OBSIDIAN • BIOGRAPHY

Obsidian in the shadowed valleys of Pennsylvania, where the relics of coal and the echo of a post-industrial America fuse, the band Crobot bursts forth—a sonic whirlwind born of rebellion and raw power. This band is not just a troupe of musicians; they are a high-speed chase through the wastelands of rock 'n' roll, armed with a potent cocktail of adrenaline and sonic boom. At the helm is Brandon Yeagley, the quintessential rock 'n' roll shaman, wielding his harmonica and microphone like twin totems of chaos and creation. His fervor borders on the religious, a revivalist bent on converting the masses with each electrifying note and primal scream. Chris Bishop, the guitar-slinging alchemist, carves through the darkness with riffs sharp enough to slice through the thickest fog, forging a path with unruly elemental storms. Joining the fray, Pat Seals, the latest addition to the rhythm section, pounds the bass with a ferocity that commands the shadows, his vibrations weaving through the fabric of the night, seeping directly into the void. Alongside him, Dan Ryan on drums stokes the engine of his auditory beast, his beats a thunderous pulse that breathes life into their wild musical onslaught. Their odyssey through the sonic wilderness kicked off with the electrifying debut of *Something Supernatural*, slicing through the static of the mainstream with a vibe that was both a nod to the past and a leap into the future. The journey took a gritty, knock-down turn with *Welcome to Fat City*, an album that injected a dose of urban decay and psychedelic funk into their sound, expanding their narrative into the darker corners of the city. By the time *Motherbrain* hit the streets, Crobot had established themselves as a beacon for the disenfranchised, their music a battle hymn for those society had cast aside, with "Low Life" rising as an anthem for the underground. The saga continued with *Feel This*, an explosive collection that captured the raw, live energy of the band, further solidifying their status as torchbearers of rock's chaotic, rebellious spirit. *Obsidian* marks Crobot's most introspective journey yet, as the album dives into the deep, murky waters of the human condition, threading ancient myths with personal demons across its tracks. Each song descends into the darker recesses of the psyche, set to the relentless rhythm of heavy, pulsing beats and gut-wrenching guitar solos, offering a stark reflection of internal struggles. This intense exploration on the album sets the stage for the raw and unfiltered experience of Crobot's live performances. Witnessing the band on stage is to grasp the full chaotic impact of their music. Transformed into something otherworldly, Crobot becomes a force of nature, tearing through venues like a tornado and leaving behind nothing but awe. Their live shows transcend typical concerts, morphing into seismic events where the rock and roll spirit vibrates through the air, shaking the very foundations of the musical landscape. So, if you're ready for a ride that teeters on the brink of madness, strap in. This isn't just a band. This is Crobot—steering a ship through the storms of sound with the mad delight of a stunt driver at the wheel, screaming into the soul with the echo of rock gods past and the fierce hunger of those yet to come. Welcome to the revolution, the chaos, the euphoria. This is rock 'n' roll in its most primal form. Buckle up; it's a wild ride.

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