

**Attack**  
**Dead Child**  
**(QUARTERSTICK)**

Heavy metal is the bastard stepchild musical genre, seldom garnering the respect afforded lesser musics (hello, alt-country).

Someday, LEO will grant me the word count to flesh out that thesis, but for now, let's just say that since Dead Child was founded by indie rock superhero Dave Pajo, the band ran the risk of being a mere joke: smarmy hipsters looking down on a supposedly blue collar, white-trash artform, while appropriating its tropes oh-so-ironically.

Instead, they play it straight, and their new disc, *Attack*, sounds as if Martin Birch (or maybe Max Norman) recorded it sometime around 1982.

The twin guitar attack, the meat-and-potatoes rhythm section, and especially singer Dahm's vocals, which bear a passing resemblance to Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson, combine into a whole that amply demonstrates that these guys love and respect the genre (within reason, of course).

Tracks like "Never Bet the Devil Your Head" and "Eye to the Brain" are prime old-school metal, and if closing epic "Black Halo Rider" doesn't make your head bang just a smidgen, you are a douchebag. —Jay Ditzer