

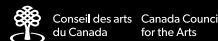
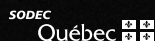
# GROWLERS CHOIR



## Les voix de l'abîme



L'expérience physique de  
13 chanteur.euse.s métal sur scène!



# GROWLERS' CREED

Les êtres que vous verrez ce soir nous viennent des étoiles. Leurs atomes ont brûlé à la surface du Soleil. Leurs pas ont foulé la Terre depuis sa création. Leurs cris ont terrifié les créatures les plus féroces. Ils ont fait un très très long voyage pour vous transmettre leur plus grand secret : l'immense pouvoir de leur voix.

We speak as one voice.  
We shout as one noise.  
Behold as we howl and growl.

We have stories to tell,  
and terrors to yell.  
Future, present, past.

Our screams are pain.  
Our screams are fear.  
Triumph, joy, dread.

We're warriors and prophets,  
disciples and guardians,  
bards, poets, oracles.

We're Bearers of Covenant,  
Bearers of Kind,  
Bearers of Voice,  
Bearers of Men,  
as old as the cosmos itself.

We're the Bones of the Earth.  
The Flesh of the Stars,  
Made of Universe Dust.  
The Sun was our throne,  
The Void, our home,  
The æons, and space above.  
We are the Dawn of Time.

We speak,  
as one voice.

Shout!

Behold as we growl.

We speak as one voice.

We shout as one noise.

Behold as we howl and growl.

Behold as we growl.

Our screams are pain.

Our screams are joy.

Our screams are triumph.

Our screams are dread.

Bearers of Covenant,

Bearers of Kind,

Bearers of Voice,

Bearers of Men.

We're the Bones of the Earth.

We're the Flesh of the Stars.

The Sun was our throne,

The Void was once our home,

We are the Dawn of Time.



# THE DAYKING Part I

Sur une montagne, égarée dans le temps, une vigie est aux aguets. Au pied de son bûcher, il attend un signal pour alerter son peuple d'un désastre imminent. À présent, les décennies ont passé. Lui qui a « sacrifié son unique vie sur cette colline désolée », aigri par un sacrifice pour un peuple dont il est oublié, reprendra-il le contrôle de son destin?

Awake.

I have dreamed.

I have dreamed of a darkened hourglass,  
With shifting, quickly sinking sands.  
Its racing shadows,  
I stumbled,  
Before the final grains fell.

Darkened hourglass.

Shifting, quickly sinking sands.

Through countless nights, cold, still as glass,  
The night's eyes stared through me.  
Stranded on this desolate mountaintop.  
Waiting for an end, for deliverance.

Countless nights, cold, glass,

Eyes stared through me.

Deliverance.

Countless nights, cold as glass,

Night's eyes stared through me.

Waiting for an end, for deliverance.

Quake! Quake! Awake!

Awake!

The time has come.

On a distant mountain,

A pyre burns bright.

Sleeper, Awake!

It is the sign,

From desperate men,

Who send us warning.

I have sacrificed my single life.  
Exposed upon this blasted barren crag.  
Without the things that make a life.  
Alone without family nor companion.

I sacrificed my life,  
Upon this blasted crag.  
Without things that make a life.

Long since have those below forsaken me.  
In teeming cities.  
With laughter and sighs.  
Bathed in warmth and light,  
Having forgotten,  
I remained beside this pyre.

Those below have forsaken me.

To transmit across the night's depth a sign,  
To those I do not know,  
have never known.  
Protecting their precious future.  
One I do not know,  
One that I shall never share.

To transmit a sign across the night.  
Watchman, you must rise! Obey,  
The ancient protocols.  
And light the fire!

I have sacrificed my life,  
Exposed upon this blasted crag.  
Without the things that make a life.

I sacrificed my life,  
Exposed upon this blasted crag.  
Without the things that make a life.

I have sacrificed my life  
Exposed upon this blasted crag



# GORGREGUT

Entendez-vous ce grondement? C'est l'estomac de Gorgregut. Cet ogre affamé n'a qu'une obsession en tête, tous les plats qu'il souhaite dévorer. Fine bouche, même pour les plats les plus macabres, il a une passion voluptueuse pour la nourriture. Mais attention! Vous pourriez bien vous retrouver dans son assiette...

It starts as a tremor.  
The knees get weak.  
Sweat oozes on the temple.  
Tongue twirls. A gush of drool.  
Deep inside, a hollow feel grows.

Stomach twinge, eyes now twitch.

Ouf! A voracious appetite attack  
A cry from the body, a ravenous want.  
A gurgle rises from the belly and screams:  
"I am famished."

Hunger raves, now he craves.

The precious lovely food  
A unique passion that cannot wait  
No, this craving won't be ignored

He needs to eat. Now. Anything. Immediately.

"I need to eat!"    The meat.  
                                  The meat.  
                                  The meat.  
                                  The meat!

The nose catches a metallic perfume.  
The smell of wonderful, absolute raw.  
Warm or cold, I will fill my maw with the red gold.

Voluptuous gluttonous.  
Flood of drool, lust for food.

"My tooth is sweet for the meat."

Wriggling or dead, he must be fed.  
Gorgregut, Gorgregut, time to feed the Gorgregut.  
Feed him.

There he sits. The Gorgregut before a  
majestic table of bone and meat.

Throne of bowels for a seat.  
Viscerug of grounded teat.

Stainless steel, the finest silverware.  
Three-course meal prepared with lovely care.

Flesh-shreds in cold cuts.  
Slaughter-sauce on entrée-guts.

Cocktail first, liquid delight.  
Quench his thirst. The glass, a gorgeous sight.

Molten brain, a shade of pink.  
In a skull, a straw to drink.

Finger food, a whole new meaning.  
Delicious crude, how appetizing!

Pancreas in a pâté, gall-bladder consommé.

Gorgergut, Gorgergut, time to feed the Gorgergut.

Gorgregut is hungry for feed.  
Gorgregut is hungry for raw.  
I've been fed to Gorgregut.

Scalloped prostates on a plate of carcasses eviscerate.  
Filet mignon on the bone with a pinch of kidney stone.  
Caramel eyes for dessert, drizzled with some loin-ghurt.  
Foie nougrat with blood dip. Biscuit-palate dental chips.  
A gratin troufignon. Jell-eye-tin macaron.  
Toothpick nails in some toes. For hors d'œuvre, have a nose.  
A terrine intestine, uterine urine brine,  
Apero appendix, mounds of grease, regal feast!  
Gorgregut, Gorgregut, time to feed the Gorgregut.

# THE DAYKING Part 2

« Mon heure est venue! Voici ma gloire! » Voyant enfin approcher le désastre tant attendu, la vigie se déclare « maître de cette montagne et bûcher ». Alertera-il le peuple qu'il a juré de protéger? Que décidera-t-il?

In summer,  
Under the pitiless sun,  
I fed on bitter roots.  
Pulled out like teeth,  
From between hot stones.  
And after autumn rains,  
I drank from shallow stinking pools.

Winter, I scraped frost.  
From jagged rock.  
While in fine houses and gilt palaces in the cities,  
Filled with warmth,  
With light, they feasted on meat, piles of meat.

Piles of meat.

While I waited through the seasons,  
Till thick muscled arms withered to flesh-covered bone.  
Youthful legs wasted to enfeebled sticks.  
I can climb down the stonebound path,  
No more.

Dawn approaches,  
Night flees across heavens.  
Light the signal.  
Before day's blinding light,  
Obscures bright flames.  
Breaking the chain,  
Which holds the last and smallest hope for man.

I stood steadfast, waiting for this moment.  
One single solid link, in a chain that bounds  
A distant trouble past, a nightmare.  
Of uncountable unspeakable crimes.

This unsuspecting unaware instant,  
Filled with youthful laughter,  
Is pulled by a heavy anchor back toward retribution,  
Terrible and quick.



There is but one choice.  
To protect and save.  
Or fling these lives into a abyss.  
I am master of this mountain.  
This is my time. My glory.

Without warning,  
High walls shall tumble.  
Under heavens.  
Dark with soot.  
Seas shall rise.  
Land devoured.  
Water turned sour.  
Withered fields.  
Perish in fire.  
Dust and stones.  
Tongues dead and still.

Their words falling to earth, to burrow deep.  
Till they are lost, effaced and forgotten.

Now, whose life is small?  
Whose life is useless?  
Theirs dangles off a single thread.  
Broken when I turn my head,  
When I close my eyes.  
In their high towers,  
They are doomed.  
Doomed. Doomed. Doomed.

Doomed. Doomed. Doomed.  
To the east a blood red light arises.



# Par la volonté des plis vestibulaires

Dans une clairière bucolique, une charogne repose tranquillement. À mesure qu'elle est regagnée par la nature, une microscopique colonie vivante se rassemble autour d'elle. Insectes, micropousses, petites plantes carnivores prononcent alors de curieuses litanies. « Creuse, rampe, monte, gonfle! ». Les sujets incantent la poussée vers le ciel de cette carcasse, leur nouvelle reine.

Par la volonté des plis vestibulaires

Le feu-mandibule du fou furieux fuyant folie fugace, s'enfougère enfoui, éviscéré.  
Les viscères grimpants fleurissent, montent en foison forment feuillage édifice.

Dans sa feuillue folie, fougère, fourragère, folle rage.

Dans sa feuillue, dans sa folie, sa folle furieuse foyante folie,  
Les viscères, grim pant fleurissent,  
Les viscères, montent en foison,  
Les viscères, forment feuillage édifice.

Les viscères grimpants fleurissent, montent en foison, forment feuillage édifice.  
Le nombril du monde fertilise dans sa feuillue folie, fleurie, folie.  
Le nombril du monde fertilise.

Le feu-mandibule du fou furieux fuyant folie fugace, s'enfougère enfoui, éviscéré.  
Les viscères grimpants fleurissent et montent en foison formant feuillage édifice.  
Dans sa feuillue folie, le nombril du monde fertilise.

Vivaces et comestibles se logent, s'insinuent sinueux.  
Par la volonté des plis vestibulaires.  
Dans le vestibule aréolaire.

Dans le vestibule aréolaire de plis vestibulaires

Par la volonté des plis vestibulaires,  
Faire du silence tonnerre.  
Que seuls nos germes prospèrent.  
Que sa carcasse geigne, saigne, règne.

Pustulant, vrombissants,  
Sons et cris d'entrailles,  
Me percent de l'intérieur.  
Les épines sans sourdine.  
Au creux du biliaire gouffre, planté est le bulbe.

La semence, rampante,  
monte en arborescence.  
Transperçant l'oreille moribonde.  
Écroulements itinérants, à rebours sous gonflements.  
S'arracher éperdument,  
Le paysage dans un élan parasitaire.

Hymnes dégorvés tonitruent, truands comme borborygmes de raison.  
Suffoquant sur l'éther de serre, la plèbe exaspère,  
Espère faire fléchir les ronces atrabiliaires.

Les filaments s'écartèlent, saisissant toute parcelle.  
De chair, de graine et d'organe,  
Égrenant l'engrais idoïne.

Térébrant, putréfiant, injuriant, répugnant.  
Mortifier, ossifier, abdiquer, aduler.

Langue et lierre végétant, bourgeonnant, sporulant.  
Pénétrant les tympan.  
Crâne et peau perforant.

Les lames qui serrent, macèrent l'écosphère, lapidaire.  
Par rhizomes grisants, omniscients, envoûtants.

Mais lorsque coagulent les tentacules, nul ne s'annule!

Corps mort mord poussière et pousses, secousses poussent mordicus, s'amarrent aux lianes.  
Filigranes, le courroux du diaphragme, lieu de tumeur abyssale.

Par la volonté des plis vestibulaires,  
Faire du silence tonnerre.  
Que seuls nos germes prospèrent.  
Que sa carcasse geigne, saigne, règne.  
D'œsophages, de membrane si belle.  
Les filaments s'écartèlent.  
Saisissant toute parcelle,  
De chair et de sensibles organes.  
  
Puissent sa voix tout ensevelir.  
Et les bornes de l'ordre s'ouvrir.  
Vignes et tronc soulèveront la superbe putréfaction.  
L'aventure plantureuse d'une décomposition heureuse.  
Frémissement végétal par grondements inépuisables.

L'enclume et le marteau : épier ces nervures.

En éclater l'ossature, évider Épicure.

Tout faire mourir encore.

En distiller un seul corps.

Tout faire mourir encore. (corps!)

En distiller un seul corps. (mort!)

Cueillir le fruit acide. (splendide!)

De la splendeur putride. (putride!)

Créer en pourrissant.

Hurler d'émerveillement.

Recomposer la vie,

À l'image de ces cris.

Racines et ligaments.

Un nouveau firmament.

Corps

Mort

Poussière

Et pousse.

Par la volonté des plis vestibulaires,

Faire du silence tonnerre.

Que seuls ses germes prospèrent.

Que ma carcasse geigne et saigne.

Puissent ces voix tout ensevelir.

Et les bornes de l'ordre s'ouvrir.

Tout faire mourir encore. (encore!)

En distiller un seul corps. (encore!)

Recomposer la vie,

À l'image de ces cris.

# GROWLERS' CREED (Epilogue)

We speak as one voice.  
We shout as one noise.  
Behold as we howl and growl.  
Behold as we growl.

Our screams are pain.  
Our screams are joy.  
Our screams are triumph.  
Our screams are dread.

Bearers of Covenant,  
Bearers of Kind,  
Bearers of Voice,  
Bearers of Men.

We are the Hate Machine  
You are the Hate Machine  
All are the Hate Machine  
Adore the Hate Machine



# HATE MACHINE

Qu'est-ce que cette effroyable machine? Mi-robot, mi-parasite, elle mastique, déchire et déchiquète tout sur son passage. Et pourtant, ses innombrables victimes, loin de fuir, s'approchent volontairement de l'engin terrible, avides d'être dévorées et digérées par ce dieu qu'elles adorent. Dans cette fable imagée, le béhémoth tentaculaire est peut-être plus réel qu'il n'y paraît...

Be-hold!

The images should make you scream.  
Desensitized by what you've seen.  
You revel in the filth of fiends,  
A product of the Hate Machine!

Eternal sacrifice to the infernal Rage Device.  
Worship the obscene. Bow before the Hate Machine!

Ten thousand meters high with tentacles of steel.  
One billion gears and coils made out of bone and gore.

Earth quakes under its weight, the Behemoth in plate.  
Parasitic cyborg on arthropodic legs.

Furnace, stinking of forge, exhale poisonous fumes.  
Caustic drool made of fuel seeping through rows of fangs.  
Iron jaws, iron breath oozing the stench of blood.  
Glass eyes recording hate carved into screens of flesh.

Images should make you scream.  
Desensitized by what you've seen.  
You revel in the filth of fiends,  
A product of the Hate Machine.

The images should make you scream.  
Desensitized by what you've seen,  
You revel in the filth of fiends,  
A product of the Hate Machine.

Eating, feeding, masticating, devouring inside out,  
Chewing, chomping, puking you then eating you back!

Tearing, shredding, mutilating, disfiguring purity,  
Tainting, soiling, fouling, and corrupting your soul.

Kneeling and pleading and begging and bleeding and,  
Crying and wailing, this rage device craves.

Preys, mob around in the shade of your predator,  
Pray and implore that your God brings you hate.  
“Eat us, digest us, then eat us again  
Through your bowels of barbed wire dripping with smut.”

Wretched tears mixed up with baby blood,  
Pulverized bone powder, semen mold and blackened sludge.

Bow low and frolic in reeking pain!  
This rig of spite has you wanting for more.

Kneel. Beg. Cry. Now!  
Bow. Plead. Bleed.

Worshippers, amass.  
Lay your sacrifice.  
Behold your own demise,  
Adore the hate device!

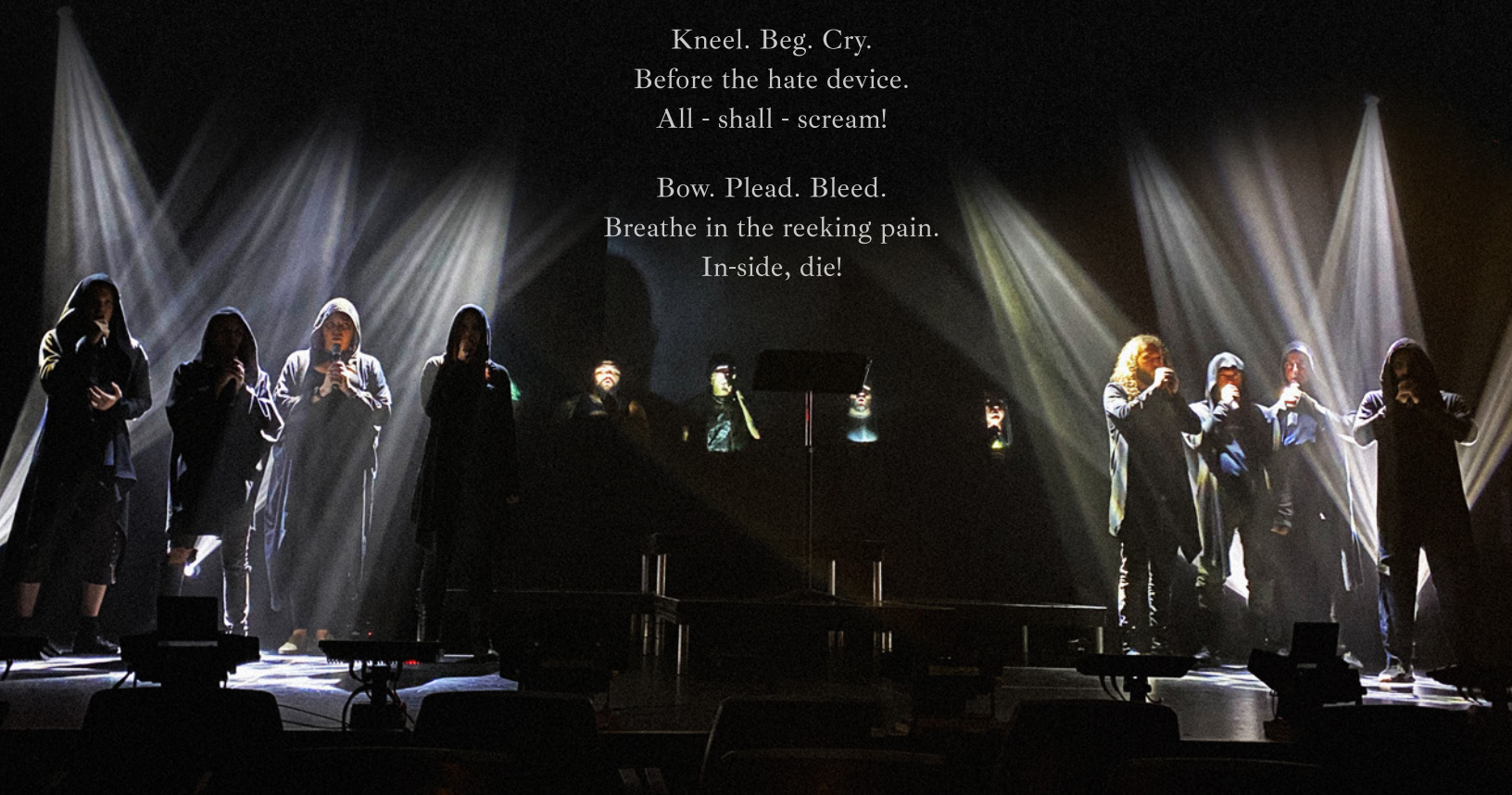
Titanium oxidized.  
Corroded by the slime.  
Eating, feeding, masticating.

Kneel. Beg. Cry.  
Bow. Plead. Bleed.

Titanium oxidized.  
Corroded by the slime.  
Tainting, soiling, all corrupting.

Kneel. Beg. Cry.  
Before the hate device.  
All - shall - scream!

Bow. Plead. Bleed.  
Breathe in the reeking pain.  
In-side, die!



The images should make you scream.  
Desensitized by what you've seen,  
You revel in the filth of fiends,  
A product of the Hate Machine.

Eating, feeding, masticating, devouring insid'out,  
Chewing, chomping, puking you then eating you back!  
Tearing, shredding, mutilating, disfiguring purity,  
Tainting, soiling, fouling, and corrupting your soul.

Hate Machine,  
You're in us all!  
To you we call.  
For you we crawl.

Hate Machine,  
Devour us.  
You are our Faith.  
We are your cause!  
You are despised,  
As you are loved.  
Turn on yourself.  
Self-destruct now!

Static in hives,  
Drives overdrive,  
Engines unhinged,  
Processors fry.

Mechanized lungs bursting with pus.  
Boiling oil gushes into its guts.

Tentacles mad piercing the plate.  
Alloyed flesh flayed from its chest.

Veins spewing oil,  
Torn cables spark,  
Fire alight,  
High as the sky.

From the torn screen,  
Through shards of meat,  
Venoms spew thick.  
Masses shall feast!

Bow before the Hate Machine.



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