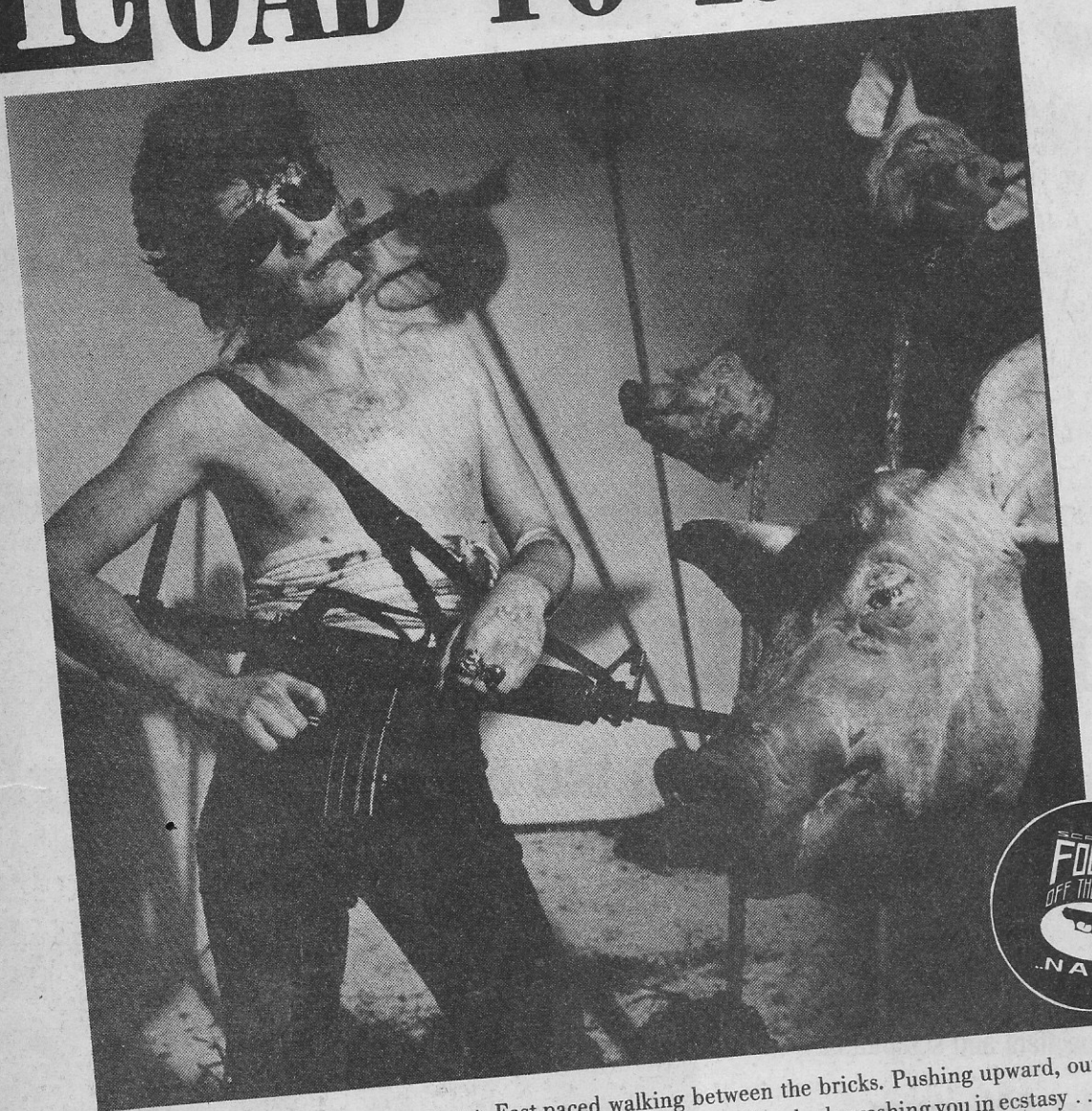


ROAD TO RUIN



By Brad Angel



Darkness. A silent street. Fast-paced walking between the bricks. Pushing upward, outward, pigsblood splashed down onto your foul-smelling body, washing you in ecstasy . . . welcome unto Pigdom, swine.

Another chapter in the book of Foetus. In this we explore reality with raw, biting lyrics screamed/sung/whispered forth by our man, Clint Ruin. A view of the horror of existence, a body writhing in terror, and laughing — the same. The vocals are strewn of a clean, yet complex instrumentation, a mechanical mixture of power, bursting with corruption and pleasure.

This is reality, pure and simple. All the hate, the power, the dirt, the happiness, the success, it's all here. Portrayed by a psycho-symphony composed of sounds, raping, SCRAPING your ears, melodically bringing you down in shock. A glorious scene of lovely faces, smiling, as they are fed fresh feces for breakfast. Delicious.

The wheel continues its roll, leaving an appalling impression of truth. It leaves, but we remember the landscape over which was tread, a stench of blood, death, and flowers, seclusion and disgust.

▶ Clint Ruin (aka Foetus) will be performing at COCA on March 7th at the opening of Feminists & Misogynists Together At Last.

PHOTO: PETER ANDERSON