

A close-up portrait of Marco Machera, a man with a full beard and intense gaze, looking directly at the camera against a dark background.

Marco
Machera

small music from broken windows



SOUNDMILL
Art against the grain

Biography

Marco Machera is an Italian musician & songwriter. He likes to say, "**I don't play music - I make it happen.**" Mainly known as an accomplished bass player, Marco is also a producer and arranger.



Discography

Solo Albums

2017. Small Music from Broken Windows

2014. Dime Novels

An adventurous, cinematic pop album featuring Pat Mastelotto, Tony Levin (Peter Gabriel, King Crimson, Pink Floyd), Markus Reuter (Crimson ProjeKt, Stick Men), Andrea Faccioli, Jennifer Maidman (Penguin Cafe Orchestra, David Sylvian)

2012. One Time

Somewhere [debut], featuring Francesco Zampi (Italian sound engineer and producer) Pat Mastelotto (King Crimson, Mr. Mister, XTC, OrK) , Rob Fethers (The Bears, Adrian Belew) and iconic artist Mark Kostabi.

With Julie Slick

2014. Fourth Dementia

With Echotest

2017. From Two Balconies

2015. Le Fil Rouge

Collaborations

2009-2015. Played bass for Paul Gilbert, one of the world's premier guitarists during some of his clinic tour dates in 2009, 2011 and 2015.

2013. Supported Marillion during their concerts in Italy in January 2013. In December 2012, Marco joined David Lynch produced Texan chanteuse and femme fatale, Chrysta Bell, for the Italian leg of her European "This Train" tour.

2009. Composed the soundtrack for a live performance scripted by actress/director Martina Sacchetti and performed at the WCA Theatre of the University of the Arts of London.

Quotes

Pat Mastelotto: "I had a lot of fun working on Marco's record. One of the first tracks he sent me sounded like *The Beatles with Tom Waits!* What a band that would have been," "We have stayed in touch throughout the year as Marco overdubbed and mixed, so I can tell he has a keen ear for details without losing the big picture. It's pop packed with nice surprises."



Steve Hackett (Genesis) about *One Time, Somewhere*: "It is really good and well crafted and I very much enjoyed it. Beautiful voice at the beginning and interesting atmospheres and contrasting moods. *Days of Summertime* has some fascinating sounds."

Trevor Rabin (Yes) about *Dime Novels*: "I listened to the album and liked it a lot, and I think [Marco has] a beautiful style on bass."

Marco also collaborates with American bassist Julie Slick (Adrian Belew Power Trio, The Crimson ProjeKt, Springs) for the EchoTest project. The electric bass has a prominent role throughout their compositions - compelling 'bass duets' pushing the boundaries of progressive and loop music. They have released three albums together - , and most recently *From Two Balconies* (2017), with the help of a variety of guests, including drummers Eric Slick, Tobias Ralph and Pat Mastelotto, violinist Sarah Anderson, and guitar player Tim Motzer.

Links

All enquiries. marco@marcomachera.com

Marco's ramblings. www.marcomachera.com

Soundmill Productions. www.soundmill.co.uk

YouTube. [Watch "The Things" official video](#)

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Produced by Marco Machera

**Tweaking, mixing and
mastering by** Francesco
Zampi and Marco Machera

Artwork design by Maurizio
Di Feo and Marco Lafirenza

Executive producer:
Claudio Scortichini

**All music and lyrics
written by** Marco Machera

Recorded at The Bunker
Home Studio in Latina,
Italy, between 2013 and
2017. Additional
recordings took place in
studios across Italy, USA
and Finland.

This recording features
samples from the
"Freesound" project -
www.freesound.org

*"That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
and all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
were long be-nightmar'd."*

J. Keats

*"Unhappy is he to whom the memories of childhood bring only
fear and sadness. Wretched is he who looks back upon lone
hours in vast and dismal chambers with brown hangings and
maddening rows of antique books, or upon awed watches in
twilight groves of grotesque, gigantic, and vine-encumbered
trees that silently wave twisted branches far aloft. Such a
lot the gods gave to me - to me, the dazed, the
disappointed; the barren, the broken. And yet I am strangely
content and cling desperately to those sere memories, when
my mind momentarily threatens to reach beyond to the other."*

from "The Outsider", H.P. Lovecraft (1926)

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Credits

The Glimpse

Marco Machera: guitar,
vocals, samples

The Labyrinth of Nighted Silence

Marco Machera: guitar,
vocals, bass, samples,
percussion
Cabeki: guitar solo

Frantic

Marco Machera: bass, vocals,
banjolin, samples, percussion
Francesco Zampi: samples,
drum programming

The Tower

Marco Machera: guitar,
samples
Pete Donovan: double bass
Gionata Forciniti: melodica

The Things

Marco Machera: guitar,
vocals, synth bass, kalimba,
rhodes, samples
Andrea Gastaldello: piano,
electronics
Diandra Danieli: vocals
Toni Nordlund: drums

Climb

Marco Machera: vocals,
keyboards, accordion,
samples, drums, percussion

Broken Windows

Marco Machera: bass,
samples, accordion, guitar
Toni Nordlund: drums
Pat Mastelotto: cymbow
John Porno: saxophone

Ghost Town

Marco Machera: bass, vocals,
guitar, samples, keyboards
Alessandro Inolti: drums
Pat Mastelotto: additional
drums

The House

Marco Machera: vocals,
soundscape
Andrea Gastaldello: piano,
electronics

Wounded Heart

Marco Machera: bass, vocals,
guitar, samples, loops
Andrea Gastaldello:
electronics
Pat Mastelotto: drums

The Shards

Marco Machera: bass, vocals
Tim Motzer: guitar synth,
piano
Francesco Zampi: treatments

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Lyrics

The Glimpse

The silent, numb stare
as you gently fall apart
Once close at hand
Not anymore

Replacing, robbing away
Shades of black and white
So profound and fragile
The love we have denied

We secretly lied to each other
Islands far from view
We smile, we forget
The good and the bad things

Strange how it works
how love unfolds,
when it's all gone
The hurting, sweet glimpse.
Look, it's all gone
It's all gone.

Frantic

In my solitude
I could rest no more
I went down the road
to the neighborhood
Above the giant trees
Into the outer sky
Grows the tall black tower
I resolved to climb

How long's the day
How long's the night
Doesn't matter when
you can't keep alive
How loud you talk
How hard you try
Doesn't matter when
you can't keep alive

In my solitude
I could rest no more
I went down the road
to the neighborhood
I will scale the tower
So I can glimpse the sky
And if I fall and die
I won't really mind

The Labyrinth of Nighted Silence

I have no real memories
I have no real knowledge
I'm the dazed and the disappointed
I'm the barren and the broken

Here's the rabbit hole
I've been diggin'
Here's the loneliness
I have to bear with

My decaying house
with high ceilings
And outside, the giant trees
with no end in sight
The sun and the moon
playing hide and seek
Behind the blue leaves
of uncertainty.

I lie down on grass
and dream of things
That are so distant and obscure
Some old snapshots
of the sunny world
beyond the endless forest

I wander the labyrinth
of nighted silence

The Things

Things I've done
They're never gone
They're scattered all the way
The kitchen floor
The cracked wall
Paint is peeling off
I stumble over
some chest of drawers
some scraps of paper
in the back of my mind
another life...

Please forgive the angry words
The times I fell, and never rose
The day I didn't show some love
I never meant to leave you alone
I can't pretend to be that strong
I think you've broken all my bones
But there's one thing I know
I never thought that
love could be so wrong

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Lyrics

Climb

I go brick by brick
No sign of weariness
I cling to footholds
in the swell of darkness

I got to climb
Oh, I got to climb

Well I'm terrified
What if I lose the grip
What if I catch no light
and I sink down deep?

Still I climb
Oh I got to climb

I'm ten feet tall now
I swear, I'm ten feet tall
I'll be growing taller
'till my hands get sore

I'm the unwept, the unhonored,
I'm the man unsung
I'll pull away the curtain
and unveil the scars

The House

Stealing moments
from the open windows
I found the treasure
within my reach
The house where people meet
and pour joie de vivre
I'm stepping in

The Shards

The shards,
by the light of the moon
I'm weeping out
the anger, the hurtache
the dead life

I swear, you did me no harm
I thought you did
But here I am
empty, weightless.

Ghost Town

On solid ground, I stagger out,
upon the gravel path
The ancient stone church
striving against the moonlight
the forgotten roads, the empty
bars, ruins and failures of a
lifetime, I seem to recall
the broken Saturday nights
all the fucking words
I whispered in your ear
softly spoken, deep in love
where have they gone?

I'm lost in a ghost town
sullen and worn
I'll be racing the night
'till I find the way home

I hear small music
from the broken windows
This is where I lived
This is where I learned
I'd walk up and down
doing time on the streets
I feel nothing's changed
and I have got nothing to lose
but myself

Wounded Heart

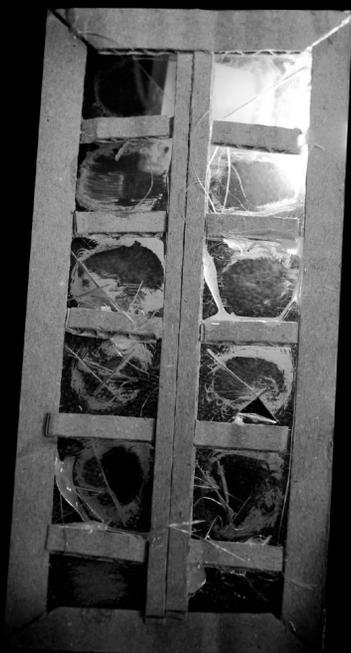
From a single bright moment of hope
to the blackest convulsion of
despair
The lighted room becomes all dark
I see your face, quickly, among the
crying masks

Just like the day I saw you riding
the car
oh boy, was it totally random
and it was too fast to acknowledge
too fast for anything but a broken
heart
that stays with us forever, yet
another one

like a scar on the arm
and I sing in my head...
now I turn around, you've
disappeared
everybody ran away in shock
and all that's left
is an empty room
with a wounded heart

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End Credits

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- Marco