

Ella Slaughter

FOLK / SINGER-SONGWRITER · VICTORIA, BC

Artist Bio Suite

01 · ELEVATOR

Elevator Line

≈ 50 words · Use: socials, intros, pitch openers, playlist copy

Ella Slaughter writes songs to prove men wrong, usually her dad. When her bandmates laughed at “The Saints I Pray To,” the Victoria, BC songwriter posted it anyway. Fifteen million views later, she’d quit the cover circuit for good. Now the song that started it all finally gets its official release.

02 · SHORT FORM

Short Press / DSP Bio

≈ 110 words · Use: DSP artist profiles, social bios, blurbs

When Ella Slaughter played “The Saints I Pray To” for her bandmates, they laughed. So she posted it. Not because she was ready, but to prove a point. Five thousand views in twenty minutes. Nearly fifteen million across three parts. Point proven.

The Victoria, BC songwriter walked away from years of stable, well-paid cover gigs to bet on her own words, trading her apartment for a second job washing glassware until 3 a.m. Minutes before she was set to record, she survived a ten-foot fall that left her bedridden for two weeks. She got back up and finished the song.

After all the anticipation, “The Saints I Pray To” arrives in full [release date], with the follow-up single “Missing Tooth” close behind.

03 · PRESS

Press / EPK Bio

≈ 290 words · Use: EPK, one-sheets, media outreach, radio servicing

When Ella Slaughter played “The Saints I Pray To” for her bandmates, they laughed. So she posted it. Not because she was finally ready to share the song, but because she wanted to prove a point. Five thousand views in the first twenty minutes. Nearly fifteen million across the song’s three parts. The solo career she’d been threatening the band with for years had started without asking permission.

“Every song I write tends to be to prove a man wrong,” she says. “Usually my dad. Spite is one hell of a motivator.”

The spite is the engine, not the destination. “The Saints I Pray To” replaces an absent-father God with a litany of women, from Joni Mitchell and Etta James to bell hooks and Dolly Parton, and lands somewhere closer to deliverance than revenge. Slaughter spent years on the cover circuit, well-paid and miserable, until a throwaway grunge side project taught her she couldn’t sing anyone else’s words anymore. So she stopped. She gave up her apartment. She took a second job closing bars, washing glassware until 3 a.m. on weekends. And minutes before she was set to record, she suffered a ten-foot fall that left her concussed and bedridden for two weeks, then climbed back into the studio and finished the song.

Now, after all the anticipation, the song that started everything gets its official release. The follow-up single, “Missing Tooth,” shows what the engine can do with a smirk: a kiss-off to a lover who only misses her the way you miss a missing tooth. “I am not some molar to run your tongue over,” she sings, and means it.

Ella Slaughter is based in Victoria, British Columbia. “The Saints I Pray To” is out [release date] on Headwater Music Group.

04 · EDITORIAL

Editorial / Long Form

≈ 480 words · Use: feature pitches, premiere placements, web bio

The story Ella Slaughter's mother tells is that she came into this world singing and hasn't stopped since: anthems at school assemblies, hallways after class, anywhere her voice would come back to her. The story Slaughter tells is sharper. "Every song I write tends to be to prove a man wrong," she says. "Usually my dad. Spite is one hell of a motivator."

Both stories are true. Only one of them built a career.

It happened the way these things actually happen now: badly, and on purpose. Slaughter had spent years as the voice of successful cover bands around Victoria, British Columbia, stable and well-paid work that was slowly making her miserable. A throwaway grunge project with friends cracked something open. She couldn't sing anyone else's words anymore. When she played her own song, "The Saints I Pray To," for her male bandmates, they made fun of it. So she posted it. Not as a debut, but as a rebuttal.

Five thousand views in the first twenty minutes. Nearly fifteen million across the song's three parts. The solo career she'd spent years threatening the band with had arrived, whether she was ready or not.

What those fifteen million people found wasn't a diss track. "The Saints I Pray To" opens with a refusal. She won't pray to God, because "he is an absent father / I already have one of those," and asks, in its most quietly devastating line, whether God would call her on her birthday and call her by her sister's name. Then it builds its own church. Joni Mitchell, Joan Baez, Etta James, bell hooks, Audre Lorde, Dolly Parton. The women whose names history never kept. The girls who hold your hair back and text "home safe?" at the end of every night. The spite gets her in the door. What the songs are actually about is who carries you once you're through it.

Betting on herself cost what bets cost. She gave up her apartment and moved in with her partner. She took a second job closing bars, washing glassware until 3 a.m. every weekend. And then, minutes before she was set to record, she suffered a ten-foot fall, a concussion that left her unable to sit up without help for two weeks and shook her confidence harder than it shook her skull. She went back up and recorded anyway.

Now, after all the build, the song that started everything finally arrives in full. Close behind it comes the follow-up, "Missing Tooth," which proves the engine has more than one gear. It's a kiss-off with a grin, aimed at a lover who only misses her the way you miss a missing tooth, who keeps her like a best dress in the closet, pressed and pristine and never worn. "I am not some molar to run your tongue over," she sings. "Wear me every day. Get me stained."

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