

# FIRING SQUAD

continued

me away with a tidal wave of astonishment or do much of what hasn't been done, but they're surely proficient at what they play which ends up resembling something like sophomore record *The Haunted* verging towards *Mors Principum Est*, and a bit of a doomed-out *Sentenced* vibe. I'd like to rename it "The Haunted Made Devanic Do It." Still though, this is pretty solid stuff. If no bands play in your town, do what people everywhere do and promote the bullshit out of the bands you love and make people want to see more shows and form more bands. That or move I guess... **Devanic**, Attn: Nikolaus Vuckovic, Baumeistergasse 25/2, 1160 Vienna, Austria. [www.devanic.com](http://www.devanic.com). [info@devanic.com](mailto:info@devanic.com).

**Ezurate. *An Ending To Revelations***. A corpse-painter's wet dream, Ezurate is blackened war metal from the Midwest and *An Ending To Revelations* was recorded in several sessions over time and follow many of the set Mayhem Rules of Black Metal in pure raw composition and engulfing sonic torture (in rough and unrefined demo form.) They also incorporate other styles of BM lineage into a punishing assault that those loyal to the likes of Pest, Absu, early Mardukr or even Krieg will surely deem a worthy addition to their collection. But who am I kidding? Don't you own all of those bands if you own one of them anyway? I do. Inhumane and relentless, the band continually butchers you for 46 minutes with nearly no time spent slowing down. A sporadic piano interlude is nearly the only thing on this release not delivered in a conqueringly evil fashion, letting you know this is one abolishing warbringer of a "demo," as this dates back over the band's 12 year history. New material is promised to be in the works, so we shall meet again. Get it now, send \$10 to: **Ezurate**, Attn: Mike Dicker, 725 Farragut, Romeoville, IL 60446. [www.angelfire.com/band/ezurate](http://www.angelfire.com/band/ezurate). [ctnokkur@aol.com](mailto:ctnokkur@aol.com).

**Motorpsychos. *Piston Whipped***. The late Wendy O. Williams fronting Nashville Pussy with a grating undertone of dark punk rock just about wraps this one up in a one-liner. Overturning the more typical ratio of the female member being outnumbered, this is a "one man" operation with the drummer serving as the solitary male portion. Switching up the lineup a bit from the last album there are now three female rockers fronting this grating rocked-out punk metal outfit. Jammed with swift, balls-heavy rock riffs, gang chants all at a non-stop motivating pace, *Piston Whipped* fails to produce a minuscule speck of bullshit, ripping you with 12 tracks in under 36 minutes. \$12 PPD: **Motorpsychos**, Attn: Pam Simmons, P.O. Box 10787, Pittsburgh, PA 15203. [www.motorpsychosrock.com](http://www.motorpsychosrock.com). [\[ity@motorpsychosrock.com\]\(mailto:ity@motorpsychosrock.com\).](mailto:insan-</a></p>
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## Mummification. *Runes Of Blood*.

Upon my virgin listen of *Runes Of Blood* I did my initial "dry run" — checking out the disc without reading bios, lyrics, song titles or "fuck you Firing Squad" letters — and tried to pick up on what region these goresassins call home. Is this some southern Florida act carrying out that area's legacy? Is this a Milwaukee project that formed after soaking up fallout from all those metalfests over the years? Is it one of those diverse Cali death/gore acts that contain members of a few other bands that made a tiny but lasting mark on some sector of metal fans then moved on to explore something new? The grand prize for choosing

the third option is, uh, the thought of knowing you're an exceptionally adept human with wizardly intuition. But yeah, this is death metal without specific genre markers or tags, formed from several ex-members of the diverse death/thrash act Cribus. Driving SoCal death with that inescapable gore edge, bursting with well-preserved mid-era Carcassisms and a cocoonous amalgamation of DM styles from all corners of the earth. Without bowing to Morbid Angel for credit once again, I'll cite references more along the lines of Sinister, Vile, Gorguts and the US Disgorge if this one's rattling your chains at all. \$10.00 to: **Mummification**, P.O. Box 1112, Laytonville, CA 95454. [www.mummification.tk](http://www.mummification.tk). [mummification\\_band@yahoo.com](mailto:mummification_band@yahoo.com).

**Psonic. *Manifest***. Demanding to be reviewed over "some mulletheaded black metal band from Kentucky," these California rockers form some kind of techno-influenced boner-metal that hardly justifies the slaughter of trees to put their name in print, but worth getting the name out there to the metal community (Kentucky BM'ers especially) for a good laugh. The fact that KYGDBM (Kentucky Gawddamn Black Metal) nearly void of any actual quality deserves more attention than oversimplified prefab cybershit like this just reserved *Manifest* a place in demo hell. Blowdryer in the bathtub for Psonic. Seven-song CD reiterating Kovenant, Marilyn Manson and (this is stretching it...) latter Samael available for \$4 to: **Psonic**, Attn: Gary Miranda, P.O. Box 893221, Temecula, CA 92592. [www.psonic.info](http://www.psonic.info). [inquiries@psonic.info](mailto:inquiries@psonic.info).

## Motorpsychos



## Rapid Decay. *Thrashin' Undead*.

Ripping down a beaten path in the graveyards of hardcore by the pale of the moon is this irate trio of oldschool thrash revivers, living about two decades too late for the crossover era but doing their best to keep it kicking. Thinking along the lines of *The Accused*, D.R.I., Kreator and GBH, this Southern CA crew keep it simple and do a kickass job of reviving that era for a new generation. If the thought of the 44

circle pits this 21-minute stomp down pit-memory lane will ensue gets you charged, fork \$8 over to: **Rapid Decay**, Attn: Torso Records, 1950 Short St., San Bernardino, CA 92407. [webpages.charter.net/rapiddecay](http://webpages.charter.net/rapiddecay). [rapiddecay@charter.net](mailto:rapiddecay@charter.net).

**Show Me On The Doll. *Philistine Manias Of The Evilily Deranged***. I got some killer hatemail after reviewing the last SMOTD demo by a flagrant soloist whom I shredded horribly. I'm not sure if it was the fact that I tore his disc to shit and praised SMOTD or the NAMBLA references, but regardless it was some quality shit. On the new disc, the intensity has magnified dramatically. Compare this fucker to a modern take on Brutal Truth (era "Kill Trend Suicide") that is, the rambunctious snare-blasting, high-end power violence guitar punishment, rumbling bass tones and raspy/bellowing Kevin Sharp vocals. If you've previously been aurally trampled by the likes of Disassociate, Birdflesh, Fuck...I'm Dead or Hemdale and liked it, and you feel no shame in spending loot on content that consists of

"Raging Pissboner," "What Demons May Come (In Your Face)" and "The Invincible, Diabolical, Heavy Metal Grapefruits Of Death" (I'm pretty sure it's not about actual fruit), then these Texan Autopsy-lovin', "pointed up and straight out of some Rob Zombie movie" freak-grinders just cost you

