



THE DEAR HUNTER

Act I: The Lake South, The River North EP

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**Almost like nothing
you've ever heard
before.**

It's not every day a band come along who can easily be compared to acts like Panic! At The Disco, Muse and Sufjan Stevens, but the Dear Hunter can—and then some. But where PIATD are obsessed with their catchy *Oliver*

Twist-meets-Cabaret stylings, and Muse have a serious crush on bass-driven dance floor symphonies, the Dear Hunter lean more into the haunted territory of a Danny Elfman score, as interpreted by a post-hardcore band who's not afraid to challenge listeners with a cappella singing, itchy-toed instrumental breaks and mellifluous melodies. The brainchild of TDH majordomo Casey Crescenzo (formerly of similarly geared Massachusetts prog-punks the Receiving End Of Sirens), this eight-song "EP" doesn't have a bad song and is the kind of theatrical art-rock that will leave you saying, "The Mars who?" (**TRIPLE CROWN;** triplecrownrecords.com) Casey Lynch