

REVIEWS

ICEAGE

***You're Nothing***

[Matador]

Barely into their 20s, the four Danish punks behind Iceage have already figured out what a cruel, alienating place the world can be. They radiate rage, but fortunately, they've found no shortage of ways to unburden themselves. On the follow-up to their stunning 2011 debut, *New Brigade*, the band once again smashes and refashions post-punk hallmarks, using the terse sounds of Gang of Four and Wire as rough templates for what amount to cubist reinterpretations. These 12 songs jump from breathless hardcore ("It Might Hit First") to twangy apocalyptic punkabilly ("In Haze") to the unclassifiable likes of "Morals," whose moody piano chords give way to full-throttle thrashing and a pointed question from frontman Elias Bender Rønnefelt: "Where's your morals?" Not that he's got it all figured out. "Pressure, pressure," he gasps on opener "Ecstasy," a dirty slush puddle of shoegaze guitar noise and marauding drums. "Oh God, no." He's overwhelmed, but he and the gang will never be outgunned. – Kenneth Partridge

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