



Live report : >LIZZY BORDEN - >Summer Of Blood 2011

Ce Live Report nous a été envoyé par une de nos Heavy Metal Girl américaine fan du groupe ! Plutôt que de vous proposer une traduction incompréhensible, nous avons préféré vous proposer la version anglaise...Merci de votre compréhension.

“LIZZY BORDEN: Forgotten...But Not Gone – Summer of Blood 2011”

One is overcome with the sensation that a supernatural entity has possessed their very being; trespassing into the most secret and desolate corners of one's psyche...commandeering control and leading them down a spiraling path of melodious and visual debauchery. That which I describe is the musical entity known as LIZZY BORDEN. An adequate description of this ethereal experience far exceeds the capabilities of human tongue or pen. Such an experience is personal, intimate, and unique to each individual, allowing them to be lead thru their own accord into a journey thru the “Kingdom of The Dead”.

The stage goes black. Lights dance recklessly throughout the room. A low hum commences from the depths of the many amplifiers stacked upon the stage before uncaringly erupting into a full-fledged attack. Without pause, the words and melodies become discernable. “Live forever, the end of never...” these words begin the track of that which we know as ‘Tomorrow Never Comes.’ The crowd begins to chant along, singing in unison with the ringleader, dressed in phantom robes, along with his notorious band of misfits.

Discarding his robes and reaching into the shadows, Lizzy produces a skull. Holding it tightly in one hand and the microphone in the other, he begins to serenade to the sound of ‘Voyeur.’ As the journey continues, the guise constantly changes. LIZZY BORDEN admonishes us that you “Never know just who you're with that's staring back at you.”

Two beautiful ‘Phantoms’ stagger stiffly onto stage, their mortal lives ended and their new begun. They cling to the warmth and energy that seeps from beneath the flesh of Lizzy's body. They claw at him relentlessly, desiring what he has to offer: LIFE...And yet, they recede into the shadows whence they came...defeated and alone. And the journey continues...

The echoes of Metal and steel careen throughout the room. An enchanting, voluptuous girl dances for all to see, mesmerizing the audience with her motion and fluidity of limbs. This cannot end well...One meaning to cause harm approaches...Swinging passionately his weapon of choice. Failing in his actions, he becomes enraged. Felling his axe to the ground with a thunderous crash, he leaps upon her; draining her of life. Her blood flows freely down her pale, smooth, figure; staining everything it touches. ‘There Will Be Blood Tonight...’ In all fairness, he warned us not to push him too far.

Heavy Metal courses thru our veins. The crowd's energy breaks boundaries and heightens to new levels. “The sound of steel, noise you can feel...The smell of leather...” In a psychotic rage, the ‘Master of Disguise’ dons numerous masks, not knowing which one adequately represents his inner monster.

Lizzy brings his treacherous tale to a close with an endless assault on one's senses, mixing several melodies into one, traversing thru 25+ years of material. With the mind overwhelmed, the sound ceases, and silence envelopes all.

If one attempted to release me from my musical imprisonment; to break the chains that bind me, I would out rightly resist; displaying a “Stockholm syndrome” of sorts with a fervent intensity. No regrets, no remorse...Unwavering devotion.



Be it whatever path may lead you, the show encompasses and guides you down a twisting path, indiscernible to most; suffocating and empowering all within its reach. Yes, LIZZY BORDEN's show has life, a persona all its own; made tangible and sustainable by us...For 'We Are The Only Ones.'

-Tosha M. Shorb ~ July 12, 2011

"After silence, that which comes nearest to expressing the inexpressible is music." ~ Aldous HUXLEY

RASKAL

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