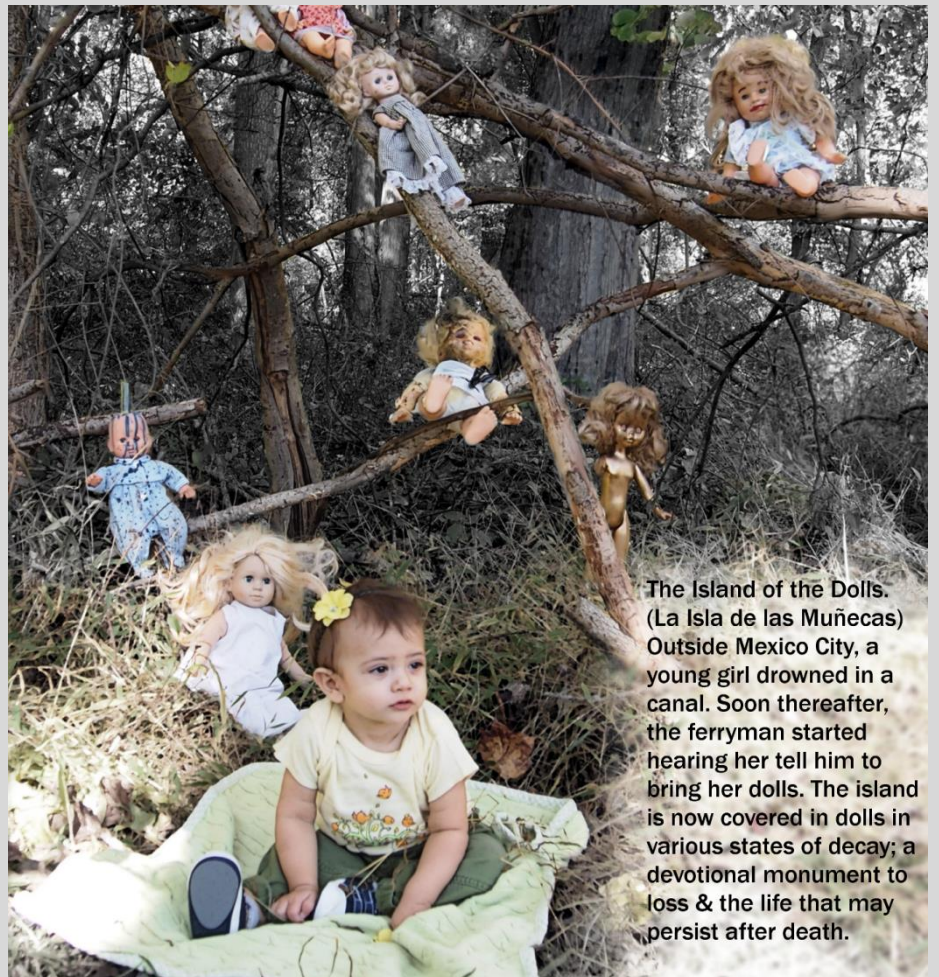


American Sinner



Island of the Dolls

1. Goat Castle
2. What You Break
3. Maritana
4. Lila Anne
5. You'll Need Somebody...
6. Copper Queen
7. Geek
8. Hours
9. Gold
10. 483
11. Bloodshed Blues
12. Judgment Day
13. I'm Haunted by You
14. A Lullaby
15. Bright Smile



The Island of the Dolls. (La Isla de las Muñecas) Outside Mexico City, a young girl drowned in a canal. Soon thereafter, the ferryman started hearing her tell him to bring her dolls. The island is now covered in dolls in various states of decay; a devotional monument to loss & the life that may persist after death.

1 . Goat Castle

There's a black spot¹ in the woods that's calling
sometimes when I think of you
Your voice in the wind calling me
Drowning my ears is all I can do

Brown-eyed demon is singing
She punctuates my dreams
Blood red lipped demon is whispering to me
And sucking the breath for my screams²

What kind of hell we raised?
That I pray for each next dawn
That damn spot¹ out there creeping closer
I don't know how to put it down

Felt like tasting heaven, when we danced too close to hell
Some seal, some bind was broken. The best I have to quell
it are the songs and hanging pans.³ But things are still slipping by
And I still hear her singing, in the woods on quiet nights



¹MacBeth references. Mrs. MacBeth at one point yells 'Out, damn spot.' The scene brings to mind the difficulty of fully scrubbing away certain wrongs. Mr. MacBeth believes in a prophecy that he will not be defeated until the woods around his castle rise up to destroy him. A foe has his men uproot trees to camouflage themselves in attacking. Prophecies should be carefully worded.

²In some eras, this might have been interpreted to be a UFO contact. See, Sleep Paralysis.

³Pans, i.e. goats and literally, loud sounds often thought to scare away demons and other unfriendly hard to see folk. I've seen a lot of pans, homemade wind chimes, hung for this purpose.

Natchez, Mississippi. 1888

Jennie Merrill, Duncan Minor, Octavia Dockery and Richard Dana – two couples, four best friends. Educated and wealthy, they were darlings of Natchez society in the 1890s. Octavia was a poet, Richard a pianist.

Suddenly, the four became reclusive. Their rare sightings in town were marked by paranoid and eccentric behavior. Jennie was sometimes seen wandering in the woods between the two couples' homes, her hair long and tangled. A trip of goats slowly ate Richard's plantation style home; the locals began calling it 'The Goat Castle.'

Coming home to Jennie one night, Duncan found the home in disarray. There was blood on the walls and a trail out the driveway. A search team found Jennie's body in the woods between the couples' houses. She had been shot several times in the chest.

Emily Burns, a local boarding house owner, was charged with the murder along with an accomplice who was killed in Arkansas shortly after Jennie's murder. Not everyone was convinced. Emily Burns was later pardoned by the governor for unknown reasons.

After Jennie's death, many locals and tourists claimed seeing her ghost darting between trees in the woods near the couple's homes. And late into the night, Richard continued to play uncomfortable melodies on his poorly tuned piano.

Why the four changed...No one knows for sure.

Lyrics Scott (S), Music S w/ Nic (N) Krissy (K) Plug (P)

S - Main vocals, guitar & synth

N - Bass & backup vocals

P - Drums & backup vocals

K - violin

S, N & P, samples



2. What You Break

How was I to know?
You came without a sign
Fragile this side up
Or handle me with care

What you break you own⁴

Caught in a second so slow
I could taste the air
As you amplified my sigh
By your silent stare

There's a flicker of crime, behind your eyes
Yeah I see it there
Your pumpkin Smile
Your hollow stare

Back and forth you go
Rocking(,) ⁵ your only friend
Black indifferent eyes
Scapegoat in a snare



Our favorite hiding spot was under the stairs.
There was a loose board. It was a good spot, but
you could still hear the screaming.

Lyrics S, Music S & Chuck Getsi & Gabe Passmore w/ N, P

S - Main vocals & guitar
N - Bass & backup vocals
P - Drums & backup vocals
S, N & P, samples



⁴Variant on something seen in stores, 'You break it you bought it.' Here, we are referring to people that treat each other as mere objects; the kind of person who might understand their control of another, their ability to break them, as the glue of the relationship.

⁵Someone rocking in a fetal position with a dolls etc. Or referring to Rock n' Roll, a term originally referring to sexual activity. Here, the idea is that the victim eventually seeks relationships in another shallow way.

3. Maritana

Lucinda I tried
To go on after our time
I succeeded by most measurements
But I could never forget your eyes⁶

I couldn't ask you to choose
With convictions too cast(e)⁷-bound to move
I married fine, but I'm afraid she is wise
To why sometimes my gaze goes right through

Lucinda I tried, but I could never forget your eyes
[Oh time your hourglass, Turns quickly as it may. Or the sands of life won't pass. If his wish you'd obey]⁸

I forgave them as you asked
In the letter you wrote me last
In a quiet place, I try to find faith
That your fevered dream will come to pass

So I'll wait until we meet again
We rebuilt the fountain in St. Pete
Surrounded by so much, rich in this world but
Too little to confirm my dreams⁹

Floating on through an excessive long life
But it's a sin to hasten to your side
You deny time is finite, but how will I find you
When I drift into that inky tide?¹⁰

Lucinda I tried
To go on after our time
I found you before and I will again
Because I could never forget your eyes



⁶If I were truer to the opera, it would be Lucinda's voice that Thomas could not forget. It was Maritana's voice that Don Cesar recognized after he had married a veiled bride. But it did not fit lyrically.

⁷Two meanings intended here. Cast, as in casting bronze. Things were set, Thomas realized he could not change Lucinda's parents' opinions. Second, the 'nobility' issue as in a caste system.

⁸Original words from the opera were: 'Despite olde time, thine hour glass, Turn quickly as it may, His sand of life shall not pass, If he my wish obey' These seem like they would be particularly haunting to Thomas, feeling trapped in time as I imagine he felt at his hotel by the sandy beach. In the opera these are said when Don Cesar is in prison, not knowing his fate, whether he will be executed or reunited with his bride.

⁹Original words sung by Maritana in the opera were: 'Why do you sigh in contemplating your gains? Because they are too little, or too much, señor. Too much for remunerating songs of a poor Gitana, and too little to confirm the dreams of splendor which nightly occupy my slumbers.'

¹⁰There are a number of references in the lyrics to the ocean. The hotel is on the beach and I tried at all times recording and writing this, to imagine a somber Thomas standing in the very pleasant seaside environment that is St. Petersburg.

Maritana is based on the story of Thomas Rowe and Lucinda de Guzman. They met in London in the 1890s when Lucinda was performing in a William Vincent Wallace opera - a love story about a Roma street singer, Maritana, and a Spanish nobleman, Don Cesar. Lucinda's family was in fact Spanish nobility and her parents forbid the relationship with Thomas - a merely affluent American student. When they planned to elope, her parents discovered the plot and hid her away.

Thomas sent letters to Lucinda for years, all returned unopened. Lucinda died young. On her death bed, she wrote this letter to Thomas:

'Tom, my beloved Don Cesar. Forgive them both as I have. Never would I despair. Nor could I forsake you. We found each other before we will do so again. This life is only an intermediate. I leave it without regret and travel to a place where the swing of the pendulum does not bring pain. Time is infinite. I will wait for you by our fountain to share our timeless love, our destiny is time.'

Thomas married in the meantime, though all accounts suggest the couple were estranged. In 1925, Thomas moved to St. Petersburg, Florida (without his wife) and built the Don Cesar hotel. The lobby of the hotel had a replica of the fountain where Thomas and Lucinda used to meet.

Since Thomas's death, there have been numerous reported sightings of a ghostly couple meeting Thomas and Lucinda's description by staff and guests at the Don Cesar hotel.

Lyrics S, Music S w/ N K P
S - Main vocals, synths & guitar
N - Bass, synths & warble
P - Drums
K - Violin
Queen Raj - backup vocals



4. Lila Anne

The rail is rumbling low, you'll see it coming soon
Smile for me... when the black steel shines
Carry me to my car, have someone sound the bell
Lila Anne... it's time that I should go

Lila Anne...don't cry it's time
Someone should help you now I'm gone
Knowing I leave you all, if only it was more
Lila Anne... it's time that I should go

Remember me to anyone still there
Though I fade with each new year

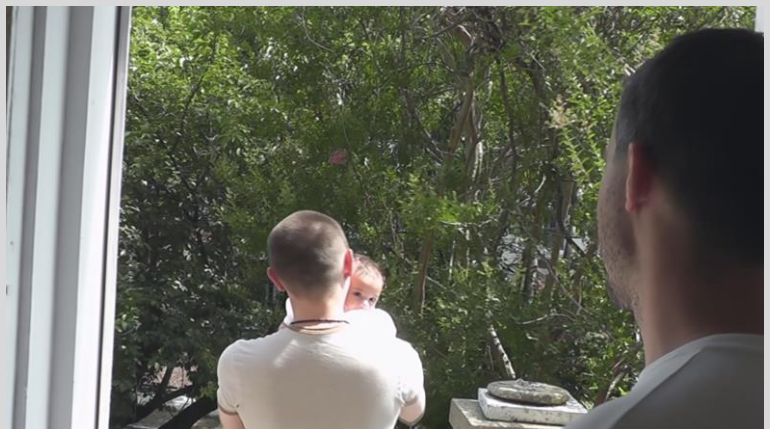
It's gloryland for me, it's waiting by the Lord
And I'm free when my burden is let down
In peace, please go, grieve for me no more
Lila Anne... it's time that I should go



"I was curled around the church bell the way I do at dusk. I saw the procession making its way, silhouetted by the sun. I heard the Lackawanna train."

Lila Anne is just about the anxiety of dying before your spouse and children are sufficiently taken care of. Most of the imagery is from a half-remembered poem about somebody traveling on a train with their deceased parent as cargo.

Lyrics N w/ S, Music S & N w/ K P
S - Main vocals, resonator, organ & accordion
N - Bass, organ & backup vocals
P - Drums & backup vocals
K - Violin



5. You'll Need Somebody

Ain't felt so good yeah I don't know when
I may never feel this good again¹¹
I'll be feeling even better
As the day grows dim

Jody Foster in the 70's
Raised the bar too high for starlets
Men will spin that tale
Of stardom on that scale

You'll need somebody to look after you

Don't need more cowgirls out in Hollywood
You'd come riding in from Arkansas
To join a line of freckled girls
Doing the Georgia Crawl¹²

Young and pretty gets it every time
I know some guys who know some other guys
So give the camera what you got
Give the people what they want

So put your faith in me
We'll get your act off the streets

California's rich, showing skin
Ain't that something we can do
Here on our own?
Well I can't help what men will pay for

There's a coked-up Santa Claus on center stage
Taking half of what his chippies made
They're all half-dressed and half his age
I should be Santa Claus¹³

This song is about how people with starry eyes for Hollywood stardom end up making dirty films.

Lyrics N, Music N w/ K P S
S - Main vocals, guitar & organ
N - Bass
P - Drums
N, P, K & Queen Raj - backup vocals



¹¹From a mishearing of Cheap Trick lyrics ("C'mon C'mon").

¹²Arkansas and Georgia are southern states. There is no such thing as "the Arkansas Crawl", unless you and your partner want to invent one.

¹³I assume that all pimps that survive into old age have white beards and rosy cheeks...and maybe something of a small fortune.

6. Copper Queen

On the tip of the tongue of Arizona
The only one who would never leave
A bit of finery the desert didn't deserve
My lady my Copper Queen

They were both so young when they met
Her husband had several grand schemes
But he burned through the accounts and the leads ran out
So he set himself swinging from a red oak beam

If he'd been prone to conversation or a younger man
Maybe she'd have mourned bona fide
But she did her time in black and quickly faced the fact
The only thing she had for kitty was her pride¹⁴

If you ever come by, ask for me
I'll still be here in 315
Please come by, if you're ever near
It gets too quiet sometimes, it gets too cold in here

Maybe it was how he asked about her homeland
Or seemed to care about her political rants
How he smiled at her as if undamaged
Or how he never missed her dance

Finally found the heart in Brewery Gulch
To tell him she was ready to need
But he had a family in Don Luis
She could only think of one way to leave



¹⁴For those who don't gamble - kitty is the pool of bets in a card game.

For those who are unfamiliar with X-Men - Kitty Pryde is a superhero - her power is to be able to 'phase' through object, i.e. walk through walls. Kinda ghostly.

For the chaste, note that kitty is synonymous with another relevant slang word here.

Bisbee, Arizona is a small town very close to the U.S.-mexico border. It has both a hotel and a mine named the Copper Queen. The hotel is reported to be one of the most haunted places in the U.S. A guest journal documents numerous sightings through the years. One of the most frequently seen ghosts is believed to be Julia Lowell.

Historically, what is known is that Ms. Lowell was a prostitute who worked in Brewery Gulch and rented rooms at the Copper Queen. She apparently fell in love with a man who did not return her affections and killed herself at the Copper Queen.

'Don Luis' was a nearby town according to a map from the early 1900s. It no longer seems to exist.

Room 315 is where Julia is most frequently encountered. Guests have reported hearing her speak, smelling her cheap perfume, seeing her, being touched by her in a friendly way, and her climbing in bed with them.

The line, 'never missed me dance' comes from the guest journal. A hotel guest in 2000 reported seeing Julia and she said, breathing heavily, 'You missed my dance.'



Lyrics S, Music S w/ N P Mike Prince (M)
S - Main vocals, guitars, synth & accordion
N - Bass & backup vocals
P - backup vocals
M - Drums

7. Geek

I'd seen the painting on your tent, but the artist was no Van Rijn¹⁵
First time in the flesh, I thought I misplaced my spine
We were angels altogether¹⁶, floating through the days
Laughing at the looks, conjoined twins and my bloody face¹⁷

You think I only love you, 'cause I always love the saddest things
But you're the ones who keep on singing, "our lives are all steam and springs."

So I'll bite the heads of someone, while you sing for the crowds
We must have mattered somehow, to make you scream so loud
For me at least it was more, than often requited lust
If we are machines as you say, it's with you I'd like to rust

You fought through and around me, and yet I miss it now
As the calm is slow expanding, faint but relentless somehow



"You don't know the half of it. [laughs]
They share a body, but couldn't be more
different of mind. Lila adores me. Cura
doesn't believe in love."

Lyrics S w/ N, Music S & N P
S - Main vocals, guitars, organ, synth & samples
N - Bass, backup vocals & zils
P - Drums
Queen Raj & Rakhi Baby Bear - backup vocals
Brown Chicken - as herself



¹⁵For some reason, people only know painter Rembrandt Van Rijn's first name.

¹⁶Old figure of speech for being intoxicated.

¹⁷A sideshow 'Geek' was an act where a person, usually falsely, portrayed themselves as an unintelligent wild man. These acts often involved biting the heads off live chickens.

8. Hours

I'm not expecting anymore
I never really asked for much
Sometimes someone to be close to me
Sometimes not to be touched

For a few hours anyway..

I can't remember anymore
Why I've been in this room so long
Or what might choose to bloom here if
Some of these weeds were gone¹⁸



I'm not worried anymore
Freedom's just another word..some dirty girl said¹⁹
And what do I.. what do I have left?
I can't even find my head

My frame and its host haunt two states
Depending on the memories I dig up
My room, you wearing nothing but your red flag
No I didn't bury them deep enough



“Why can't they make it last longer? They've got freakin nanobots & shit now. I think that's not sci-fi anyway.”

Lyrics S, Music S N P
S - Main vocals, guitars & organ
N - Bass, backup vocals, synth, vibraphone
P - Drums

¹⁸A recovering drug addict said something like this to me once. - Scott

¹⁹Janis Joplin. Narrator will remember when he/she sobers up.

9. Gold

Probably not born smart, if you think that you were born lucky²⁰
Pain or fortune, such is risk

But gold is always near
And the big wheels keep on spinning
You're figuring someone's got to win

They all laughed when you rode into town backwards on a mule²¹
They sent you home penniless

For the love of God, for the taste of whiskey
Those hungers they'll...they'll do you in

Now your luck's as dry as those antelope skulls²²
Kissed by Sands²³, then forgot

For the love of gold...



'Before kicking the chair out, Curt wondered how, even with blackjack, the house always seemed to win.'

This song is about the absolute folly of gambling (for any purpose other than fun).

Lyrics N, Music S w/ N K M P
S - Main vocals, banjo, guitar, samples
N - Bass, backup vocals, samples
P - backup vocals, samples
M - Drums
K - Violin



²⁰A friend of mine who used to say "I was just born lucky" and thought he'd strike it rich in Vegas hung himself in a psychiatric ward.

²¹I thought they put Jesus on a mule backwards and drove him into town. I'm frustrated that I can't find this image of ridicule (again) in my bibles.

²²Antelopes are not native to the United States, but we could really use some.

²³The Sands Hotel was an historic Las Vegas Hotel & Casino that operated from 1952 to 1996. -Nic

10. 483

I awoke from the dark dreaming of you again
Slipped through the hollow between current and air
I was thinking of you, but you're not here
I try to find your face, but it's never near enough

I don't glow bright enough to leave
I only meant to say hello, I know how it must seem
Along the Ridges, detailed in iron and stone
I fade in and out, fired filament bones²⁴

People and places with good souls
Must taste better. to the demon folk
We were in love in the quiet in the dark
With your hands and your eyes you took me apart

Maybe you remember me?

Backbone of sticks and stones, numbers god only knows
Fractured family pride? An island cast aside.
A lettered board²⁵ calls out, I lack the strength of hand
A crowd of ravens²⁶ pick through glass and sand



²⁴Fired filaments, as in old flash camera bulbs.

²⁵You may know this as a Ouija board. The ghost can't remember or perhaps never knew the word.

²⁶A group of ravens are called an 'unkindness' or a 'conspiracy.'



In Athens, Ohio there is an old asylum which operated from 1874 until 1993. It was known originally as the Athens Lunatic Asylum, most locals today call it the Ridges. As was not uncommon during some of that time, certain procedures with little scientific basis were used at the asylum including hydrotherapy, electroshock, and lobotomies. Some of the common 'mental illnesses' that led to confinement to the hospital during its early years were masturbation and drunkenness.

Outside the asylum to this day are hundreds of gravestones, many of them merely with numbers on the headstones. These were provided when one was too poor to afford a stone.

Here, we hear from a ghost with amnesia. Perhaps due to one of the 'therapies.' Perhaps, without a headstone to tie herself to, the facts have slipped away.

The stone 483 in particular was chosen along these lines. The phoneme si in Chinese can mean 4 and death. 8 on its side is a symbol for infinity. A 3 is broken infinity.

Lyrics S, Music S w/ N M P

S - Main vocals, guitar, organ, extra percussion & samples

N - Bass, backup vocals, extra percussion

P - Drums, backup vocals, & extra percussion

M - Drums

11. Bloodshed

Lost in some diner
Where my friends are few
Seems I go out and have some fun
But it darkens all moods

There's more pretty girls than one..they say
But what's the use?
When to the last of them
I'm looking born to lose

My mind goes south
And my mouth gets loose
Been torn apart to the point I start talking bloodshed blues

[People in this country, What's the backstory? On down the road,
People and their faith...I think it was in the papers]

A voice soft and holy
Is guiding me
Cackling on the radio
Setting out schemes

There's a sheen on the highway
That I always see
From the back of a state trooper's cab
Led from the scene



"I was in my red Fury listening to Don Gibson when a voice came on the radio. A possum scampered. The voice told me to find an easy exit; leave the keys in. It didn't turn out good."

This is a portrait of mental illness. Voices tell a man, who generally feels dejected, that he should douse a diner and set it alight. It is heavily reliant on the vibe I get from the late stanzas of Robert Lowell's "Skunk Hour". It is set in the late 1950's. -Nic

In singing it and writing the guitar parts, I was trying to tap into the character and vibe of the book *Gone South* by Robert McCammon. In that book, a veteran goes south literally and figuratively through poor impulse control and his desire to randomly protect people he doesn't really know.

The radio 'solo' was recorded with an old tube mono radio. I figured I would have to spend a really long time recording the news, etc. to get some relevant statements, but they came quite readily. The radio sample at the beginning is actually something in Spanish, but I thought when I first turned to that station he was saying something about "some loser." Special thanks to Heather for loaning us her vintage radio. - Scott

Lyrics N, Music N & S w/ K P
S - Main vocals, guitars, radio, synths & samples
N - Basses
P - Drums
Queen Raj & K - backup vocals

12. Judgment Day

You have to be clean
As you stand on judgment day
In robes washed white by torrents of blood
As you stand on judgment day

Don't take no sins, No ugly sins
As you stand on judgment day
On every sinner's head the word 'Mystery'²⁷
As you stand on judgment day

So bow down kneel and pray
As you stand on judgment day
There's a winnowing sound as your body falls away²⁸

As you stand on judgment day

It's gonna rain blood, it'll rain fire
As you stand on judgment day
A legion of souls all balanced all weighed
As you stand on judgment day

'He separates the sheep from the goats. Where will you be on that day?'

This song is about the end of the world.

Lyrics N, Music N & S w/ M P

S - Main vocals, guitar, synths & extra percussion

N - Bass, backup vocals, lead synth & extra percussion

P - backup vocals & extra percussion

Kiki Troo - backup vocals

M - Drums



²⁷Reference to Revelations 17. I only know it from a lyric in Dylan's "Foot of Pride".

²⁸Matthew 3:12

13. Haunted by You

I shook all night, my mind aching with hurt pride
As real as ghosts, as real as you or me
I'll keep the story simple, the truth is more complicated
I'm haunted by you, you've never been, you can't be

Last night I read your letters light with your perfume
Your soft voice always drove kind nails in me
All the sheets are hovering but then I can't be certain
I'm haunted by you; you've never been; you can't be

Last night I searched the photographs for a memory
I spent the evening clinging to your ghost

I shook all night, my mind aching with hurt pride
You're a thousand miles away from me
Down here, the snow is falling. Do you even sense I miss you?
I'm haunted by you...



“It was a yellow glow long into the night again. You were at the top of the stairs maybe watching over me. I'd pay for all the drinking in the morning. The first little flurry of dust settled on your urn.”



Haunted is about losing a very specific “feel” of a person when they are gone. It may be a spirit of mischief, quiet grace, or even a holiness. I sometimes try to look for it in old photos or the effects people have left behind. - Nic

Lyrics N, Music N & S w/ P
S - Main vocals, guitar & samples
N - Bass & backup vocals
P - Drums



14. Lullaby

Hear the wind blowing through the autumn leaves
There's that one voice that's calling me
And if it's in a voice, thin and gone
I'll still be singing you this lullaby

Chestnut and bay...dappled grays
All pretty horses, I'm sure
I'd cross the ocean time has had me cross
And see them with you if I only could

All I want baby is to care for you
But time has taken me too soon

Hush little baby now please go to sleep
And I'll be singing you this lullaby
Never despair, baby, now don't you cry
I'll still be singing you this lullaby



'A single father hears soft singing in his baby's room. In the darkness, he sees a figure above his child. Flips the light. Nothing. The child is alone, sound asleep.'

This is a companion song to Lila Anne, in that a deceased parent is trying to send reassuring signals to its surviving kin. I cried a ton working on it as I was feeling very mortal at the time.

Kiki Troo sang this song while actually cradling her baby. The child woke up while we were trying to record.

Lyrics N, Music S & N w/ Kiki Troo P

Kiki Troo - lead vocals

S - Guitars, organ & extra percussion

N - Bass, backup vocals, organ, extra percussion & samples

P - Drums, backup vocals & extra percussion

15. Bright Smile

My coffee grows cold as I turn to face
A shadow shift, a five foot mist
I could swear that a sip from my cup was gone
And the rim I find was cold as ice

Again I hear the hardwood floor
With descending creaks like smallish feet
Walk out there, just like before
They're all asleep except for me

With her firefly eyes guarding me
Her voice comes faint on a chill
In the midnight moon through the trees
Her bright smile haunts me still

A single flower, magnolia, each night
She leaves beside my bed
You see in this way, she broke me in time
Now I don't sleep, I only dream

In the southern summer's tired heat
I don't so much mind the chill
When the sunlight spills through the leaves
Her bright smile haunts me still

The line 'her bright smile haunts me still' is from an old sailor song. Otherwise, the lyrics and melody are wholly rewritten. It had loved the song as a child, but by the time I wrote this, I couldn't actually remember it, or find a copy easily. Also, I have no experience being away at sea. But I am continually haunted. -Scott

Lyrics S, Music S w/ N P

S - Main vocals, guitars, synths & extra percussion

N - Bass, backup vocals, synths & extra percussion

P - Drums, backup vocals & extra percussion



"After years of haunting me, I gave up fighting her.
I got used to the cold."

Actors and Actresses

In order of appearance:

Mademoiselle Magu
Queen Raj
Blanca
Honey Bee
Hayden
Tish
Goldie
Lindsey Doll
Mr. Railroad
Giotino Angle
Clementine McLain
Willy D McB AKA WD40
Buck Naked Action
Veronica Sawyer
Brown Chicken
Ashley Eastman
Julie Pelletier
Lindsey Clark

Gear Credits

Principal gear used:

Recorded, mixed & mastered in Reaper

Coffee: 8 O'Clock Coffee

Guitars: Reverend; Italia; Republic; Epiphone & Walden.

Banjo: Alvarez

Accordion: Hohner

Basses: Squier Vintage Mod; Lidl upright; Peavey t40; Ibáñez Musician; Spector & NS Designs NXT 4.

Pedals: VFE Dark Horse, Pale Horse & White Horse; Moog MF Drive; Voodoo Labs Giggity; Subdecay Liquid Sunshine, Vitruvian Mod & Prometheus DLX; Mad Prof. Simple & Sweet Honey OD; Way Huge Pork Loin; Strymon El Capistan; EHX B9 & POG2; Zoom 50G & 70CDR.

Amps: Fender; Quilter Aviator; Carvin v3m; Egnater Tweaker; Gallien-Krueger.

Speakers: Hartke XL; Warehouse ET90 & Liberator; Eminence Cannabis Rex

Mics: Golden Age; CAD; Shure; Blue & EV.

VSTs: ReaPlugs; Valhalla; Variety of Sound; ToneBoosters; FXpansion; Klanghelm; Melda Productions; Sonimus; Overloud; Amplitube; S-Gear; TSE & Ignite.

VSTis: Synthmaster; Oatmeal; Organ 3; Dune; Crystal & Shortcircuit.