

# Metsatöll

NEW SINGLE OUT TODAY:

## "BALLAAD PUNASTEST PAELTEST"

("The Ballad of Red Ribbons")



PRESS RELEASE, 1.02.2019

[WWW.METSATOLL.EE](http://WWW.METSATOLL.EE)

[FACEBOOK.COM/METSATOLL](https://FACEBOOK.COM/METSATOLL)

METSATÖLL WILL RELEASE THEIR SEVENTH STUDIO ALBUM "KATK  
KUTSARIKS" ("Plague Coachman") ON FEBRUARY 23, 2019

"Stay, companion, and think of the journey which you began when you first opened your eyes. It is you who is the coachman. And the horse you are too, and the burden you are carrying. But if you were ever to forget why the devil are you on this road, the Plague itself will seize the reins. Be you then prepared to suffer the consequences: the ones who sow the wind will have to reap the storm."

/Metsatöll 10232/

\* Today there will be released a **new single** from the forthcoming album. The song is called: "Ballaad punastest paeltest" ("The Ballad of Red Ribbons").

Lauri Õunapuu: "In the swamps and bogs the will-o'-the-wisps can still be seen. They look like a beautiful maiden who is using all her charm to coax you into leaving your home, your farm and the people you love. You can hold on to the naive hope that the red ribbons your loved ones tied around your wrists will save you from the bewitchery, but the nature runs its own course."

\* „Ballaad punastest paeltest“ is downloadable, for professional use only, at:

<https://www.dropbox.com/s/si2iythaj971dq1/05%20Ballaad%20punastest%20paeltest.wav?dl=0>

\* A doublesingle „Toona“ ("Before") and „Katk kutsariks“ ("Plague Coachman") were released a few weeks ago and they have been listened for now in a digital media more than 70 000 times.

\* The album release concert and Metsatöll's 20th anniversary party will be held in cooperation with Eesti Kontsert in Rock Cafe on February 23, Tallinn, Estonia

\* The full album will be available the day after the release concert

On the album "Katk Kutsariks" Metsatöll is telling the **story of Estonia**, reaching back to the ancient times when people didn't take for granted the crops they would reap in the autumn from the **slash-and-burn lands**. It was essential for them to get along with well wishing spirits, so that our villages would not lack food in the winter and our kinsmen would **survive** and have **stories to sing about**.

Metsatöll – celebrating their 20th anniversary – is telling the story of Estonian tribes as passionately as ever. The band sincerely believes that **music has the power to save the world from the symbolical Plague** and that a thousand years from now there will still be honorable Estonian graybeards who cherish their land and language, customs and sacred groves.

With the album "Katk Kutsariks" Metsatöll will turn **back to the band's roots**: the bagpipe solos that are howling like the wind and the guitar riffs that are heavy like metal will interweave with the sound of kannel and rustic choir arrangements. Keijo Koppel, Metsatöll's masterful sound engineer, has had his hands full making sure that all the ideas of this creative lot would be heard on the album. This is an album that has to be really listened to and delved into. It urges the listener to think along.

The album features the well known singer **Marko Matvere** and actress **Marta Laan**. **John Ryan**, the violinist of one of the oldest Irish folk metal bands **Cruachan**, is playing bowed instruments on the album.

The album "Plague Coachman" was recorded and produced by **Keijo Koppel** and Metsatöll, in fall 2018 in Tallinn.

Front cover: **Jüri Arrak** "People with Bubo", 2018. Lithography, coloured pencils. Private collection.

Designed by **Kristjan "Luix" Luiga**.

Photography by **Erlend Štaub**.

Lyrics translated into English by **Silver "Factor" Rattasepp**.

\* Album "Katk kutsariks" can be ordered from 23.02.2019 at Metsatöll's webshop:  
<http://pood.metsatoll.ee/>

#### **Metsatöll – „Katk kutsariks“ – 23.02.2019:**

1. Toona/ Before - 1:43
2. Katk kutsariks/ Plague coachman - 4:12
3. Ebavere/ Ebavere - 4:34
4. Kange kui raud/ Strong as Iron - 3:55
5. Ballaad punastest paeltest/ The Ballad of Red Ribbons - 4:32
6. Talvehambad/ Teeth of Winter - 4:31
7. Kurjajuur/ Root of Evil - 3:34
8. Tõiv/ The Pledge - 2:50
9. Metsaviha 4/ Woodwrath 4 - 3:06
10. Metsaviha 5/ Woodwrath 5 - 3:49
11. Koduhiite kaitsel/ Defending Sacred Home Groves - 3:25
12. Lemmingu unelaul/ Lemming's Lullaby - 4:53

Metsatöll is:

KuriRaivo - bass, vocals

Tõnis - drums, vocals

Markus - vocals, guitars

Lauri – vocals, torupill, flutes, kannel, instrument of angst, acoustic guitar

Together with:

Marko Matvere - vocals (“Koduhiite kaitsel”)

Marta Laan - vocals (“Ballaad punastest paeltest”)

John Ryan - bowed instruments (“Koduhiite kaitsel”)

## **Tracks are available for professional use only at:**

**Ballaad punastest paeltest:** <https://youtu.be/JDhGIT9mEEk>

**Toona/ Katk kutsariks:** <https://youtu.be/YSFvMboyj9A>

Performer: Metsatöll / Title: Ballaad punastest paeltest / Length: 4:32 / Muusika: Metsatöll / Lyrics: Lauri Õunapuu

<https://www.dropbox.com/s/si2iythaj97ldq1/05%20Ballaad%20punastest%20paeltest.wav?dl=0>

Performer: Metsatöll / Title: Toona / Length: 1:41 / Music: Metsatöll / Lyrics: Lauri Õunapuu

<https://www.dropbox.com/s/wnno7c6pj98ldlo/01%20Toona.wav?dl=0>

Performer: Metsatöll / Title: Katk kutsariks / Length: 4:11 / Metsatöll: Metsatöll / Lyrics: Lauri Õunapuu

<https://www.dropbox.com/s/05s69a4dmpk2jqf/02%20Katk%20kutsariks.wav?dl=0>

The album release concert will be held on February 23 in Rock Cafe, Tallinn, Estonia

On the stage will be:

**Metsatöll with the original lineup**

**The Estonian National Male Choir**

**Tiit Kikas on the laser harp and the world's first drone music instrument.**

**John Ryan**

Tickets are on sale at Piletilevi:

<https://www.piletilevi.ee/eng/tickets/kontserdisari-tehnoloogia-ja-muusika-metsatoll-20-272272/?&design=piletilevi>

See also:

[www.metsatoll.ee](http://www.metsatoll.ee)

[facebook.com/metsatoll](https://facebook.com/metsatoll)

[instagram.com/metsatoll](https://instagram.com/metsatoll)

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The authors' comments on the released singles:

Ballaad punastest paeltest (The Ballad of Red Ribbons):

In the swamps and bogs the will-o'-the-wisps can still be seen. They look like a beautiful maiden who is using all her charm to coax you into leaving your home, your farm and the people you love. You can hold on to the naive hope that the red ribbons your loved ones tied around your wrists will save you from the bewitchery, but the nature runs its own course.

Toona (Before):

This is the land of our forefathers, the one we have inherited with the language, the customs and the knowledge. This is the place where our people sang their first songs and the place where the first weapons were made from bog iron. We have a duty to uphold this legacy until the day we die.

Katk kutsariks (Plague Coachman):

The sneaky Plague arrives on our doorstep calmly like an old friend. It leaves its carriage outside our small barnhouse and, with a smile on its face, asks to be let inside. When the mask finally falls, it's already too late for us to save ourselves: the Plague's promises were empty and slogans false. Now that the Plague has taken the reins, it feels free to do with us as it pleases because we chose the Plague and happily handed over the reins. We party on like there is no tomorrow. But somewhere deep inside we know that once the Plague has piled up the dead to rot in our yard, we are the only ones to blame.

Lyrics Translated:

The Ballad of Red Ribbons

Night hides the cold and silent water  
Deep in the bog pool illusive eyes  
Lure and call like an enchanting maiden  
To walk along the mossy forest paths.

“Walk after me, my hair is white  
My eyes are clear and my hips are soft.  
The path back home now becomes unknown  
The charms I have cast at your neck like a leash.”

“Your hair smells fresh like dew-covered hay  
Your lips are red like purple wine.  
But ribbons they are red around my wrists  
Your witchery, enchantress, will never get to me!”

“Look how soft is the ground in the bog  
You could embrace me there all night long.  
But allow me now to take off your garb  
I will take your ribbons and let loose your belt.”

“The flame in your palm is like a predator’s eye  
The curve of your breasts like a churchyard grave.  
Your spells, seductress, will not pull me from my path  
Go back to the bog while you still have time!”

Cold and silent blood on the swamp-moss  
Bogtomb witch scrapes flesh from the bones:  
“Your ribbons red I don’t care for too much  
I will just throw them away, you know.”  
“Your ribbons red I don’t care for too much  
I will throw them away you should know!”

Before.

Here is the land where iron was born  
Land of bogs, of old gaffers  
Among failed fields

Things unsung still remain here  
In times bygone in sacred grove  
A gate was left open

The folk here are as old as springs  
Eyes pure and clear  
As life was before

Fykes unclaimed by the villages  
Debt of blood, the toil of ancestors  
Will be borne by their sons

Plague coachman

A sleigh brought a corpse to our village today  
Frost-covered gelding snorting in front  
Cold body, soul stuck in the underworld  
Plague itself was the driver

Our villages still were feasting  
When gutters were filling with blood  
When mist covered the cottage  
A merry song was still sung by the bard:

“Silenced was your bleak face  
Cold, silent rune of death on the mouth  
Wretched man was extinguished  
Debt of blood paid at the deathly month”

And the white hair of maidens  
Was adorned by a wreath of summer flowers  
Birches adorning the rooms

Earthen floor was sipping the mead

Knife behind back  
Cast him out  
Cut his bridle  
Gut this deathly plague, fast!

Knife behind back  
Soil in the lap  
Cast him out  
Spit fire  
Cut his bridle  
Silence his mouth  
Gut this deathly plague, fast!  
Soil in the lap  
Cast him out  
Spit fire  
Cut his bridle  
Soil is soil  
Gut this deathly plague, fast!

A pale stranger then stepped inside  
A wide smile was playing in his face  
Without asking, like a thief  
Slammed the corpse in the middle of the floor

“Don’t come” is too late to now say  
Once you’ve asked death to come in  
The moment was let by  
And wild revelry cannot now fade