

When I was asked for my opinions on Deftones's 'White Pony', I thought it best to get other people's views on the album, as well as my own; just in case I said something stupid. I didn't want to say the thing is great, if everyone else hated it. I do think it's great, but... yeah; I only had the confidence to tell that to people I knew. Well, at first, anyway. I showed this CD to my closest friend, and placed my headphones on his head, trying not to be patronizing. (Not an easy task. But then again, I didn't really trust him with them). However, he then vomited in my face, a few seconds after hearing my favourite song on the LP, 'Knife Party'. 'What's wrong?', I asked.... Whilst choking, he screamed '.... You freak!'... Then he projected a few more burning lumps into my eye, as he coughed. 'He sounds like a... girl...The music is so mawkish, (maybe he meant 'hawkish' :P) I feel my fingernails separating.' Then he fainted. Because of the insult, I left him there.

Having regrouped my thoughts, I approached another friend, a few feet away. (We were at a packed, though lifeless 'party', I hosted, myself. If I'm honest, there was a bit of a strange atmosphere, building). But he wasn't a real friend; he vomited swear words all over the place, till he fell unconscious. After the tenth time, of the exact same thing happening, and following one of the more inventive put downs, I sensed that a sinister pattern was starting to emerge. As I wear contact lenses, I made up my mind not to ask anyone else for their own opinions, and decided to review the album, on my own. Apparently you're not even supposed to get spit on one's lenses, so spew would be most serious. Other people's ignorance could well end up blinding me. I walked over the line of bodies, and digestive juices mixing with blood, and got to work, having told the remaining guests, to go home. All that gore and such hardened me, and pulled me back down to Earth. What was I thinking? Why did I think asking others for help would be a good idea? Maybe that's the effect the mushy music had on me. I'm actually strong willed, most of the time. Hm...

Alright, so now I'm on my own, and am skimming the CD through. (Don't worry, I already know it, well)... 'Feiticeira' is a good start, I certainly don't feel ill, anyway. I love the eeriness, it's creepy, a.f., (as are most tracks) and that's coming from someone who once researched nazis, for a book. Have you heard of the Heliobeam? Fuck me. If there's any song on the album that will leave you bed-ridden, however, it's the next one, 'Digital Bath'. It's not for the elderly, as it's particularly excessive. It's so sugary, diabetes could well be round the corner, even for someone who was previously very healthy. 'Elite', has nothing dodgy about it... It's a typical moshing song, though kind of boring. It's riff is very straightforward, and kind of forgettable, which wouldn't be so bad, but there is no real vocal line to go with it; just screams. Very minimal, and no amount of robotic voice effects can save it, no matter how hard Mr. Moreno tries. 'Oh no, the machines are taking over! How exciting and brutal!' Yeah, we know. That's what Fear Factory are for. Ok, 'Elite' isn't about robots, but whatever. It could be. I think I remember the singer saying what the song's meanings actually is. I believe it's message is 'if you believe you're cool, you are cool.' With respect, I think you're wrong.

Now for 'RX Queen': Again, a strong, confectionary hardened stomach is required, but in an awesome way. For 'Street Carp', the same goes, but you need a little less mettle... What do I think of 'Teenager?'.... Hm. I'm not so impressed, with this one. It's basically filler, and not metal at all. It sounds like it was written in a few minutes, by someone too smug about their own abilities. Yes, the rest of the record is great,

but get a grip, you still need to put in an effort. Booring... ing... ing... ingylingyling.... ing. 'Knife Party?'..... Knife Party, Knife Party, Knife Party... Are you fucking serious??? Jesus, Christ! Musical perfection. Just listen. Everything that could go right, did. This is some creative shit. 'Korea', is pretty good, but 'Passenger' is another diamond. If you don't like all the music, so far, you will be sick for a very different reason, this time; it's pretty damn dark. It also features a guest appearance, from Tool's James Maynard Keenan. Very cool. From what I gather in some of his own lyrics, he doesn't like people who are too up themselves. Maynard; you're in a uber-successful prog band, you're an actor, and wine maker, and you're an expert in martial arts.... but you're not up yourself? Ahem! Bullshit!... Dear me!... Whoops. 'Change' is pretty good, and so is 'Pink Maggit.' Job done.

So there we go! Fucking amazing. 10/10. Yes there is padding, but remove that, and you are left with a ton of great music. Just warn the local hospital, if you intend on playing this stuff, loud, so others can hear. Yes, you know why now, but this is important. Like cocaine, this album is not to be sniffed at. (White pony is actually slang for cocaine). Deep.