



I had a mini battle with my conscience before deciding which direction this review was going to take. You see, I often berate the pathetic UK TV schedulers who bombard us with endless hours of utterly shite karaoke TV such as Stars in Their Eyes, Pop Idol and countless goddamawful tribute programmes, where so-called celebs commit audible murder to classic rock tunes. What the fuck has this to do with Biomechanical? you may well ask. Well if I were a dodgy Eurovision song contest judge, it would be a case of "nil point" (in my best French accent) for the originality factor, as this is not the most original album ever released. But were my conscience is tested, is the fact this one scores a rather splendid

"Royaume-Uni douze points" (that's French for United Kingdom 12 points) when it comes to in your face, brutal as fuck, Heavy Metal.

This album *is* mighty fine, but it takes until a four part final track for the "real" sound of Biomechanical to shine through. The ten tracks before it, are overtly fashioned in the sounds of their (the bands) influences. Which kind of defeats the object of having the obvious talent that the band possess. But whatever complaints I have in that department, it doesn't stop my jaw hitting the floor when Enemy Within kicks down my door. Imagine Judas Priests Painkiller, and a combination of Medulla Nocte and Pantera at their most brutal... and you are still not even close. This one's more venomous than a room full of Mother In Laws at a divorce court. And two of the bands I've just mentioned make up the majority of Biomechanical's sound. When you look into their influences, it's obvious both guitarists love Dimebag with a passion. But what's more impressive/remarkable is that vocalist John K sounds exactly, and I mean note perfect, like three of his four influences. (Rob Halford, Phil Anselmo and Geoff Tate) He can switch between the styles of each singer with ease and often within a few bars. And while you have to admire him for his amazing performance, I can't wonder what his natural voice sounds like?

So if you are fan of Priest, Pantera and Queensryche then you'll love this album, because that's exactly who it sounds like for the 1st ten numbers. And for it's lack of originality (normally a bug bear of mine), I'm still not able to justify my annoyance, because what I'm hearing is so damn good. The riffs fly like lies from a politicians mouth (topical as we've a general "yawn" election coming up) and the rhythm section, particularly Matt C's pulverizing drums, kick up one hell of a storm. And bar a couple of ok-ish numbers, the song writing quality is very good indeed. The steamroller intensity of Survival probably being my favourite.

The finale, Absolution is where I think the band shine, because the plagiarism, bar the very end, is kept to an absolute minimum. The sound on Final Offence and From The Abyss (parts 1 and 2) is still punishing, albeit in a cacophonous manner. When the storm finally ebbs away, the rhythm is akin to having your face repeatedly smashed against a wall with a huge rubber band aiding the facial carnage to be performed in a metronomic manner. There well may be some religion connotations within the 4 parts as Absolution (part 3), has a very godlike feel to it (and excuse my ignorance if the music/sample at the beginning is from a famous piece). Part 4, Disintegration brings out the last passionate performance from the whole band as they veer towards the end in the same way they began... sounding exactly like Pantera.

And may I politely suggest than Messers Lee Barrett and Dan Tobin, whilst having their weekly manicures and bikini lines done, also put together a tour with Biomechanical and Akercocke. Because not only would both bands styles compliment each other, they'd also scare the fuck out of the kiddies.