



## THE DEVIL WEARS PRADA

With Roots Above and Branches Below

FERRET

**May God have mercy**

The Devil Wears Prada? Was The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants 2 already taken? Anyway, this band somehow exists and their new album is *With Roots Above and Branches Below*, and it's just... seriously, it's like I'm reviewing a band comprised of aliens who wrote music on some distant planet that sucks.

I can see it now: The band throws darts at a board sectioned into "chugging metal garbage," "chugging metal garbage with pinch harmonics," "pathetic, 12th-generation At the Gates riff" or "shameful emo-pop chorus." The last one takes up half the board. These are grown men singing Avril Lavigne parts that blond girls whose parents own a beach house listen to when their bag of dicks boyfriend makes out with a different skank.

Even if *Altars of Madness*-era Morbid Angel supplied the metal side, the constant shuddering pop-rock is enough to justify burying this record under 100 pounds of bear traps. And I don't know why a band with such slick production would use super shitty-sounding keyboards, but maybe that's them being punk as fuck.

Parents, if you want your baby to grow up stupid and a pussy with an annoying haircut who always talks about the next gauge they're getting in their ears or something, buy *With Roots Above*. Oh, and I guess the Devil Wears Prada are Christian, so if you adore fucking terrible music, but hate bands that use their "faith" to push records, this is kind of a coin toss.

—SHANE MEHLING