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MORGAL The Seventh Circle [CD]

Cena	**65,90 zł**
Dostępność	**Dostępny**
Czas wysyłki	**5 dni**
Producent	**Werewolf Records**

Opis produktu

Jewel case CD with 8-page booklet.

WEREWOLF RECORDS is proud to present MORGAL's highly anticipated second album, *The Seventh Circle*, on CD, vinyl LP, and cassette tape formats.

It was but five, seemingly-long years ago when Finland's MORGAL finally released their debut album, *Nightmare Lord*. That full-length had high expectations behind it, given that the band's self-titled debut EP in 2018 had burst these exceptionally young men (two members were not yet in their 20s) onto the international metal map with a blitzkrieg of excitement. *Nightmare Lord*, by comparison, had reigned in a bit of MORGAL's original, off-the-rails flavor in favor of stronger, more METAL songwriting and a more polished & professional production. Not for nothing did the legendary Joe Petagno grace the album with exclusive cover artwork.

In the interim, MORGAL saw the arrival of two new members: vocalist / bassist Tomb Nekrofiler and second guitarist Kill-hammer. With founding members Crusher (guitar) and SS Exiler (drums) anchoring the attack, the now-quartet return with their second album, *The Seventh Circle*. Ironically, this new blood has helped MORGAL return to their sulfurous, blitzed-to-fuck origins - only now, tempered with the ageless wisdom of heavy metal. Right after its brief intro, *The Seventh Circle* fucking ATTACKS and draws you down, a layer / circle at a time, into an abyss of black metal magick that's more incendiary than ever. The rhythm section goes way off the rails, a maelstrom of *INRI* by way of *Devil's Force*, but somehow sounds more deliberate in its intensity: fully human and fully possessed, yes, but also fully finessed. The twin-guitar attack truly intensifies MORGAL's latently ripping-yet-melodic style, with both six-stringers trading blood-boiling leads and solos with gibbering abandon. And even with all this full-throttle electricity, the quartet have honed their steel to include well-timed downshifts into tundra-marching territory. The album's six primary songs slay with a memorability that's surprising given how relatively epic they are in length - and again, with such bazooka-blown power behind them.

Where MORGAL had drawn forth a blue-purple spirit on their first full-length, with *The Seventh Circle* do they squarely reside in the lungs of Hell: all fire, all the fucking time.