



HATEBREED

(E1)

BRAWNY BRUISING: Dropping a record every few years, Hatebreed has long since defined the band's sound, and fans know exactly what they're going to get with each subsequent release—blistering guitar riffing, crushing breakdowns, a vigorous incitement to wreck everything in sight. Hatebreed is so fucking good at this, it's hard not to love the band despite the lack of evolution. On the band's fifth full-length (excluding their 2009 cover collection *For the Lions*), Hatebreed soars on every bit as hungry as they ever have been, the pummeling they dole out is unforgiving. To be fair, vocalist Jamey Jasta does a great job of showing the remnants of his time in Kingdom of Sorrow to creep in, and on "In Ashes They Shall Reap," he lets a melodic (yet growly) vocal creep into Hatebreed for the first time, although his instantly recognizable blunt, pit bull-esque attack dominates the album. The band also manages to add a few all-time greats to their catalog along the way—"Become the Fuse" is the equivalent of a full blown riot, "Between Hell and a Heartbeat" wields an evil Slayer would be proud of before becoming a senseless, "No Halos for the Heartless" seethes with menace wrapped up in discordant gang vocal, and the epic apocalyptic instrumental "Undiminished" is truly riveting. ~ Dan Slessor

CLAY PATRICK MCCBRIDE

album is completely overbearing and heavy. Like a wild lion that's only periodically tamed by a circus showman, similarly does Gaza massage *He Is Never Coming Back's* murky, malevolent, and raw expression into a head-nodding groove (beautifully evidenced in the midsection of "The Meat of a Leg Joint"). A moving riff leaves somewhat of an impression in the 16 minute long closing track, but it's a directionless and drifting way to end what's otherwise a fantastic release. ~ Jay H. Gorania

but fun "Kabangin' All Night," and capped by the barnburner "Devil in a Bottle," the opening tracks set the stage for what is to follow. The fist-raising anthem "Louder" and the memorable chorus of "Falling Stars" are foreplay for the punishing intensity of "Take It," while the tribal trance oddness of "Confessions of a Blackheart" sets up the industrialized metal of the sure to be club favorite "Cum Junkie." Closing out the disc is the tightly crafted and melodic "Vampire Lover," as well as the straight-up rock of "Tell Me." This Florida based act has shown its wild oats and taught more than a few evil tricks to many audiences, but this time they take their music seriously, while not forgetting for one second how to have fun. A lot of fun. And on *Blackheart Revolution*, it really shows.

~ Joseph Graham

punk rock comfort zone, while the bare fisted fury of "Dark Angel" reveals their metal side. The remix of the track "Rigor Mortis" sounds like it was slapped together by a 10-year-old still reading the Casio new owners manual after cracking it open on Christmas day, and their cover of "Love Hurts" (made famous by The Everly Brothers) is too cringeworthy to even be comical. Such excesses are inevitable, and forgivable, for a band so steeped in campy, dumb, fun horror punk. ~ Jay H. Gorania

metal riffs are far too common, and every production feels a little bit thin, an area where Graveworm usually has things nailed down tight. Still, all is not lost on *Diabolical Figures* as songs "Architects of Hate" and "Vengis Sworn" are plenty ferocious, and the epic "Forlorn Hope" captures some of the magic that enlivened the band's best work in the past. Having performed unlikely covers of R.E.M. and Bonnie Tyler on previous releases isn't too shocking to hear Graveworm take on The Police classic "Message in a Bottle," predictably entertaining results. Even so, the album has a fairly disjointed and hollow feel to it, which is a shame because Graveworm has proven to be capable of producing inspired and classy black metal when the band put their minds to it. ~ Daniel Hinds



GENITORTURERS

Blackheart Revolution
(G-FORCE)

INDUSTRIAL ROCK: The Genitorturers' career is a long and storied path of live shows full of debauchery and sadomasochism, but seldom have they had the musical prowess to back up their stage presence. Until now. *Blackheart Revolution* is a collection of hard rock and metal tracks that offer just enough electronics and sampling to qualify it as industrial. But make no mistake, this is a rock 'n' roll record through and through. Opening with the thunderous "Revolution," moving on to the silly sounding

GRAVE ROBBER

Be Afraid
(RETROACTIVE)

HORROR PUNK ROCK: Looking as though they are wearing hand-me-downs from Gwar, Grave Robber plays an essentially harmless form of horror punk that's direct and yet very nuanced and versatile in approach. With the spirit of 50s feel-good music, even church-going parents would be okay with a song like "I Wanna Kill You Over and Over Again," if it weren't for the fact that the lyrics...you know. Though void of the dangerous element associated with The Misfits' classic era, they are so much more than a mere rip-off of the goth rockin' horror punk pioneers. Wretched's impressive voice—with its deep, quick vibrato—bares some similarity to that of Glenn Danzig, though his resonance typically resembles that of Fear's Lee Ving. Packed with more than enough "whoa, oh" gang vocals, "Reanimator" finds them in their



GRAVEWORM

Diabolical Figures
(E1)

BLACK DEATH METAL: Long one of Italy's best metal outfits, Graveworm seems to have lost their adventurous spirit on *Diabolical Figures*. The well worn mix of keyboard-laden black metal and chunky death metal is in place, with the vocals shifting from guttural to shrieking and back again as each song warrants. While previous albums were infused with memorable riffs, atmospheric grandeur, and progressive arrangements, the songs of *Diabolical Figures* feel rather flat by comparison. Generic death

GREEN JELLY

Musick to Insult Your Intelligence By
(ROTTEN)

JOKE ROCK: Sort of the unthinking man's band, Green Jelly spent the initial phase of their career destroying stages, getting stoned, and scoring an unlikely hit with their untimely take on "Three Little Pigs" before they imploded under the weight of too many costumes and too many band members. Nobody really demands a reunion, but everyone else is doing it, so can't they? *Musick to Insult Your Intelligence* continues the band's proud history of incompetence, goofy lyrics, and preoccupation with gross food items. And it ain't half bad either. Right off the bat, they prove that they haven't matured one bit with their anarchic punk/metal/alt-rock rendition of the "Sugar Spice" nursery rhyme. They then follow up with their ode to that most unappetizing Jewish delicacies, "Gefilte Fish." It's a cult