When they formed in 2012, Newcastle’s Pigs Pigs Pigs Pigs Pigs Pigs Pigs hardly imagined they’d make it all the way to album number five. For a while, it looked as though they wouldn’t make it out of the pub. Since that debut did come out, the psychedelic metal outfit have been on an extraordinary roll. 2017’s three-song monsterpiece *Feed The Rats* was followed promptly by the next year’s rollicking *King Of Cowards*. A smorgasbord of heavy styles, *Viscerals* maintained the momentum, in spite of its coinciding with the 2020 lockdown. Back on the road for 2023’s *Land Of Sleeper*, Pigs saw their audience grow and grow, with the territories they’re able to play expanding likewise.

Whereas *Land Of Sleeper* was conceived as an immersive headphones experience, this time around Pigs strove for something more directly hostile with 2025’s *Death Hilarious*. “We wanted it to be a slap in the face. There’s a lot of aggro in it. It’s very angular and direct.” That came, in part, from playing so many gigs over the last couple of years. The band felt well-oiled and ripe to give listeners at home the kind of pummelling their audiences receive.

*Death Hilarious* is a diversely punishing record which shapeshifts through Sabbathian doom, grotesquely minimalist noise rock and cyclical post-metal fortissimos. Pigs continue to push themselves, too. Incongruous synthesiser solos appear where guitar histrionics would usually fit. Piano tracks lurk in the mix, adding near-subliminal depth to the maelstrom. ‘Stitches’ is like Motörhead trying to perform glam rock with a tipsy keyboardist.

The record also contains the latest moment that’s caused the quintet to pinch themselves in disbelief: ‘Glib Tongued’ has guest bars by El-P from Run The Jewels. When they unwittingly wrote what they considered their equivalent of a hip-hop number, Pigs set their sights high and secured a blistering contribution from one of the world’s greatest rappers.

*Death Hilarious*: two singularly evocative words that don’t obviously belong together. This signifies the gravity of life as well as its inherent and undeniable absurdity. Pigs have always toyed with contradictions and juxtapositions in their art, so the title fits perfectly. They play dark, heavy and aggressive music, and they do it in an uplifting way, smiles beaming across their faces. They are seriously and sincerely committed, yet they remain forever and wisely grounded by the ridiculous band name they chose over a decade ago, possibly while more than a little half-cut, when they really should’ve been rehearsing.

“They embody the theatre, camp, and sheer fun of all the best heavy music” - Pitchfork

“Doom metal mavericks” - Uncut

“A taut, well-honed machine that doesn’t fuck around” - Loud & Quiet