”, he thought, “it makes you stupid. You’ve got to get enough sleep. Other travelling salesmen live a life of luxury. For instance, whenever I go back to the guest house during the morning to copy out the contract, these gentlemen are always still sitting there eating their breakfasts. I ought to just try that with my boss; I’d get kicked out on the spot. But who knows, maybe that would be the best thing for me. If I didn’t have my parents to think about I’d have given in my notice a long time ago,

**“I KEPT THINKING WHAT IF....”**

**ABBIE UNDERWIRE**





**“WE GOT TO KEEP GOING,  
NOTHING WILL STOP US”**

**CARL JACKSON**

I'd have gone up to the boss and told him just what I think, tell him everything I would, let him know just what I feel. He'd fall right off his desk! And it's a funny sort of business to be sitting up there at your desk, talking down at your subordinates from up there, especially when you have to go right up close because the boss is hard of hearing. Well, there's still some hope; once I've got the money together to pay off my parents' debt to him - another five or six years I suppose - that's definitely what I'll do. That's when I'll make the big change. First of all though, I've got to get up, my train leaves at five. "And he looked over at the alarm clock, ticking on the chest of drawers. "God in Heaven!" he thought. It was half past six and the hands were quietly moving forwards, it was even later than half past, more like quarter to seven. Had the alarm clock not rung? He could

see from the bed that it had been set for four o'clock as it should have been; it certainly must have rung. Yes, but was it possible to quietly sleep through that furniture-rattling noise? True, he had not slept peacefully, but probably all the more deeply because of that. What should he do now? The next train went at seven; if he were to catch that he would have to rush like mad and the collection of samples was still not packed, and he did not at all feel particularly fresh and lively. And even if he did catch the train he would not avoid his boss's anger as the office assistant would have been there to see the five o'clock train go, he would have put in his report about Gregor's not being there a long time ago.

**Under the Radar, Hearing the White Noise is out June 22nd**

**EPIC SOUND**  
**MUSIC THAT ROCKS**

**HEADLINING ROCK FREE FESTIVAL 2020**

**ABSENT**

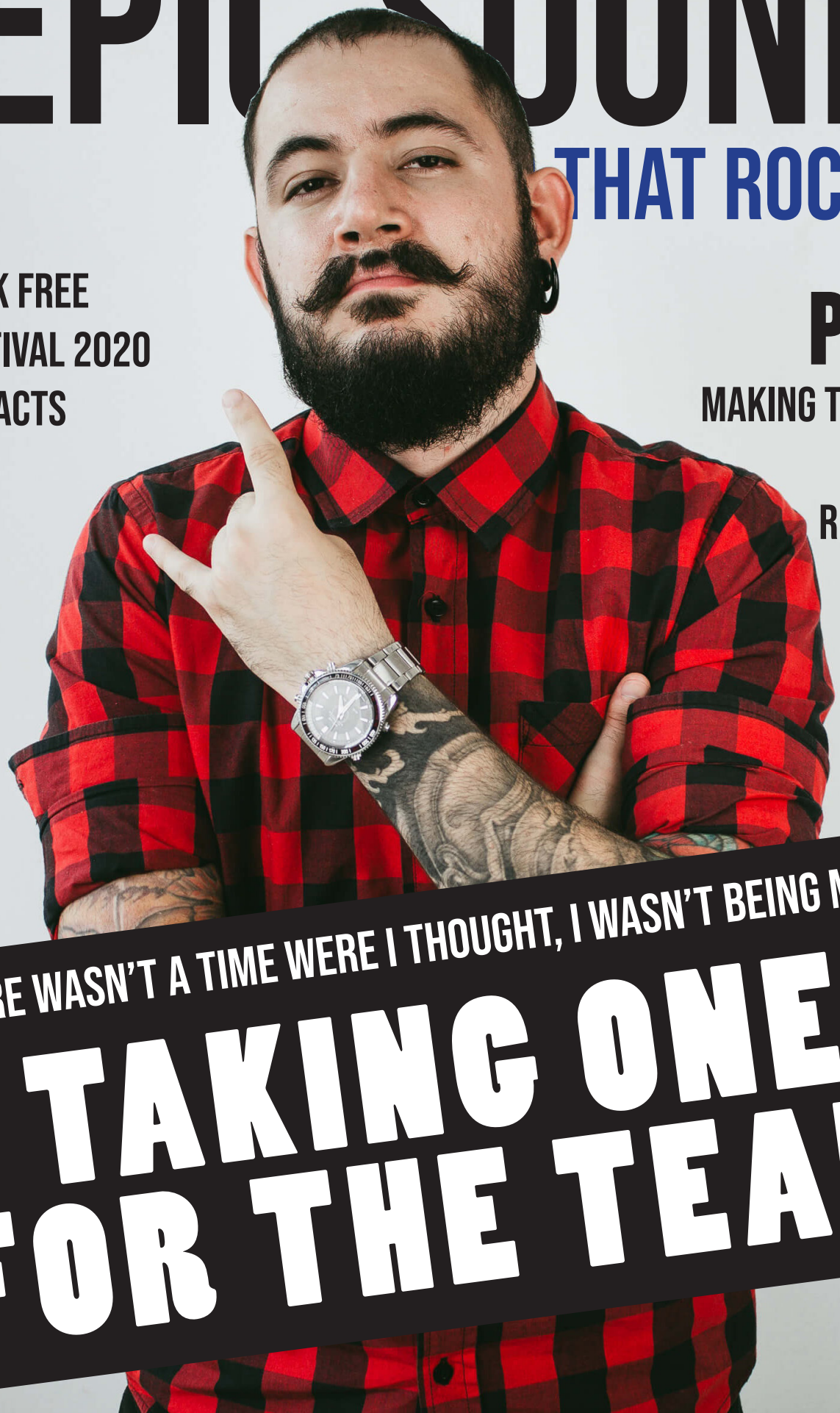
**“IT'S AN HONOUR TO PLAY ONE OF THE BEST FESTIVAL AROUND”**



# EPIC SOUND

THAT ROCKS

ROCK FREE  
FESTIVAL 2020  
ALL ACTS



**PLUS**  
MAKING THE GRID  
ABSENT  
ROXANNE  
ERIC .D

“THERE WASN'T A TIME WERE I THOUGHT, I WASN'T BEING MYSELF”

# TAKING ONE FOR THE TEAM

EVERYTHING I OWN / KINGDOM / WANNA B'S / CHILD OF THE MOON / OUT OF ORDER / RAZOR SHARP

# EPIC SOUND

MUSIC THAT ROCKS

**PLUS**  
CHAOS UNDER FIRE  
SPEAKING THE TRUTH  
& ABSENT

**ALSO INSIDE**  
THE WANNA B'S  
CHILD OF THE MOON  
& ROXANNE

RAP ROCK THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

# TWENTY-SIX TIMES

UNDER THE RADAR / OUT OF ORDER / GAME BOYZ / AND MANY MORE...

