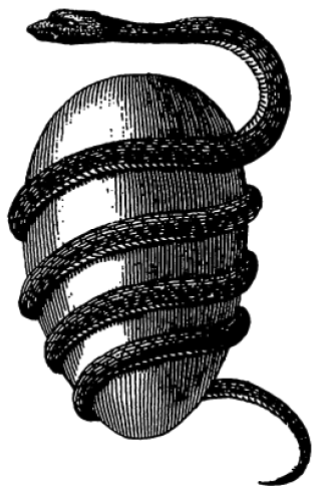


ADDERGEBROED



MOURIR - DISGRÂCE

French black metal. There hasn't been a red line to draw through it's landscape at all since Les Légions Noires, largely because these bands are made up of a bunch of endlessly stubborn but thankfully ambitious and often stupidly virtuosic artists who tend to succeed in having, for some inexplicable reason, one thing always stand out: their knack for dislocated, dishevelled and, more often than not, totally deranged music. Last year we got to enjoy the colossal, all-out destructive white noise of Plebeian Grandstand, this time it's up to *little brother* Mourir to show us what's up. Singer slash guitarist Olivier Lolmède and producer slash mixer Amaury Sauvé occasionally and intentionally make sure that "*Disgrâce*" does somewhat resemble Plebeian's "*Rien ne Suffit*", but if every damned blood vessel in your irises started to spontaneously combust out of sheer excitement when listening to the latter record - as was the case for me personally - you won't be at all sad to hear that there are similarities.

However, "*Disgrâce*" is absolutely and undeniably its own kind of disgusting monster: on this record, endless barrages of wildly floundering, mystifying and at the same time immensely compelling riffs take centre stage - and with it, less of a focus on the bleak bombardment of noise that made "*Rien ne Suffit*" so distinctive and recognisable. The first notes of opener "*La pluie, le torrent, la boue, le vent, la lave*" - doggedly followed by half a minute of total silence - immediately set the mood: the deep-seated hatred for humanity's unearthly parasitism and the caustic indifference it ultimately causes ooze out of every trypophobia-inducing pore this demonic creature possesses. Mourir's DNA reeks of a genuine contempt for humanity at large. When, a few minutes later, the track implodes into a glorious, voracious and highly cynical climax, the band ruthlessly rip apart all scepticism, *sans scrupules*, leaving nothing but remnants of bone, juice, organ and flesh behind.

Another major similarity is again one of the strongest points of this record: the megalomaniacal, insane, psychopathic vocals of the aforementioned O. Lolmède. The man opens and shuts portals to other planetary systems with his screeching alone - he *must* be possessed by a plethora of imposing demons that effortlessly take control of his body and mind - one by one, or together, but in any case at their own discretion, to present a true spectacle of incomprehensible maniacal aural cyanide.

With "Disgrâce", the four gentlemen have written just under forty minutes of utterly phenomenal music. The album is superbly balanced despite its almost laughably (read: understandably) aggressive nature, each song comes off extremely well on its own too, and not a single moment on this record has the threat of boredom hidden up its sleeve. It's often those endlessly raging records that know how to lose your attention without realising it - but nothing could be further from the truth as far as Mourir's latest is concerned. This is AOTY material: essential stuff from a band that definitely hasn't played all its cards yet.

Jules: 93/100

MOURIR - DISGRÂCE (Throatruiner Records - 2022)

1. La pluie, le torrent, la boue, le vent, la lave
2. Que de chemins minables
3. De pisse et d'orgueil
4. Bâtards égarés
5. En flammes
6. Soit

embed: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XoAPMatIqew>