

INTRODUCTION

The Spark marked the beginning of a new writing style for me, one that focused on revealing my inner experience. While I pride myself on writing music that is first and foremost honest, it has more often than not been outward-looking in its commentary. I wrote *The Spark* after a period of rich emotional turmoil and decided to turn my gaze inward and broadcast myself: my struggles and vulnerabilities. This decision was influenced by a few different factors that I will get to in a minute.

First, I wanted to just quickly address the criticism that has been levelled at me for supposedly abandoning my early, more politically-charged lyrical approach. I would counter that by saying that really, I feel this is an equally politically-charged body of work, focussing on one of the psychological causes for our current political imbroglio (something that is often overlooked in our patchwork or 'quick fix', profit-led, political discourse) instead of broad and varied political content. I wanted to delve inside and concentrate on psychology and how it affects larger world outcomes. A body of work led by anger and finger-pointing is, to some degree, what many probably expected, given the nature of the world at the time of writing *The Spark*, but my contrarian instinct ultimately made me steer completely clear of surface evaluations, sloganeering and political war cries. The world's tumultuous political affairs had also given rise to a rush of knee-jerk and ultimately banal, politically driven pop music, which also urged me further away from this style.

I think now is the time for a subtler, deeper and more nuanced look at the root causes of societal ills, and I've attempt to do this by centring this album on human vulnerability and how it should unite us, instead of scaring us into division.

Vulnerability is the default state of our species. Whether you feel a testosterone-fueled, defensive pang reading that sentence or not,



RABBLE ROUSER

I torture rockstars with pliers
They're so stock
It wouldn't be a shock if I opened them up to see wires

I destroy all amplifiers
People climbing over bodies like spiders
I'm onstage with a face like a sack of screwdrivers

It's gonna be a showstop, roadblock
And we are the epicentre, the bedrock of a new sound
I say "we're coming for you"
And I say it with a face like a sack of screw screw screw screw

What's your criteria?
Complete hysteria
Decibels so maxed you can yell out your deep secrets
Nobody's gonna hear ya

What's your medium?
Complete delirium
The lunatics took over the asylum...
On guard

Warning, this escalates quickly
Are you getting nervous?
The mist rolls in thickly
Are you getting nervous?
Have you lost your nerve?