

Many albums out there in the world stick to a very limited range of topics. Not 'Stacked Up' by Senser. Expect everything from standing up to nazis in tracks such as 'No Comply' to swimming with dolphins (I think) in tracks such as 'Peace'. Of course you can always take an idea further, maybe the band could sing/rap about nazis WHILST swimming with dolphins. God knows what the title would be though. Unsurprisingly, the album features an impressive range of genres, from 90s club music to metal. Yes, the former style is riddled with cliches here, such as the classic, borderline mindless phrase 'come come follow me now' (it would help if the rapper said where - I'm not psychic) and the pointless phrases 'hear me now' and 'check for the bassline, check for the bassline check'. (People automatically hear parts of music, there's no point telling them listen).

Some of the lyrics in the aptly named 'State of Mind' are kind of lacking in insight. At the start of the song the rapper laughs, and seconds later he is clearly angry. Then he goes 'they won't take this from me: my state of mind.' Personally I think someone should 'take' his state of mind then attempt to treat it, it's not normal to change so quickly. 'Age of Panic' has the words 'only the scars in your brain remain'... ONLY?? Scars in the brain are pretty serious, you know? Imagine a surgeon saying that to one of his patients. I'm kind of getting the impression the vocalist doesn't really know what he's on about. Let's give him another try, though. How about 'I'll be no use to my loved ones when I'm dead'? Yes, I know! Ok, I'm making this album sound dumber than it is. It's only occasionally stupid. Imagine if all the songs were like this... 'Hahaha! Fuck you! They won't take this from me: My state of mind. Only the scars in your brain remain. I'll be no use to my loved ones when I'm dead.'

The song 'Peanut Head' is so terrible, it actually infects the other songs on the album and makes them worse. I know that's hard to understand, but it really is that bad. The use of abbreviated words such as 't'ings' is kind of embarrassing to be honest. Blast this out loud in your car thinking you're cool and expect everyone from teenagers to OAPs to laugh in your face. I'm not exaggerating. Even babies will know something's not quite right with the vocal delivery. And what's with the lyric 'Your guns aint'a wicked'? The word 'ain't' is cheesy enough in the wrong hands, with the 'a' added on the end, it is social death. On the other hand 'Peace' recently mentioned is so good, it makes all the other songs better, balancing things out. Again, complicated, but that's what happens.

Now let's talk about the album's instrumentation: Unfortunately the guitar solo in Peace has so much reverb on it, you can't completely make out the notes. I'm sure there are no bum notes, but if you hear excessive use of the effect in other songs, be suspicious, certainly. Do you know why loads of 80s pop music had so much reverb on the drums? It was because the electric ones around at the time sucked balls and the musicians needed a way to disguise what they really sounded like. Well, that's my theory. Anyway, back to Stacked Up: A mix of distorted guitars, DJ scratches, synths, rap and singing? All elements go together nicely, I have to say. Nicer than you may expect. Unfortunately this style of music hasn't united metalheads and 'chavs' or whatever you want to call them, though. The album in question may have been released way back in 1994 and electronic-metal bands such as Enter Shikari are still mainstream, but I've yet to see a single multicultural group hug because of the artists. Isn't that a bit sad? Never mind, maybe Bono will cause world peace. If he does - good man. Anywho... Bye! (9/10)