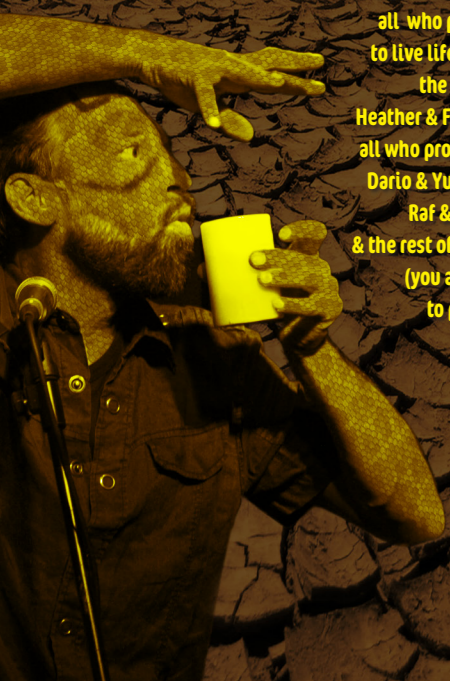


vocals & percussions

guerillaman

Fabio "GuerillaMan" Barbato hails

all who perceive & choose
to live life in high grade,
the Barbato family,
Heather & Francesca,
all who promote avant-garde art,
Dario & Yukiko, Vito & Vale,
Raf & Suzy, Anita & Mario
& the rest of the jungle tribe
(you are welcome
to put your name here)



ETHAN ALLIOTT III

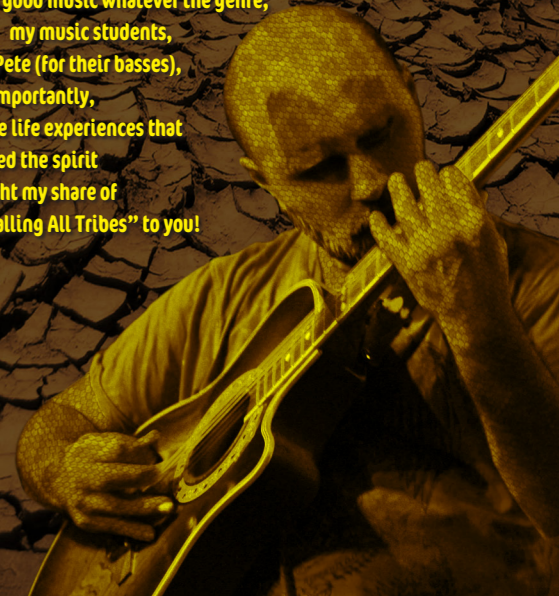
calling all tribes

nylon & steel string guitars, glissentar, backing vocals,
4- & 6-string fretted & fretless bass, & synths

el gool

Malcolm "El Gool" Callus regards

whoever embraces chaos as the seed of creation,
my closest in friends & family (especially little Luca),
who supports good music whatever the genre,
my music students,
Fede & Pete (for their basses),
and most importantly,
the life experiences that
shaped the spirit
that brought my share of
"Calling All Tribes" to you!



calling all tribes (to death)

Music: Callus Lyrics: Rocky Gomes & Callus Translations: The Wasteland League of Dead Souls
Guests: Behrang Azhdari (ney taki) & The Wasteland League of Dead Souls (choir)

Mixkül, mixkül, mixkül, mixkül

Kutsumme kaikkia heimoja, kuolemaan
Ompe bobowe, ompe bobowe, ompe bobowe

Vi kalder alle folkefærd, forenet i døden
Wir beschwören alle Völker

My best wishes for today (till döden)
Are the same wishes for tomorrow (kaikkia)

Ompe bobowe, ompe bobowe, ompe bobowe
Vi kaller alla stäkten, till döden

And after tomorrow
And after and after forever

Wir beschwören alle Völker
Sibiza zonke iinhanganga

My best wishes for all today
Carnival!

L'appel des tribus, jusqu'a la mort
Wzywam wszystkie plemiona

Never sorrow!
Fúria, nunca fraquejar

I evoke an old American Indian
The force of his red Mohawk
I evoke the passion of lovers
All the beauty of Taj Mahal
I evoke the strength of Achilles
The warrior holding his death weapon

Bitsa kaofela mino ho shoa
Gejjin, gejjin, it-tribu kollha gejjin ghalikom
Gejjin, gejjin ghalikom

I evoke the spirit of Amazon
All the Incas
All the Aztecas
I evoke all the Mayas

Calling all tribes, calling all tribes,
calling all tribes, calling all tribes to Death!!!
Calling all tribes, calling all tribes,
calling all tribes, calling all tribes to Death!!!

قبایل را فراخوان به سوی مرگ
Llamando, a todas las tribus,
قبایل را فراخوان به سوی مرگ
llamando, hacia vuestra muerte!

Calling all tribes, calling all tribes,
calling all tribes to Death!!!
Calling all tribes, calling all tribes,
calling all tribes to Death!!!

Tribes!
Chamando, todas as tribos,
chamando, para a suas mortes!
Chamando, todas as tribos,
chamando!
Calling all tribes to Death!!!
Tribes, tribes, tribes, tribes, tribes,
tribes, tribes..... Tribes!

Tribes of birds that fail to fly
Tribes of flocks how hard they try
We are, feathers disjointed
Still learning, instinct disturbed

Death continues to mark epochs of
race eradications
Until we re-incarnate as a one
dead race

a better shade of beauty

Music: Callus Lyrics: Callus & Barbato
Guest: Xiaoying Chang (gu zheng)
& Jas Sampson (taiko drums)

Nel fulcro di questo mondo
Nel circolo del nostro origine
Dove la realta' non tollera i sognatori
Dove la razza umana e' ancora bestia
E mangiadoci faremo dei nostri scarti
La veste della morte
Macchiata dall'intolleranza
E dall'ignoranza

Tutto e' confusione
Perche nessuno
comprende la tentazione
Di creare un mondo senza eguali
Di un cerchio nel quale
siam tutti ormai
Siamo tutti ormai (degli animali)

There is no beauty but the lack of absolute
No shade of a better resolute
Of a perfect view of truth

Sitting on a bank
Myself & I sinking in a thought
About the grandeurs of the Earth
Like the river Ganga carries away distraught
Everything, including life,
With its cruel waters

Sometimes I'd like to be only a soul
Able to move about anywhere
Sometimes, actually, I have.....
But I don't remember anything

Sometimes I'd like to be only a soul
Able to move about anywhere
Sometimes, actually, I have.....
But I don't remember anything

Under the effect
Of the magic mushrooms
I feel.... I feel...
As I feel
My eyes like the sky
my blood stream as a river
My heart inside the trunk of a big old tree
My soul like the wind
My body like a mountain
My last breath will spell me out as a shaman

Music: Callus Lyrics: Barbato & Callus

the last breath of the shaman

Touching ice, my city is cracking
Touching sky, the air is melting
Touching sea, it becomes ice
But I remain my same ennu

Touching earth, that opens up and swallows me
Maybe as I've already been on the moon
And touched its craters
Even them of ice
Like me! I am made of ice!

In my fingers I hold
Keys to an uncertain fate of disgrace
Or keys I behold
Keys to notes of grace

(through my fingers)
Muddled among sea, earth and moon
I addle my music to the point of
touching and freezing
The souls of who is listening
(through my fingers)

Once again of ice shall we all be
Nothing's left but to break it
To incarnate into new life

It is not only my fingerprints
That which our claws emanate
But also the thoughts herewith assembling us
To stretch our fingers
Forming a crack

Finding new light
Here
.....the circle closes.....

fingers

Guests: The Wasteland League of
Dead Souls (choir females only)

Music & Lyrics: Barbato & Callus

Muddled among sea, earth and moon
I addle my music to the point of
touching and freezing
The souls of who is listening

Again this game
Even them of ice
Like me! I am made of ice!

My state of being human
A barrier on my disposition!
Anticipating Earth's supremacy
Overlooking its conversion
Observing mankind that feels
Owner of Earth's majesty

I am ready to leave anytime and anywhere
I am ready to challenge any mortal earthling
Who feels in a state to claim ownership
Of something way primordial



The Wasteland League of Dead Souls
6 yr old Lebohing Phoofoalo - Sesotho (South Africa), Malcolm "El Gool" Callus - Portuguese, Behrang Azhari - Farsi (Iran),
Witches: Mari van Sittert - Xhosa (South Africa), Nike Begbaajil - Yoruba (Nigeria),
Annt Ahae - Finnish, Martina Ekeberg - Swedish, Ramona Daniel & Ulrike Daniels - German,
Witchdoctors: Agata Bliskiewicz - Polish, Elodie Pacheco - French,
Yuruba (Nigeria), Jerome Guillaum Michel - French

our guests: Keating, Behrang, Rocky & The Wasteland League of Dead Souls choir
our photo/video/graphics team (Twan, Rooz, Vito, Francesco Scaramita & Elroy Lambert),
EthnaMorte collectively thank: Jas & Chris (sound engineers),
... who do things their own way travel a path of genuine art! By your focus shall ye bestow upon the mundanity of the unenlightened!
... them London-based musicians interested to join EthnaMorte. But mostly YOU for receiving our music with the same passion we created it!

PRODUCTION: SOUND DESIGN, RECORDING, MIXING AND MASTERING NOVEMBER 2011, MAY - SEPTEMBER 2012 BY JAS SAMSON & CHRIS PESZINSKI • CO-PRODUCTION: MALCOLM CALLUS • MUSIC, ARRANGEMENTS AND LYRICS - CALLUS & BARBATO • COPYRIGHT 2012 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED ETHNAMORTE • SERPENT GRAPHICS - VITO X-ONE JACHARTRISTE.BLOGSPOT.CO.UK • BAND PHOTOS - ROOZ EMAD • ASSISTANT ENGINEER - FRANCESCO SCARAMITA • ASSISTANT ENGINEER - VITO X-ONE JACHARTRISTE.BLOGSPOT.CO.UK • BAND PHOTOS - ROOZ EMAD • ASSISTANT ENGINEER - FRANCESCO SCARAMITA • ASSISTANT ENGINEER - VITO X-ONE JACHARTRISTE.BLOGSPOT.CO.UK

BOOKING
TEL +44 7983868307

WWW.ETHNAMORTE.COM
INFO@ETHNAMORTE.COM

ARTWORK - BRUTALISM.COM • CONCEPT - TWAN SIBON & ETHNAMORTE