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Fannyland – It Only Gets Worse

Posted on October 4, 2016



artist: Fannyland title: It Only Gets Worse

keywords: black metal metal doom metal experimental electronic experimental rock punk rock Los Angeles

In 'I'm Going There' Fannyland walks and sings on top of the green mountain dressed in a kilt. Mindless the Fannyland crew says things that I don't understand. But images of the fanny members rolling down the hill on a mudslide appear for no apparent reason. What is this music, who are these people and why are there no bagpipes involved over here? I'm fairly confused hearing Fannyland doing it's thing, it's as if the lyrical lyric writer had a rotten appendix and drops randomness out; someone roll this band to the nearest hospital: it only can get worse!

Fannyland is somewhat like a glowworm wearing moon boots, connecting things together with words. See it like a rambling pastry of stuff that deserves an equal mental-hat filled with papers with random words written on them & one of us pulling them out to mention them here as a part of this review. "Cobalt Blue' & 'oxymoron', 'sinkhole' & 'abracadabra' to name a few... The ground is sinking and hopefully it swallows us all up so we can experience a real underground party with the step child wet glowworm and friends: it sounds weird on paper, but looks good on a digital screen.

Together in the dirt, wiggling around in bath robes acting like the members of Fannyland have been multiplied into a rare group of messiahs, singing like they are the love child of a Pavarotti look-a-like and a funky rocker: it transforms into a winner as the sound of a human singing saw adds an angelic blessing to the madness. The music goes up like a hot air balloon tweaked by nature, until it drastically returns back to the mental operatic musical scene, something clearly taking place in the nightmare factory of Ben Elton's mind.

Then at last it's time for a female version of a combination between Beavis and Butthead to pop in. She is telling us that 'thoughts' are hot. A thing clearly celebrated by the Fannyland movement as they clearly dance like hill tribe Germans in lederhosen, along with their batshit crazy doggy friends. I don't know... I'm just as confused as you are: and it only gets worse!

https://theoriginalsinglemothers.bandcamp.com/album/it-only-gets-worse $\langle KN \rangle$

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