



IRON ASPARAGUS

SINGLE 1 : MR. MOLOTOV

NOVEMBER 11, 2022

PRESS KIT

THE SONG

Some songs take years to reach their full potential. Others arrive on your doorstep like a beautiful fucking piece of furniture already assembled. This was the case for Mr. Molotov. These are the nicest surprises a writer can receive. When Mr. Molotov came to me, I just had to give him the ending riff to complete the picture. A riff that I had in my guitar case and that suits him perfectly. The text was written by Madam The News, a brutal author who dips her pen in blood daily.

This song is dedicated to all the people who resist the invader. It is also dedicated to those who protest against their tyrant.



MR. MOLOTOV

He talks about courage hidden in a bunker
He makes a lot of noise; he is a barker
He pretends to be a bear, but he has the look of a rat
His carnival is cruel, but you're ready for that

THE TROOPS

Jonny Savage: Vocals, rhythm guitars, baritone, and bass guitars

Julien Blais: Drums and good ideas

Mikey Heppner and Joe Maheux: Lead guitar

Adrian Popovich: Sound engineer and mix at Mountain Studio, Montréal.

Olivier St-Pierre: Sound recording of the drums at CinqLuce studio, Sainte-Luce.

The visuals of the EP are by **Dory Popa.**

The graphic design work was created by **AKWA design.**

Words and music by J. Savage

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THE NAME

An iron asparagus was a spear used by some sedentary tribes. The iron tip, reminiscent of the head of an asparagus, was carved to cause more damage in close combat than a traditional spear. It was used to repel terrible invaders, such as the Orcs of the Northeast.



CAPTAIN J. SAVAGE

Before becoming captain of his ship, Savage took hundreds of detours, like leaving school too young. It's hard to understand algebra when you're high on mescaline. No need for a diploma for the young Savage, he was going to become a rock star. But before writing songs, his main goal at age 14 was to get drunk as often as possible. He achieved this almost daily. He worked in a gas station and sang country music in old pirate taverns. He was very skilled with the repertoire of Johnny Cash, Hank Williams, and other masters of the three chords and sad destiny. He was adored by the local sailors who thanked him with whiskey. It is in these places of old broken dreams that he made his own. It was also there that he would meet Miss Cocaine. It was love at first sight, just like in the movies. At 16, it was his first true great love. He would dedicate the next few years of his life to her. He had everything to become a rock star. Youth and the good looks that sometimes come with it, a debauched life, and an ability to hold his liquor and make the devil dance. All he lacked was the ultimate ingredient: good songs.

He did have a few good scraps of melody strummed endlessly, his nose reddened by straw. He sometimes accompanied his A minor chord with a couple of wails, but the fact remained, he had nothing to hold on to. He knew too well that the awakening was going to be terribly brutal, but he wished all the same only one thing, to fall asleep.

It would come back to life in some shady warehouses in the west end of Montreal. He would empty semi-trailers of tires, transmissions, parts of all kinds. He would even see cheap guitars go by. Rather than making him sad, seeing his low-end beauties would bring a smile to his face. He was becoming a man. He didn't really have any friends in those warehouses, but he didn't have any enemies. The Haitians liked him, the Jamaicans liked him. The Latinos liked him, Asians too. They called him the musician because he liked to sing over the noise of the machines. Unfortunately, these jobs at the bottom of the ladder were not enough to pay the bills.

During his difficult economic crisis, Savage had to sell all his musical gear to pay a few months' rent. All he had left was an old classical guitar that was worthless but would be valuable as a riffing machine gun. For ten years, Savage had only her to write with. The dark riffs of Iron Asparagus played on his old, detuned piece of wood became a light in his gloomy life. He has since rebuilt a war arsenal and launched his flagship, the Iron Asparagus. Today you meet Mr. Molotov.

IRON ASPARAGUS

EP 1

The Iron Asparagus Riff Factory has a huge number of missiles in the works and more ready to be delivered. An EP will be released on
January 20, 2023.

FOLLOW



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