Link do produktu: https://shop.fallentemple.pl/aevangelist-nightmarecatcher-cd-p-9967.html



AEVANGELIST Nightmarecatcher [CD]

Cena	39,90 zł
Cena poprzednia	52,90 zł
Dostępność	Dostępny
Czas wysyłki	3 dni
Producent	Hell's Headbangers Rec.

Opis produktu

HELLS HEADBANGERS is proud to present the rebirth of ÆVANGELIST, Blessed Be the Relic of Wicked Slumber: Nightmarecatcher, on CD and digital formats.

Now residing in Finland, ÆVANGELIST has been in existence since 2010 and was created/authored by Matron Thorn. Joining Thorn on *Blessed Be the Relic of Wicked Slumber: Nightmarecatcher* is ex-Anorexia Nervosa vocalist Stéphane Gerbaud. As such, this is to be considered the official lineup of the true ÆVANGELIST.

Ever restless, *Blessed Be the Relic of Wicked Slumber: Nightmarecatcher* sees Matron Thorn exploring an exquisitely lurking dread, patiently simmering his psychedelic death metal delirium to a hallucinogenic boil, bringing forth a miasmic meltdown. Daunting and daring to say the very least, *Nightmarecatcher* is one epic 53-minute composition comprising three equally epic chapters, all threaded together with unsettling ease. Also uniquely, the album is ÆVANGELIST's first proper live studio recording, created entirely in the recording space of Oranssi Pazuzu and drums recorded in the recording space of Barathrum & Sielunvihollinen. Not for nothing is the album graced with malevolent & mesmerizing artwork courtesy of the masterful Jef Whitehead.

Form meeting content, then, *Blessed Be the Relic of Wicked Slumber: Nightmarecatcher* is the sound ÆVANGELIST at is most naked. No less dense and multi-layered than Matron Thorn's vast body of work under this moniker, the shimmering *Nightmarecatcher* stretches ÆVANGELIST to a skeletal breaking point, a gross 'n' garish carcass on which Thorn dangles flickering afterimages of disconnection. Exposed and rotten yet no less resilient, this sonic iteration of ÆVANGELIST retains Thorn's characteristically nightmarish alchemy, but disposes of obfuscation and obtuseness; after recent muddling events, only a clearly aimed fist of hazy horror accomplishes the directive. Rising to the challenge, Gerbaud's truly disturbing vocals ritualistically recite a litany of horrors both tangible and otherworldly, leading the listener into the craggiest catacombs of the self.

Atmosphere reigns supreme, as it always has in ÆVANGELIST, and comprehension of its infinitely writhing tendrils begins in

