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# All hell's breakin' loose: Danzig, Deicide, KISS and (Faith No) More

M E T A L



Danzig (l-r): Eerie Von, Glenn Danzig, John Christ and Chuck Biscuits

The devil's got the best tunes—really. And no one knows it better than **Danzig**. Boasting the most unabashedly heavy metal title heard in months, *How the Gods Kill* (Def American) rates as the ex-Misfits/Samhain leader Glenn Danzig's best work in years. With the man himself taking the producer's role from the AC/DC-fixated Rubin, Danzig & Co.

are given more room to explore the more volcanic and capricious aspects of their cobra-coiled-and-waiting-to-strike sound. Unlike the Morrison/Orbison persona of '90's mediocre *Lucifuge*, Danzig presides here with a lurking, spasmodic rage, à la Nick Cave on steroids. From the jarring tempo shifts of opener "Godless" to the restlessly hypnotic pulse of "Dirty

Black Summer," the angriest muscle-pumper from Lodi, N.J., has returned with a record that does precisely what its title intones. Besides, how can you argue with a guy whose bold enough to sing a chorus like "Because I'm evil!?" Only Wayne Newton is this much of a man.

If Danzig aims to flip over Jesus on the cross, **Deicide** is more into the notion of nailing the world's most famous rabbi to it. The Florida-spawned deathcore kill-team backs up its claim to the most anti-sanctimonious sound around with *Legion* (Roadracer), the very platter to have around if you never want your parents to talk to you again. When croak-throated bassist and lord-crucifier Glen Benton utters the words, "In the name of Satan..." you know he ain't kiddin'. Then again, he's got the tunes to back it up, the likes of "Satan Spawn, the Caco-Daemon" (supposedly about Benton's newborn son!) bursting with enough religious rage to give the Pope an aneurysm. Clearly, Deicide is the Slayer even Slayer doesn't want to be.

OK, so **KISS'** Gene Simmons is old enough to be your dad. Chances are dear old Pops never delivered a line like "I'm the incubus/I plant the egg in you!" like mean Gene does on "Un-

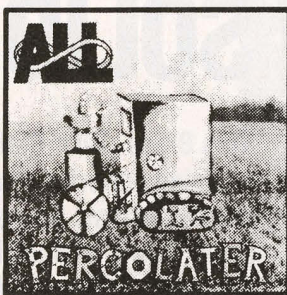
holy," the blustery opening track of KISS' 24th album and supposed "comeback," *Revenge* (Mercury). Produced by Bob Ezrin, the man who gave the world both the seminal, hard-rocking *Destroyer* and the overblown concept album *Music From "The Elder,"* *Revenge* isn't a great KISS album but it is a good one. Cuts like "Domino" stand out as proof positive that even in its 40s, the band can still let its balls drag on the ground.

Styx for the '90's or the strangest band on the face of the planet? **Faith No More** is probably the best non sequiter going in rock today. Its third Warner Bros. offering, *Angel Dust*, is further proof of that fact. No, it's not an instant listen in the same way that *The Real Thing* was. On *Dust*, FNM belts through a stylistic mish-mash that moves from noisy industrialized guitar-grind of "Malpractice" all the way down to a rolling, mellow take on the *Midnight Cowboy* theme. Love 'em or hate 'em, the guys in Faith No More are writing brilliant soundtrack tracks to movies that would make no sense.

**Mike Gitter** writes regularly for Kerrang!, Rip, Thrasher and sundry other music publications.

# PERCOLATER

# ALL



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