

Brainwashed - Heatsick, "Submerged"

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As one half of Birds of Delay Steve Warwick makes dirt sediment peppered petroleum noise. With his solo Heatsick project it's all about exploratory drone, hitting every frequency on his way through. From a growling rusty Harley opening that builds and quickly plummets, scrambling for a handhold, this continues its hi-energy search for the full twenty minutes.

[Alcoholic Narcolepsy](#)

It's the range of sounds and the speed in which they're found, assimilated, used and streamed out on this release that makes it work. The hand manipulated high-end sorties feel like pillaging punk attacks on a white canvas. A sense of watchfulness and hand-manipulated purpose goes into the strings of tones and pulse lashing whines, with no movements feeling like tea break feedback accidents. When, for a few short seconds on *Submerged*, the drones' shift into a mechanoid altered feel, the feel is short-lived, blanching winds give nothing the chance to settle here.

Even tough a few of these skinny throbs transform into siren calls through thirty cubic feet of transparent oil the sounds are far from being submerged into the mix or waterlogged down with effects. They are free to lash, splurge, spread and blast across the record; slashes of swooping violence that scream and whinny. More than just a series of rise and fall patterns, this grinds against sleek surfaces sounding both flustered and direct as it splinters, melts and pierces.

samples:

- [Submerged](#)