



NO DOMINATION

It's much more than a concert: the full storm of Kap Bambino crashes down on us: a satisfying downpour, a vital experience, the kind that leaves a mark, the kind that transforms.

There is a before and an after. Some storms rumble in silence, others drown us.

"No Domination" begins. The message is clear.

Each album reshuffles the cards.

Dark wave, electro punk? Witch gabber pop? Doesn't matter. It hits hard, with style. It ignores labels, it redefines boundaries.

We encounter that old ram ready to charge. Still as belligerent and inspired as in its early days, but transformed, reinvented. A new creature. Always true to itself, always unpredictable. This is Kap Bambino. Parhelion.

The tracks play with our emotions. We stay on guard, but what's the point?! You have to close your eyes, accept the road, and let yourself be carried away.

The intensity of "Zéro Life". The depth of "Dust, Fierce". Everything melts, everything rises!

Violent and generous. A welcoming catharsis.

With "No Domination", they sign a powerful work, both fresh and timeless. It's hard and luminous: a shooting star anchored in the sky but already outside of time.

Kap Bambino is pure, magmatic, benevolent energy. A force that touches you, not to consume you, but to make you stronger, more alive.

A magnificent anomaly. The blunt love of a match and a drop of gasoline.

Kap Bambino doesn't just make a room vibrate: they connect, they liberate.

Siouxsie, Type-O-Negative: the echoes of these legends resonate in the Cleopatra era. And Kap Bambino fits right in with disarming sincerity. They love music, simply. And we love Kap Bambino. Nothing more, nothing less.

Martial Solis, November 2024

