

K A T K  
K U T S A R I K S  
Metsatöll



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

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

- \* A doublesingle „Toona“ ("Before") and „Katk kutsariks“ ("Plague Coachman") from the new album are out today
- \* 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

“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/

Metsatöll will release their 7th studio album „Katk Kutsariks“ on **February 23**. The album has **12 tracks** from which a two-part song „Toona“ and „Katk kutsariks“ is released on radio **today**.

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**.

Metsatöll is:

KuriRaivo - bass, vocals

Tõnis - drums, vocals

Markus - vocals, guitars

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

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.**

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:

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.

Tracks are available for professional use only at:

<https://youtu.be/YSFvMboyj9A>

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

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

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

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

Lyrics:

Toona

Siin on maa, kus on sündind rauda,  
rabamaa, taatide maa,  
kesk ikald põlda.

Laulmata siin lauluks mõnda,  
hiielas möödunud aal  
jäi värat valla.

Kui allikad siin rahvas vana,  
silmapaar selge ja klaar  
kui elu toona.

Nõudmata jäi küla mõrda,  
verevõlg, vaarisatöö  
jäab poegel kanda.

Katk kutsariks

Regi täna me külla tõi koolnu,  
ruun härmas korskas ta een.  
Külm keha, manalan naaldnu.  
Katk ise oll' ajajaks eel.

Me külades peeti veel pidu,  
juba räästatest jooksis kui verd,  
mattis tare udu,  
laulu lõbusat laulis veel bard:

"Jäi vaiki su kalestund pale,  
suul vaikuse külm surmaruun.  
Kustus inimvare,  
lõppis verevõlg koolnukuun."

Ja neidude kiharaid valgeid  
ehtis kevadelillede pärg.  
Toas ehteks kased,

mõdu rüüpas põrandamuld.

Väits taga selja,  
tõrju ta välja,  
raiu ta valjad,  
rapi taa kooljakatk tuhatnelja!

Väits taga selja,  
rüpes muld,  
tõrju ta välja,  
sülga tuld,  
raiu ta valjad,  
suudel sulg,  
rapi taa kooljakatk tuhatnelja!

Väits taga selja,  
rüpes muld,  
tõrju ta välja,  
sülga tuld,  
raiu ta valjad,  
muld on muld,  
rapi taa kooljakatk tuhatnelja!

Lävel astus siis kõhetu võõras,  
suul mänglemas naeratus lai.  
Küsimata, kui varas,  
katk koolnu kesk põrandat löi.

"Ära tule" oli hilja nüüd öelda,  
surm sisse kui palutud sai,  
hetk lastud mööda  
ja pöörane pilgar vaibuda ei või.

Lyrics translated:

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