



PATHOGEN

Miscreants of Bloodlusting Aberrations

DUNKELHEIT
PRODUKTIONEN

Raw dogs for life

You know that tripping-balls sound when you're in a parked car, an ambulance darts by, and the dissonant echo creates a swirling, decaying aural trip-out? If you love that sound, then open your earholes wide for Filipino horde Pathogen. This second album is packed with the rubber room metallicized equivalent of hitting nitrous and/or Robo-tripping. In allegiance to the death metal godfathers who perfected the psychosis-inducing drool-cup riff, *Miscreants* is a Frankenstein's monster of Autopsy, Abscess and Gorguts' lowbrow weirdness, combined with steel-toed nutsack kicks of thrashy death, à la Malevolent Creation or early Kreator and Death. If you're thinking old-school—and raw as fuck—you're spot-on.

The production value flies in the less-than-professional zone, sounding grubbier than what passes for most bands' demos these days; but for 1992 long-sleeve-wearing authenticity, the amateur vibe works. Kind of too bad, though; considering all of the shredding, Kerry King-loving solos and catchy riffs, the simple-yet-punchy (and sometimes perhaps purposefully-out-of-tune) guitars could stand to be hoisted with a tougher amp sound. One album highlight is the doomier "Heretical Wisdom," which demonstrates metallurgy studies tied to the Swedish scene (Nihilist), and whose single-note lines might make you think, "Nope, not purposeful—those guitars are just plain out of tune." Shrug.

You may have guessed: nothing herein is groundbreaking; but for that niche form of mental madness DM, these crazy-jacket-wearing purists do a more than respectable homage. Kudos for including "Afterlife," a sweet Sacrifice cover. —SHAWN BOSLER