Scraping Foetus Off the Wheel: *Nail* (L.P.) This is an absolutely seamless record. **Hole** becomes a point of departure rather than a point of reference. *Nail* is simultaneously more simple and more complex. Everything has been immensely refined, and the end result is more beautiful and awe-inspiring than any finely honed machine. Thirwell (Ruin, Foetus, etc.)*'s studio genius has become more phenomenal, and his perverse word play is tighter and more disturbing than it's ever been. Dig this: "I rule my body from the throne of agony/ My conscience and constitution's naggin' me/clock up another tracheotomy/ STAB another dagger inna back o' me" Wow. This is a concept album dealing with power, oppression, misery, and other fun topics of that ilk. And when Foetus chronicles this existence ("I'm waitin' to die... I'm waitin' to die/Too much a coward to snuff myself... GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO SUFFER MYSELF"), it really ain't so bad, y' know?—P.A.