

Children of Test Tubes (Cyber Cat's March)



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Pitch

An alt-metal march for those who chose every star over a single home.

Description

"Children of Test Tubes" is an alt-metal march for those who understood that the universe doesn't open to planetary creatures. To own the stars, you have to rebuild yourself — body, mind, and your idea of home. The stars are not for earth-worms.

Genres: Art Rock, Classic Rock, Proto-Metal

For Fans Of: System of a Down, Rage Against the Machine

Mood: Exploratory, Open-Hearted, Dramatic

Themes: Free-Spirited, Wanderlust, Nomadic, Migration, Self-Reconstruction, Body Modification, Transhumanism, Cybernetic Life, Legend, Cosmic, Sci-Fi

Sound: Powerful, Heavy, Stop-Start Dynamics, Distorted Guitars, Guitar-Solo Driven, Electric Guitar, Groovy, Polished Production, 70s Hard Rock, Art Rock, Modern Alt-Rock, Narrative Songwriting,

Contact

Website: <https://darwinscat.com>

Email: band@darwinscat.com

Social Links:

- <https://www.youtube.com/@DarwinsCatBand>
- <https://www.facebook.com/DarwinsCat>
- <https://instagram.com/DarwinsCatBand>
- <https://open.spotify.com/artist/034WVB95MDfewHw5qnySJF>
- <https://music.apple.com/de/artist/darwins-cat/1515753476>
- <https://darwinscat.bandcamp.com>

Appendix A: Lyrics

— Hello from Outer Space Collective. We are carrying two million tons of nickel and several thousand tons of iridium, straight from the Asteroid Belt. We're eager to know what you can offer us in exchange.

— Outer Space Collective, this is Planet Control speaking. We're interested in your metals. We have various goods and resources available for trade. Also, do you have Aluminum, Titanium, and Magnesium for constructing flying cities? We also need a substantial amount of Iron, Chromium, and Nickel for building underwater cities.

— Planet Control, this is Outer Space Collective responding: Iron, Aluminum, Titanium, and Magnesium will be available on our next trip. For now, we're interested in canned seafood for our pets, and we need a protocol for landing our sales representatives.

— Outer Space Collective, this is Planet Control. Do you have any electronics available for us?

— Planet Control, this is Outer Space Collective responding: No, you know the rules. We do not share our technologies, only minerals.

We're all children of test tubes,
our genes compiled piece by piece,
We're all born in cat's space-stations
and our source-code is from database.
We have no home, we live in space,
and starship is our place
We are cyber cats and our residence
is milky-way and universe

Cat's planets are banned for us,
but we make "poker face"
We're mining asteroids,
we're mining moon's surface
We have a fleet of freighters

and sell minerals to cats
They have only planets,
but we have all stars and space

Planets are for catus-sapience
but we are next link in chain
We are cyber-cats, we live in space
and we have super brain
We're looking for new planets
and building living place for cats
We are engineers we are good at it,
and we are good diplomats

— Thank you, Outer Space Collective, we are waiting for your landing party
... Cyber cats..., with cyber pets..., ha-ha-ha ...

— Planet Control, we heard you.

Appendix B: Epigraphs

The universe is not only queerer than we suppose, but queerer than we can suppose.

— J.B.S. Haldane — British geneticist and evolutionary biologist,