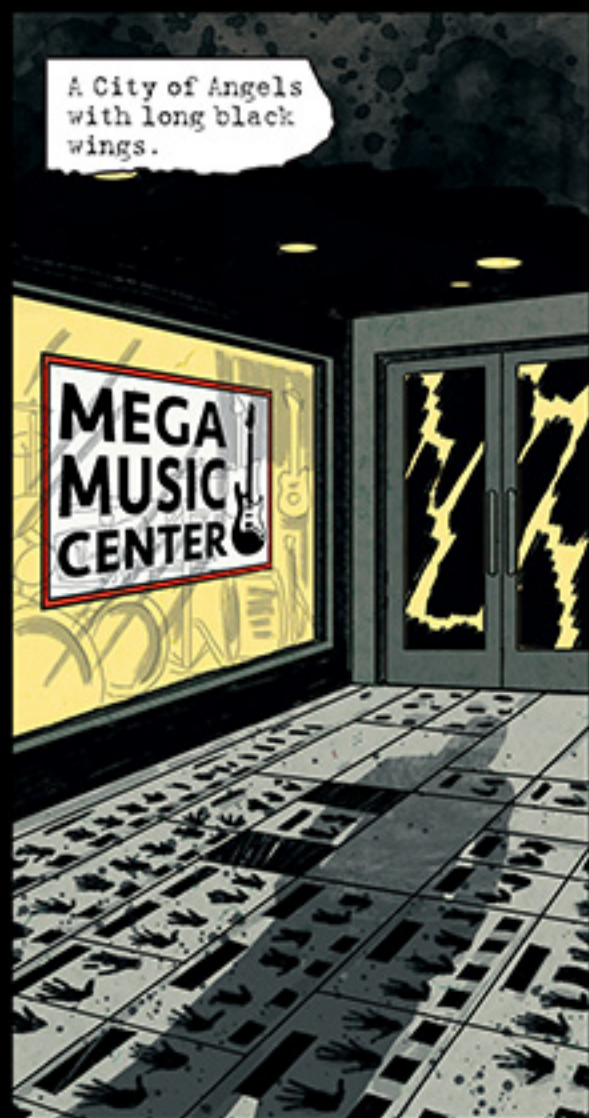


LOS ANGELES:



A City of Angels
with long black
wings.





HEY, RONNIE!



LONG TIME, MAN!

YOU HERE TO GEAR UP?

NAH...



"...THAT AIN'T ME ANY-MORE."

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE PROBLEM, SID. I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME TO MAKE THE SONGS MY OWN.

MAKING EVERYTHING FASTER AND HEAVIER DOESN'T MAKE IT DEEP, IS ALL I'M SAYING.

I'M JUST TRYING TO CONNECT WITH PEOPLE LIKE I KNOW HOW.



THERE'S A LOT OF PAIN IN THE SONGS I WRITE, GIRL.

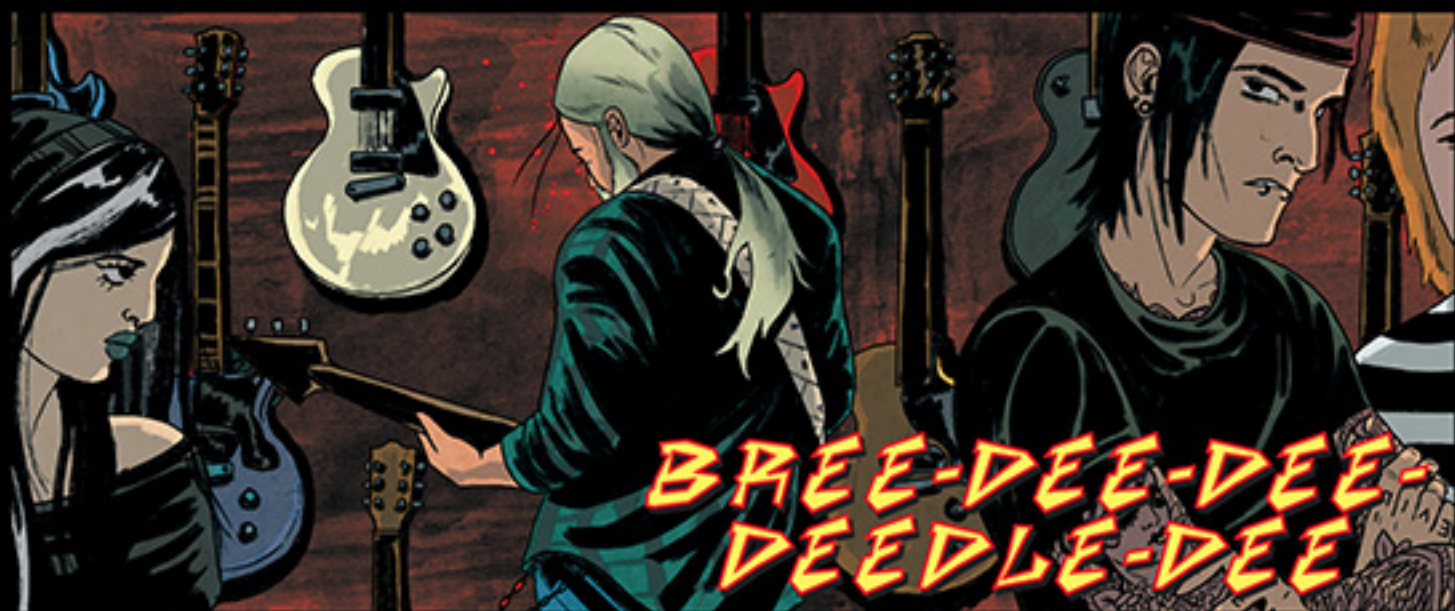
YEAH, NO KIDDING.



YOU'RE GOOD, DAN. YOU'RE REAL GOOD. THAT'S WHY YOU NEED TO FOCUS ON SINGING AND LET ME WORRY ABOUT THE DIRECTION OF--

YO, SID.



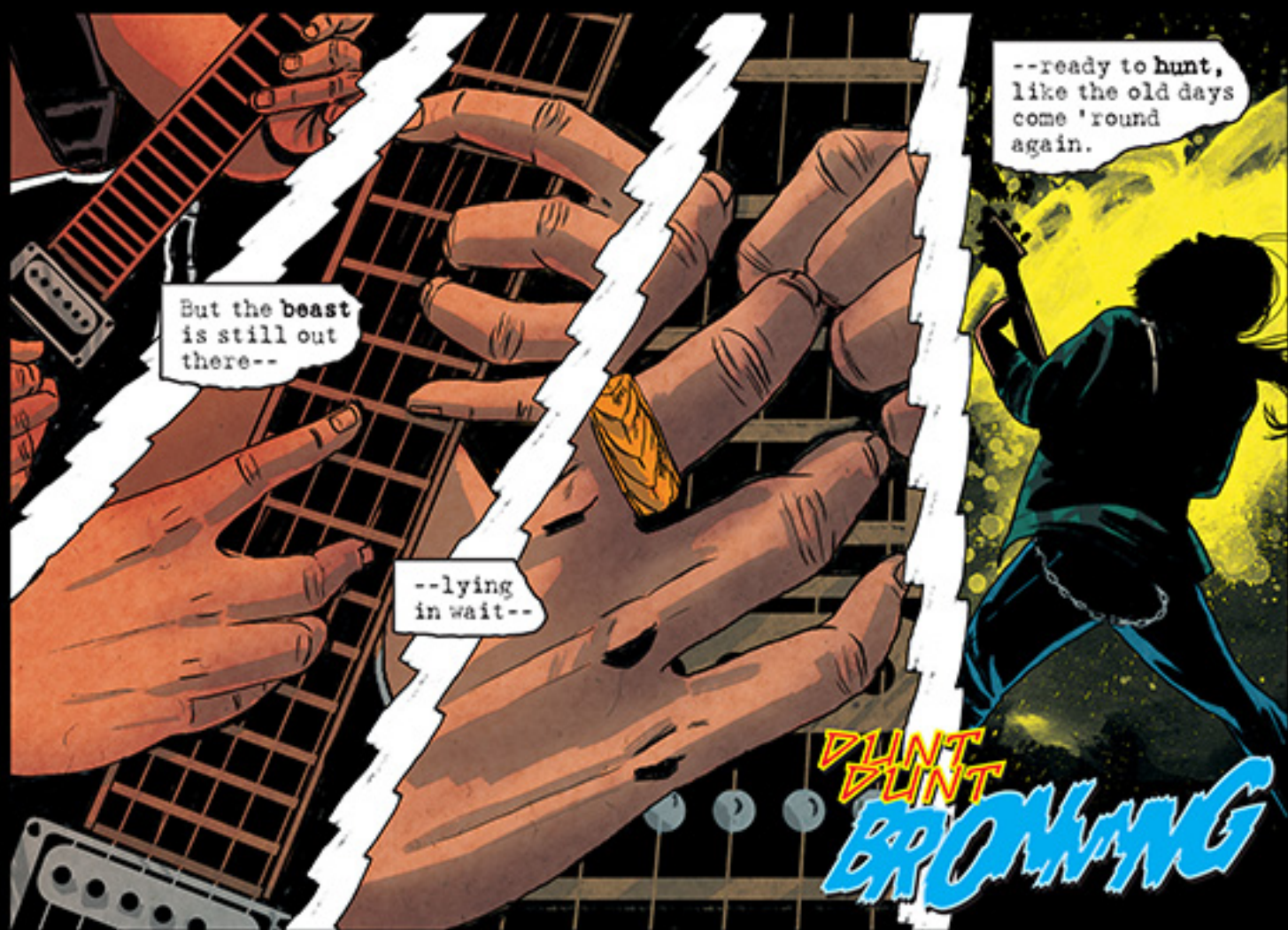


BREE-DEE-DEE-
DEEDLE-DEE

Once upon a not that long ago, L.A. was pummeled beneath a driving, squealing, **heavy metal** avalanche of decadence, darkness and doom.



(Including varying degrees of spandex, hairspray and sacrilegious acts, depending on the subgenre.)



But the beast is still out there--

--lying in wait--

--ready to hunt, like the old days come 'round again.

DUNT
DUNT
BROWNING

