

Carbon Harry: Kittens of Death and Other Serious Ideas

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There is something disarming about talking to a band where the oldest member is 13. You expect a certain kind of conversation. Simpler. Lighter. Maybe even a little scattered. But spend a few minutes with Carbon Harry and that assumption disappears quickly. What you find instead is a fully formed band with ideas, humor, and just enough chaos to make it all feel alive.

Carbon Harry is David, Davis, Izzy (with a Y), and Izzie (with an IE). Four young musicians figuring it out in real time, building songs the same way a lot of great bands do, done riff at a time, passed around, shaped, and expanded until it becomes something bigger than any one of them. It is collaborative, instinctive, and already surprisingly dialed in.

The name, though, is where things really start to make sense.

It came from Izzy with a Y. A natural namer of things, apparently. David tells it like this: When she was three, she had stuffed animals named Ponjo Narn, Dodge Dilello, and Dan. Carbon

Harry just stuck. No overthinking. No branding exercise. Just something that felt right. And years later, they have not found a better one.

That same energy carries into everything they do. Even when they try to explain it, each member has their own version of the story, their own angle. It is not confusion. It is personality. “It’s good to have a diverse band,” they say, and you get the sense that diversity, in this case, means letting every idea have its moment.

They are already moving forward, too. The band has just finished recording a new album, *Kittens of Death*, a title pulled straight from one of their own lyrics. It sounds like a joke until you realize it fits perfectly into their world. Playful, a little absurd, but grounded in something real. Their songs often start with a guitar or bass riff and grow from there, each member layering in their part until the thing takes shape.

The lineup itself has evolved quickly. What started as a sibling project between David and Izzy with a Y shifted after her previous band dissolved. Davis came in to help fill a sudden gap when shows were already booked, and the band ran as a three-piece for a while. Izzie (with an IE) is the newest addition, stepping in after their former keyboardist moved on. It is a young band, but already one that understands how to adapt.

They are based out of Clayton, Georgia now, though the path there includes Tampa and a drummer who has lived in five different places. That sense of movement seems to follow them, whether it is geographically or creatively.

Watch their videos and another theme emerges quickly. Space. A lot of space.

That one traces back to their love of David Bowie. What starts as admiration turns into inspiration. One of their upcoming tracks, “Powerless Signal,” pulls directly from Bowie’s *Space Oddity*, swapping out the stylophone for something as modern and unexpected as a cell phone. It is that same blend of curiosity and experimentation that defines the band.

Even their visual approach reflects that mindset. Early animation videos were created using prompts and AI tools, but they have already moved away from that, looking instead to bring in real animators. “It just doesn’t have soul,” they say, cutting straight to the point in a way that feels older than their years.

And then there is the touring life, which for Carbon Harry is just beginning to take shape. Festival slots are lining up, including appearances at Shakori Hills and MerleFest, where they will play the Kids Fest stage. It is an early step, but an important one, placing them in front of audiences that value musicianship and discovery.

Ask them about bucket list venues, though, and the answer is immediate. The Windjammer, out on Isle of Palms. A place where they have seen bands like Better Than Ezra and the Spin Doctors. A place that feels just out of reach for now, which probably makes it the perfect target. They have already opened for Futurebirds once, and you get the sense they are not done chasing that thread.

The conversation drifts, as it should, into the kind of question that only makes sense in a setting like this. The grossest thing you have ever touched in the ocean.

There is a pause. Some laughter. A fish, maybe. Seaweed.

And then the story.

Snorkeling in Grand Cayman. Floating above a cluster of sea urchins, those black, spiked shapes sitting harmlessly below, until the water shifts. A wave drops, suddenly and without warning, and the distance disappears. Spikes rise up, brushing against goggles, too close to ignore, too strange to forget.

It is the kind of moment that sticks with you. Not because it was dangerous, but because it was unexpected. A little surreal. A little funny in hindsight.

Which, in a way, feels like the perfect metaphor for Carbon Harry.

They are young, yes. But there is something happening here. Ideas colliding. Influences showing up in unexpected ways. A band figuring out who they are while already sounding like themselves.

And if *Kittens of Death* is any indication, they are just getting started.

For all things [Carbon Harry](#)