

# Live

## FINCH

**SUPPORT:**

**COHEED AND CAMBRIA  
FROM AUTUMN TO ASHES**

**Cockpit, Leeds**

© Hayley Madden

Three American bands on a whirlwind tour of the UK, and Leeds Cockpit is packed. Uncertainty about which band's on first is quickly dispelled by a fearsome eruption of double-kick pummelling, bowel-loosening bass, furious bellowing and tangential guitar lines – this can only be From Autumn To Ashes. Imagine the brutal precision and feverish rhythms of The Dillinger Escape Plan, shot through with sudden moments of beautiful fragility, and you're close to the FATA sound. Phenomenal – they leave the crowd shouting vainly for more. Coheed And Cambria are easier on the eardrums. From the heavy melodic punk of 'Devil In New Jersey' to the gloriously pained lurch of 'Time Consumer', Claudio Sanchez's extraordinary high-pitched vocals pierce the noisy texture. Suffering a dodgy mic stand, he ends up singing

into his guitar pick-ups. No such problems for the headliners. Nate Barcalow's a pocket-sized rockstar with a huge, compelling voice, although he's enigmatic between songs, leaving guitarist Randy to do all the talking. The songs themselves sound utterly vital – 'Untitled' starts with a scream, sweeps along on a thumping rhythm, and culminates in a soaring singalong chorus. Soon there's a swarm of moshers and crowdsurfers, sticking to each other in sweat-saturated Finch shirts. After a short but intense set of pop-tastic hardcore ("heartcore", anyone?) Finch leave – Nate and Randy return alone for an encore that steadily builds into a full-band rock-out, then the anthemic 'What It Is To Burn'. They leave a boiling hot crowd dripping in sweat and happily bruised.

JANE BOXALL