

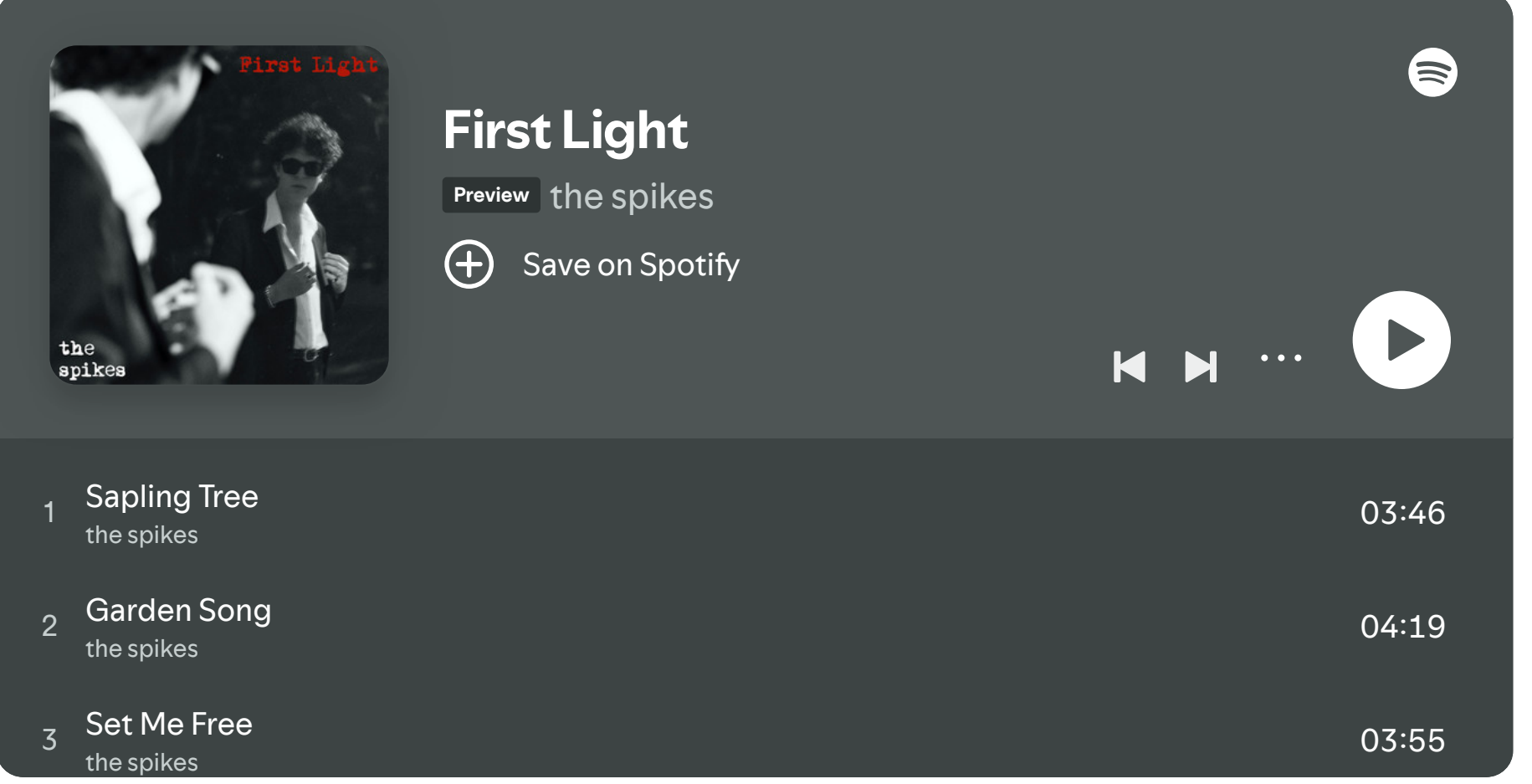
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The Spikes’ ‘First Light’: A Cinematic Alt-Pop Awakening from the Edge of Darkness

Frank Bell · 14 November 2025



***First Light*, the new LP from The Spikes, is a reckoning. Rome-born, LA-forged Iago Hausmann arrives fully formed under his moniker The Spikes — a persona built to explore where beauty and danger blur, where light flickers inside the dark.**



Across eight fever-bright, shadow-soft tracks — including the focus single *Garden Song* — *First Light* swaps linear storytelling for subconscious confession. Atmospheric alt-pop built on raw emotion, surreal flashes, cinematic sweep. Every song walks through a half-remembered dream where fear and hope share the same pulse.



Where most chase neat resolutions, The Spikes thrives in contradiction. *First Light* finds beauty in the chaos — tenderness beside collapse, calm humming under threat, joy threaded through sorrow.

Atmospheric production pulls you upward while the lyrics ground you in raw, subconscious honesty. The result? A record that hits like dawn after a night you barely made it through.



The album's anchor, *Garden Song*, threads fragile hope through a haze of metaphor. It's a love song with no fixed lover — open, shifting, universal.

Shot with filmmaker Michael Haussman, the *Garden Song* video drops Iago into a tucked-away Roman café packed with real locals — dancers, card-playing nonnas, tattooed kids, lifetimes etched in every face. Quietly stunning: love in every age, scar, and glance. A raw portrait distilling the album's heartbeat into a single room.



First Light argues that beauty lives in the fractures — in the people life has weathered, in the moments where joy and grief share the same room. That tension runs through the LP: light pushing through the dark, a metaphorical “killer in the wings” that makes every moment feel sharper, more precious.

The Spikes doesn't dodge the shadows. He lets them breathe — then digs for meaning inside them.

As producer, performer, and creator, The Spikes builds this world himself — but the magic is in how he switches roles. He treats each phase like an identity: the artist with limitless imagination, the technician with ruthless focus, the storyteller stitching emotional truth into every line.



That discipline keeps *First Light* alive, beating, and brutally sincere.

Even in its darkest corners, *First Light* glows. Not with soft inspiration, but with the kind of hope you grip when the world tilts. The Spikes threads pain and empathy through every track, inviting listeners to find themselves in the fractures.

Poems become songs, subconscious flashes become melodies, and even cut-up writing techniques bleed into the album's DNA. It's a record you feel first and understand later.

And it's only the beginning. The Spikes is already shaping unexpected covers and new material — expanding a universe that's just starting to flicker into view.

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