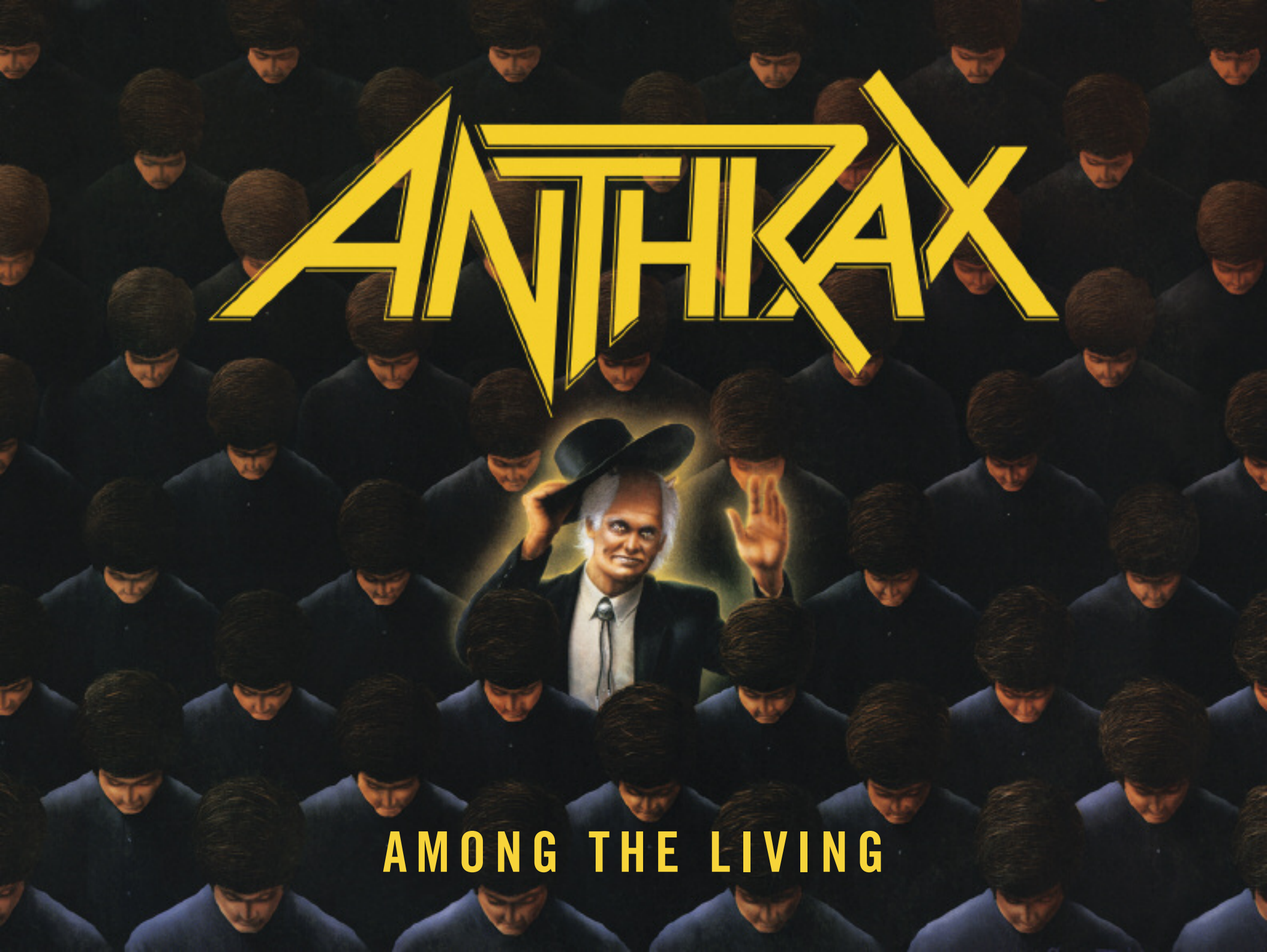


ANTHRAX

The background of the entire image is a dense, repeating pattern of a man in a dark suit and hat, looking down. In the center, one of these men is replaced by a different man with white hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and a dark hat. He is looking up and smiling, with his right hand raised in a gesture. A bright, glowing yellow light emanates from behind him, creating a halo effect. The word "ANTHRAX" is superimposed over the top half of the image in a large, stylized, yellow font with a black outline.

AMONG THE LIVING



ORIGINAL ALBUM 1 **AMONG THE LIVING** 2 **CAUGHT IN A MOSH** 3 **I AM THE LAW** 4 **EFILNIKUFESIN (N.F.L.)**
5 **A SKELETON IN THE CLOSET** 6 **INDIANS** 7 **ONE WORLD** 8 **A.D.I./HORROR OF IT ALL** 9 **IMITATION OF LIFE**

BONUS TRACKS 10 **INDIANS** (ALTERNATE LEAD) 11 **ONE WORLD** (ALTERNATE TAKE) 12 **IMITATION OF LIFE** (ALTERNATE TAKE)
13 **BUD E LUV BOMB AND SATAN'S LOUNGE BAND** 14 **I AM THE LAW** (LIVE IN DALLAS) 15 **I'M THE MAN** (INSTRUMENTAL)



If you're Anthrax, instead of having your liner notes written by a music scholar or a freelance writer (that once got a "no thank you" from *Rolling Stone*), you opt to have your jackass actor/comedian friend take a crack at it. What happens? You get what follows below. It may not be verbose, succinct or even have a point at all, but it will be honest and from the heart. I know hearts aren't METAL, so pretend it's the heart in my balls.

So here goes the honesty. I often procrastinate when a deadline looms. Too many other things on my plate being my one valid reason projects usually get pushed to the last minute. But in the case of writing this, it was intimidation, a sense of not feeling worthy. Writing liner notes for the re-issue of one of my all-time favorite albums was a job I accepted instantly, without thinking about how difficult it might be. My concerns? How do I say what hasn't been said? I want to do this record right and give it the praise it deserves, but not have it be a several paragraph long Anthrax suck off session. I want to hit all the things that make *Among The Living* such a special album and highlight what I think other people connect with and what has given it such longevity. But, how do I do that in an interesting way?

I could discuss what makes a classic album and argue why *Among The Living* is a metal classic. Perfectly capturing the time, but doesn't feel dated – holds up better than almost any records of their friends/competitors.

I could do the cliché college music journalist thing and tell you what Webster's Dictionary thinks of the adjective "seminal" and why this disc qualifies as a seminal entry in the rock annals. Did you know that it's a Middle English word derived from the word semen?

I could rant about how metal bands don't write songs anymore, they write song parts. And you would be bored with the crazy old man and his metal soapbox. By the way, it looks like a normal soapbox but I wrote "Thrax!!" on it.

I could tell you I asked people on Twitter, my new best friends, to name their three favorite ATL songs. I was instantly bombarded with answers. They often noted how difficult it was to pick just three. Not surprisingly, the results were all over the place. Some people chose the singles or the hits ("Indians," "Caught In A Mosh," "Among The Living") others went for the deep cuts ("A Skeleton In The Closet," "ADI/Horror Of It All"). I, myself, had difficulty coming up with my own three. And my list has changed several times in the couple of weeks I've taken to write this. Currently it's "A Skeleton In The Closet," "Efilnikufesin (N.F.L.)" and "One World." Next time you see me, the list might be different.

I could relay the story of the first time I heard *Among The Living*. Even through the twenty-plus years of pot haze I can tell you I went to Tower Records in Citrus Heights (a suburb of Sacramento, California) the day it was released in 1987 in total anticipation. I had probably bugged the clerks for weeks confirming and reconfirming the release date with them because that's the kind of metal nerd I was. Anthrax was already one of my favorite bands after being hooked by *Fistful Of Metal*, *Armed and Dangerous* and *Spreading the Disease*. Looking up at me from the new releases section was that creepy and iconic cover. "What the fuck?" I thought "Is that that creepy assed

preacher dude from *Poltergeist II*?" It was. It was also probably the coolest, most metal thing I'd ever seen. I checked out the song titles and was intrigued by the promise of moshing, Indians, horror, skeletons and the law. I got in my shitty car and drove home to listen to it. Remember when you had to purchase something and take it home and listen to it? Speaking of old people, I was living with my grandfather at the time. Sure, he hated heavy metal and the way I looked at the time. But the great thing about living with Grandpa Ed (besides the cheap rent) was the fact that he couldn't hear shit. A lifetime of being around heavy equipment had rendered him nearly deaf. So I went to my room and cranked the shit out of it. I remember it clearly. I was so blown away after the first listening that I immediately turned the record over and started it again. That's right, assholes, vinyl. Still own it. If you're ever at my house, I'll show it to you. But, don't fucking touch it.

Or I could just reprint the *Among The Living* Wikipedia page and tell you things you probably already know like:

- * "Among the Living" is based on the Stephen King novel *The Stand*. "The Walkin Dude" is Randall Flagg, the main villain in the book, and the beginning verse "Disease, Disease / Spreading the disease / With some help from Captain Trips / He'll bring the world down to it's knees" refers to the virus that destroys most of the population in the novel.
- * *Among the Living* features a drawing of Henry Kane (a character from *Poltergeist II* motion picture). The band stated in interviews that he was the one thing that scared them the most.
- * "I Am the Law" is about the comic book character Judge Dredd.
- * "Efilnikufesin (N.F.L.)" is about the life of John Belushi. Efilnikufesin is "Nise Fukin Life" ("nice fucking life," phonetically) backward.
- * The album was dedicated to the memory of Cliff Burton of Metallica fame.

You knew that shit, right? I could maybe tell you an anecdote about the band or something about one of the guys that you possibly don't know. But what would I tell you... Something about a singer allegedly crapping on a band member while he slept? If I told you that, I'd be lying and perpetuating a horrible yet hilarious rumor. Okay, I got something. One of the things that is so cool about the band is how unpretentious they are and what fans they still are of heavy metal. They, to this day, talk and act with the passion of a teenage headbanger. Everything "rules" or is "gay" or "fucking stupid." I talk the same way still, too. Guess that's why we're friends. Sorry if your PC rules frown on the G word (although, if you are reading this you probably don't give a shit). Hanging out with the band, you will hear phrases like "That whiskey rules," "Dude, turn that off. That record is gay" or "Your band is fucking stupid." So to reiterate what I've written up to this point in the words of a teenage headbanger – Anthrax rules! If you disagree, you're gay. And if you don't own *Among The Living*, you're fucking stupid.

Liner notes from the desk of Brian Posehn on this day in metal, August 3, 2009.



1. AMONG THE LIVING (5:16)

Disease, Disease
Spreading the disease
With some help from Captain Trips
He'll bring the world down to his knees
Power, yes Power
He'll show them all his power
It pulses through his ice cold blood
A whole world to devour
PRE-CHORUS
He's seeing, He's calling
His legacy, He's spawning
He's coming, corrupting
Among the living

Murder, Murder
Commit cold-blooded murder
Like Nazis during World War Two
They only follow orders
Hatred, Hatred
A crucifix is your bed
Once he turns his eye on you
You'd be better off dead
He's seeing, He's calling
His legacy, He's spawning
He's coming, corrupting
Among the living

CHORUS

I am the walkin' dude
I can see all the world
Twist your minds with fear
I'm the man with the power
Among the living
Follow me or die

Man, fights Man
Divided they can't stand
United they can battle back

And make him force his hand
Fear, yes Fear
His end is growing near
He didn't count on man's good faith
And their will to persevere
He's seeing, He's calling
His legacy, He's spawning
He's coming, corrupting
Among the living
I am the walkin' dude
I can see all the world
Twist your minds with fear
I'm the man with the power
Among the living
Follow me or die
LEAD BREAK

Fire, hot Fire
Purge the world with fire
Damnation is the price he'll pay
For an evil man's desire
Good, vs. Evil
The stand to vanquish evil
Man can only live one way
That place right in the middle
He's seeing, He's calling
His legacy, He's spawning
He's coming, corrupting
Among the living
I am the walkin' dude
I can see all the world
Twist your minds with fear
I'm the man with the power
Among the living
Follow me or die
AMONG

2. CAUGHT IN A MOSH (4:59)

Why don't you listen to me when I try to talk to you
Stop thinking of yourself, for just a second fool
Shut up, shut up, I don't wanna hear your mouth
Your mother made a monster,
now get the hell out of my house

BRIDGE

Can't stand it for another day
I ain't gonna live my life this way
Cold sweat, my fists are clenching
Stomp, stomp, stomp, the idiot convention

PRE-CHORUS

Which one of these words don't you understand?
Talking to you, is like clapping with one hand

CHORUS

What is it?—Caught in a mosh
What is it?—Caught in a mosh
What is it?—Caught in a mosh
What is it?—Caught in a mosh

Don't tell me how to do my job
There's the door, your name's on the knob
You're always in the way, like a beast on my back
Were you dropped as a baby, 'cause brains you lack
Can't stand it for another day
I ain't gonna live my life this way
Cold sweat, my fists are clenching
Stomp, stomp, stomp, the idiot convention
Which one of these words don't you understand?
Talking to you, is like clapping with one hand
What is it?—Caught in a mosh
What is it?—Caught in a mosh
What is it?—Caught in a mosh
What is it?—Caught in a mosh

MOSH PART

Think—before you speak
Or suffer, for you your words
Learn, to give respect

that others, give to you
AAAAAAAHAH, The best you can do
LEAD BREAK
HARMONY LEAD

Hey Man

I'm trying to reason but you don't understand
Talking in circles, we'll never get it straight
Just you and me in our theatre of hate
Can't stand it for another day
I ain't gonna live my life this way
Cold sweat, my fists are clenching
Stomp, stomp, stomp, the idiot convention
Which one of these words don't you understand?
Talking to you, is like clapping with one hand
What is it?—Caught in a mosh
What is it?—Caught in a mosh
What is it?—Caught in a mosh
What is it?—Caught in a mosh

3. I AM THE LAW* (5:57)

Fifteen years in the academy
He was like no cadet they'd ever seen
A man so hard, his veins bleed ice
And when he speaks he never says it twice
They call him Judge, his last name is Dredd
So break the law, and you may wind up dead
Truth and justice are what he's fighting for
Judge Dredd the man, he is the law
DROKK IT

With his gun and bike he rules the streets
And every perp he meets will taste defeat
Not even Death can overcome his might
'Cause Dredd and Anderson, they won the fight
When the Sov's started the Apocalypse war
And Mega-City was bombed to the floor
Dredd resisted, and the judges fought back
And crushed the Sov's with their counter-attack
DROKK IT

PRE-CHORUS

Respect the badge—he earned it with his blood
Fear the gun—your sentence may be death because...

CHORUS

I AM THE LAW

And you won't fuck around no more—I AM THE LAW
I judge the rich, I judge the poor—I AM THE LAW
Commit a crime I'll lock the door—I AM THE LAW
Because in Mega-City...

I AM THE LAW

In the cursed earth where mutants dwell
There is no law, it's just a living hell
Anarchy and chaos as the blood runs red

But this would change if it was up to Dredd
The book of law is the bible to him
And any crime committed is a sin
He keeps the peace with his law-giver
Judge, jury, and executioner
DROKK IT

Respect the badge—he earned it with his blood
Fear the gun—your sentence may be death because...

I AM THE LAW

And you won't fuck around no more—I AM THE LAW

I judge the rich, I judge the poor—I AM THE LAW

Commit a crime I'll lock the door—I AM THE LAW

Because in Mega-City...

I AM THE LAW

BRIDGE

CRIME—the ultimate sin

Your Iso-Cube is waiting when he brings you in

LAW—it's what he stands for

Crime's his only enemy and he's going to war

LEAD BREAK

CRIME—the ultimate sin

Your Iso-Cube is waiting when he brings you in

LAW—it's what he stands for

Crime's his only enemy and he's going to war

Respect the badge—he earned it with his blood

Fear the gun—your sentence may be death because...

I AM THE LAW

And you won't fuck around no more—I AM THE LAW

I judge the rich, I judge the poor—I AM THE LAW

Commit a crime I'll lock the door—I AM THE LAW

Because in Mega-City...

I AM THE LAW



4. EFILNIKUFESIN (N.F.L.) (4:54)

It started back in high school
So cool, king of the scene
You found that making people laugh
Was more than just a dream
The public took the right to you
Like flies to a pile of shit
So funny and smart so talented
But success just couldn't fit
PRE-CHORUS
Wasting your life
No future is bright
Dancing on your grave
Living like a slave, someone should've said...
CHORUS

N.F.L., Efilnikufesin
N.F.L.
N.F.L., Efilnikufesin
N.F.L.
Wake up dead, in a plywood bed six feet from the
rest of your life
And when you couldn't see your own dependency
N.F.L., NICE FUCKIN' LIFE!

The whole world is your playground
Yet you can't find your niche
Your only friends, it helps you through
Helps you dig your daily ditch
The bottom line can't touch you
'Cause you're above the rest
But your little friend's the enemy
And the bottom line is death
Wasting your life
No future is bright
Dancing on your grave
Living like a slave, someone should've said...
CHORUS
N.F.L., Efilnikufesin
N.F.L.

N.F.L., Efilnikufesin
N.F.L.
Wake up dead, in a plywood bed six feet from the
rest of your life
And when you couldn't see your own dependency
N.F.L., NICE FUCKIN' LIFE!
LEAD BREAK

You lived a life of success
GODDAMN shame it's such a waste
Just one too many cookies
From the batch no one should taste
Yet his memory still stays with us
'Cause watching him was fun
Too bad things weren't different
Who knows what he'd have done
Wasting your life
No future is bright
Dancing on your grave
Living like a slave, someone should've said...
CHORUS

N.F.L., Efilnikufesin
N.F.L.
N.F.L., Efilnikufesin
N.F.L.
Wake up dead, in a plywood bed six feet from the
rest of your life
And when you couldn't see your own dependency
N.F.L., NICE FUCKIN' LIFE!

5. A SKELETON IN THE CLOSET (5:32)

All American, an evil game of extortion
A sick old man, and who would guess
He was once S.S.
A deadly fascination, of a madman's solution
Six million dead, poison takes pollute his head
PRE-CHORUS
Tell me a story—Will ya, Will ya
A real good story, I won't leave till ya
Spill your guts old man
Leave out any secrets, Hiding in the...
CHORUS

Any skeletons, and all your other sins
Any skeletons in the closet
Any skeletons, any misfortunes
Any skeletons, Hiding in the closet
Any skeletons, Any skeletons
In the closet

It's insanity, puppetmaster boy or Nazi
Apt pupil, he hears the screams
Nightmares turn into wet dreams
Hatred lives, boiling inside,
dealing death it's buicide
In too deep, their secret stands but it won't keep
Tell me a story—Will ya, Will ya
A real good story, I won't leave till ya
Spill your guts old man
Leave out any secrets, Hiding in the...
CHORUS

Any skeletons, and all your other sins
Any skeletons in the closet
Any skeletons, any misfortunes
Any skeletons, Hiding in the closet
Any skeletons, Any skeletons
In the closet
LEAD BREAK
FUN PICKIN' PART

The truth comes out, conspiracy there is no doubt
He's life is ruined, but no not yet
He's still got one card in the deck
A loaded gun, a happy smile, he'll scope the
freeway for awhile
King of the world, four hundred rounds, it took
five hours to bring him down
Tell me a story—Will ya, Will ya
A real good story, I won't leave till ya
Spill your guts old man
Leave out any secrets, Hiding in the...
CHORUS
Any skeletons, and all your other sins
Any skeletons in the closet
Any skeletons, any misfortunes
Any skeletons, Hiding in the closet
Any skeletons, Any skeletons
In the closet



6. INDIANS (5:40)

We all see black and white
When it comes to someone else's fight
No one ever gets involved
Apathy can never solve

BRIDGE

FORCED OUT—Brave and mighty
STOLEN LAND—They can't fight it
HOLD ON—To pride and tradition
Even though they know how much their lives
are really missin'
WE'RE DISSIN' THEM...

PRE-CHORUS

On reservations
A hopeless situation

Respect is something that you earn
Our Indian brothers' getting burned
Original American

Turned into, second-class citizen
FORCED OUT—Brave and mighty
STOLEN LAND—They can't fight it
HOLD ON—To pride and tradition
Even though they know how much their lives
are really missin'
WE'RE DISSIN' THEM...

On reservations
A hopeless situation
CHORUS

Cry for the Indians
Die for the Indians
Cry for the Indians
Cry, Cry, Cry for the Indians

Love the land and fellow man
Peace is what we strive to have
Some folks have none of this
Hatred and prejudice
FORCED OUT—Brave and mighty

STOLEN LAND—They can't fight it
HOLD ON—To pride and tradition
Even though they know how much their lives
are really missin'
WE'RE DISSIN' THEM...

On reservations
A hopeless situation
CHORUS
Cry for the Indians
Die for the Indians
Cry for the Indians
Cry, Cry, Cry for the Indians

MOSH PART WARDANCE

TERRITORY, It's just the body of the nation
The people that inhabit it make its configuration
PREJUDICE, Something we all can do without
Cause a flag of many colors is what this
land's all about

LEAD BREAK

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

FORCED OUT—Brave and mighty
STOLEN LAND—They can't fight it
HOLD ON—To pride and tradition
Even though they know how much their lives
are really missin'
WE'RE DISSIN' THEM...

On reservations
A hopeless situation
CHORUS
Cry for the Indians
Die for the Indians
Cry for the Indians
Cry, Cry, Cry for the Indians

7. ONE WORLD (5:56)

Stop it
There's been too much debate
We could save ourselves from holocaust
Or is that just our fate
Start now
But we continue to balk
We let the genie out of the bottle
But we still hold the cork
BRIDGE

ONE, TWO, -NOT
THREE, FOUR, -DIE
ONE, TWO, -NOT
THREE, FOUR, -DIE
PRE-CHORUS

Ignorance, is no excuse
For violence
NO ONE WINS...
CHORUS
ONE WORLD
ONE WORLD
ONE WORLD-Welcome to it
ONE WORLD-Don't abuse it
ONE WORLD-To live out your life
ONE WORLD-Total schism
Tunnel vision
ONE WORLD-Taming the beast
Fighting for peace

Killing
You pushed a button that's all you did
It's much harder to kill a man
If you've seen pictures of his kids
Responsibility
And what are all our lives worth?

What kind of sentence would you serve
For killing the earth
ONE, TWO, -NOT
THREE, FOUR, -DIE
ONE, TWO, -NOT
THREE, FOUR, -DIE
Ignorance, is no excuse
For violence
NO ONE WINS...

ONE WORLD
ONE WORLD
ONE WORLD-Welcome to it
ONE WORLD-Don't abuse it
ONE WORLD-To live out your life
ONE WORLD-Total schism
Tunnel vision
ONE WORLD-Taming the beast
Fighting for peace
MOSH PART
LEAD BREAK
REPEAT CHORUS

Russians
They're only people like us
Do you really think they'd blow up the world
They don't love their lives less
America
Stop singing hail to the chief
Instead of thinking S.D.I.
He should be thinking of peace
REPEAT BRIDGE
REPEAT PRE-CHORUS
REPEAT CHORUS
ONE WORLD

8. A.D.I./HORROR OF IT ALL (7:49)

It's just too damn easy, to die in this life
Who's making the decisions?
Tell me, who's got the right?

BRIDGE

WOH, OH, OH, My grief turns to anger
WOH, OH, AH, OH, It's time to...

PRE-CHORUS

Say good-bye, It's a horror
Memories, Nothing's harder

I know that there's no answer,
I mean what'd I expect
So many unanswered questions

I can't believe, I can't accept
WOH, OH, OH, My anger turns to hatred
WOH, OH, AH, OH, It's time to...

Say good-bye, It's a horror
Memories, Nothing's harder

CHORUS

OOOOOH, AAAH, OOOOOH, The horror of it all
The horror of it all, I'm gonna break
The horror of it all, Tell me why

You're not supposed to question,
but why's there so much pain
When someone's taken from you
What can you do or say?
WOH, OH, OH, My hatred turns to violence
WOH, OH, AH, OH, It's time to...

Say good-bye, It's a horror
Memories, Nothing's harder
OOOOOH, AAAH, OOOOOH, The horror of it all
The horror of it all, I'm gonna break
The horror of it all, Tell me why

LEAD BREAK

END VERSE

The horror of it all
The horror of it all
The horror of it all
The horror of it all
Say good-bye it's such a horror
My memories there's nothing harder
Anger and hatred fill the page
So smash the walls it's time to rage

9. IMITATION OF LIFE* (4:10) INTRO

There's nothing I hate more, than all these plastic people
With all their plastic promises, and all their plastic deals
They just can't be themselves, and live their own lives out
They're just an imitation of what life's all about

"Because of me you are who you are
So sign your name, and you'll go far
I'm your friend, I think you should
So sign your name, it's for your own good"
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU HEARD THIS TODAY???
Some bogus piss-on saying "Let's do lunch babe"
For them this bullshit, it's their whole life
Cut through their bullshit with a knife
IMITATION OF LIFE

BRIDGE ONE

OOOOOOOH, OOOOH, OH
ANGER BURNS
Whatever happened to the guy I knew
A media creation, a monster grew
Our story had an unhappy end
But this could change, I still call him friend

"Take my advice, listen to me
A great opportunity, can't you see
I only want what's best for you
The deal of a lifetime, what more can I do"
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU HEARD THIS TODAY???
Some stupid sucker says "It's great, we luv ya babe"
For them this bullshit, it's their whole life
Cut through their bullshit with a knife
IMITATION OF LIFE
BRIDGE TWO

OOOOOOOH, OOOOH, OH
ANGER BURNS
Bands dress like women, with hairspray and lace
I'd pass an image law, stick it their face
Let's see how long they keep dressing this way
Wearing this image twenty-four hours a day...

MOSH TALK PART

DID YOU EVER THINK FOR YOURSELF??

JUST ONCE, DID YOU THINK??

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW

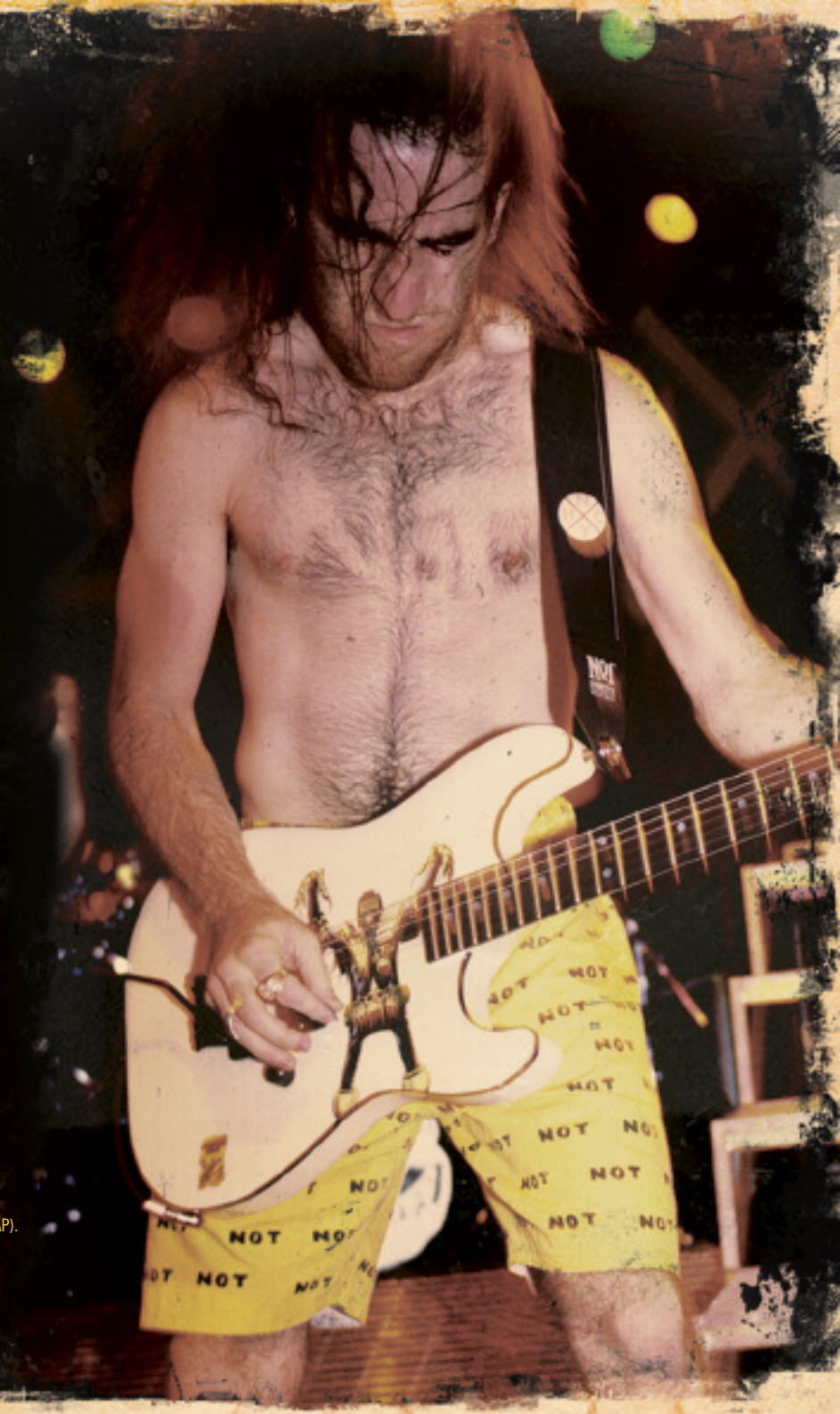
MOSH CHORUS PART

IMITATIONS OF LIFE, Living out a lie
You'll never be right, IMITATION OF LIFE
WHY ARE YOU HERE??, YOU'RE TAKING UP SPACE
The new imperfect race, IMITATION OF LIFE

LEAD BREAK

OOOOOOOH, OOOOH, OH
ANGER BURNS
Whatever happened to the guy I knew
A media creation, a monster grew
Our story had an unhappy end
But this could change, I still call him friend
There's nothing I hate more
than all these plastic people
With all their plastic promises
and all their plastic deals
They just can't be themselves
and live their own lives out
They're just an imitation
of what life's all about
IMITATION OF LIFE

All songs written and arranged by Anthrax except *written by Anthrax and Dan Lilker. All lyrics © 1986 Black Lion Music / Anthrax Music (ASCAP).
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ORIGINAL ALBUM CREDITS:

CHARLIE BENANTE Drums

DAN SPITZ Lead guitar, acoustic guitar on A.D.I.

SCOTT IAN Rhythm guitar

JOE BELLADONNA Vocals

FRANK BELLO Bass guitar

This album is dedicated to Cliff.

PRODUCED BY Eddie Kramer and Anthrax for Remarkable Productions
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Jon Zazula

ALBUM COVER ART BY Don Brautigam
COVER CONCEPT BY Charlie Benante
COVER COORDINATED BY Bob Defrin & Scott Ian
LOGO BY Kent Josphe

MANAGEMENT: Crazy Management Inc.
Agency U.S.: I.C.M.
Agency U.K., Europe, Japan: Fair Warning
Merchandise U.S.: Great Southern
Merchandise U.K.: Europe; Bravado

Scott Ian uses E.S.P. Guitars, Marshall Amplification, and T.C. Electronics, Dan Spitz uses Jackson Guitars, and Mesa Boogie Amplification, Frank Bello uses E.S.P. Guitars, and Marshall Amplification, because...

THEY RULE!!!

Among the living crew "87&88": Rick Downey, George Geranius, Art Ring, Joe Allen, Andy Roberts, John Tempesta, and of course Bill "There's gonna be a shootout" Williams.

The lyrics to "Among" are inspired by Stephen King's brilliant novel, *The Stand*. The album cover is inspired by the character "Randall Flagg," a man (?) that definitely stands out "Among The Living." "I Am The Law," is inspired by the British weekly *2000 A.D.* publication's most popular, (and our favorite) character, Judge Dredd, (Dredd rules O.K.!! HE IS THE LAW!). The lyrics to "Skeleton" are inspired by the Stephen King novella *Apt Pupil*. This story can be found in the book *Different Seasons*. We like to share this info with our fans so that you can go out and enjoy this stuff for yourselves. Cheers!, Scott, Joe, Charlie, Frank and Dan

Dan Lilker gets credit on "I Am The Law" and "Imitation Of Life"

THANK YOU

Jon Zazula, Marsha Zazula, Lou, Janet, Kathy, Rhonda, Holly, Jim, Andy Allen, Nora, Bob Catania, Art Jeager, John Lynn, Phil Cooper, Clive, Rob, Anna, Debbie, Dave Domleo, Guy (car phone) Holmes, Kathy and Sarah, Regine, and Chris Blackwell and everyone else at Island, U.S., and U.K., John "God Save The Queen" Jackson of Fair Warning, Sieb Krusker, Martina Puhl, Siggi Wolf, Gerd Ludwig, Udo and company, all our friends at Polystar, Ira and Steve and all at Great Southern, Barry and Tom at Bravado (thanks for the lift to Oxford), Judy and Victor at R.S.S.H., Ken Bran at Marshall, Steve Kaufman, Sue, Paul, Richie, Cos, Victor and Toshi at E.S.P., Kevin, Mark, Wade, Scott, and Dave at Topcat, Amos Poe and the crack video crew, Grover Jackson, Joanne Pirtuth, and the entire Jackson staff (you guys rule), J.R. at I.C.M., All at Mesa Boogie Engineering (keep your fact on the mosh line), Coy Frisbee and all the guys at F.F.C., Tapeville U.S.A., Bleeker Bob's, Slipped Disc, Tower Records, MusicLand, Sam Goody's, Licorice Pizza, Record World, Handlemans, Record Bar, Texas Tapes and Records, Arnie and Zig-Zag, Mad Platters, The Record Vault, Rock 'N' Roll Heaven (R.I.P.), Platinum Travel, Robert "Graft an AMS" Knox, Francis McSweeny, Ella at Compass Point, Art "Eddie Haskell" Ring (a beautiful Flan, and that two dollar receipt is going to break the budget!), Joe "My Dinga!" Allen (Doe, Dave, Dangus, and The Dumbdukas), Bill "B.I.L.L. Weeyums" Williams (I'm gonna need "floors and floors" for all of us my womens), John "Bozzio" Temepsta, Howard "Sayve Ray!" Johnson and Ray "C.C.C." Palmer (Calm, Cool and Collected) (maybe next time at Table Football, Dan and Scott rule!), Z-Rock, Bob Defrin, Ed "Kiss" Trunk, Michael Toprock, Metal Maria (Do it for the underground!! You rule), Gabriele Lo Presti, Harry Tyler and family, Walter and Bob and all at Concrete, Kevin Scott (The one-man wonder agent), Guy Richards, Marge Ginsburg, Jason Rosenfeld, Michele, Chuck Ginsburg, Neil "Grendel" Stopol, John "Eyeball" Rooney, Howie "Howski-Rock" Abrams, Carbunkle Pete, Ray "Nananana-No" Amico, Rob Aiosa (If it's wrong we'll get ya next time), Gavin, big Charlie, Gary Klimeck, Herman Sanches, Tony Palmisano, Jay, Rocco at Carvel (Crucial Ice-Cream), Joe Bruno, Jimmy, Pete, Uncle Al and the Murphy's law crew, John "the Wrecking Machine" golden, Jimmy Shulman (You'll be better in no time), Toby, Priscilla, Chris, Lee, Lisa, Woron, Sal, Karen, Rob and Jeff in Chicago, Rita, Carol, Mike Bevil (I promise I'll get you that video), Mitch Maurer, Mark (I didn't know your name dude), Pete and Miguel in S.F., Fred Cotton, James, Ron Quintana, Gerald Yoshida, Big Ed from Albuquerque, All the guys in Phoenix that couldn't get in (So they moshed in the parking lot!), D.C.H.C., L.A.H.C., S.F.H.C., Texas, Chicago, and especially Boston Hardcore, for some memorable shows, And of course let's not forget all the thrashers in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Oslo, Stockholm, the whole U.K., Belfast, Dublin, and the maniacs at the Dynamo, Marty and the Farmingville thrashers, Steve, Lou, and Billy in Union, Schmen, Joann Mannello, Hans Haedelt, Suzanne Bello, Dennis Desario, Tom "Disgustor" Beach, Connie and Mrs. Beach, Shipley, Alan Rockefeller, Billy "The Bat" Milano (Yes he's alive and well. Good luck with M.O.D.), Bill Polaski (Yo man, where's my skateboard Ski?), Mike Gonoud, Joe's Deli, Frank "Don Johnson" Provino, Rob "Het Kak" Proscia, Valerie Denonno, Damion "Fuck You" Reynolds, Jim Mulligan, Pat and John Nolan, Janine Cooke, Pop-Pop, Charisse Texiera, James Bellavo, Al-Paulies Pizza (Alex you sick fucker), The Pearlmen clan (Kenny, Gary, Julie, Lou, Wilma), Joe Rispoli, Sniffy, Turks, Joe "My pits are burning" Italiano, Larry Romano, Joe Vara and all the other sick Rockland fuckers, Kent Josphe (the logo still rules-Crunch), Rob Grisar, Charlene, Bruce Jansen, Ray Gillan, Dave "Corvette" Hannigan, Tommy Bolan, Jasper, The Great Frog, Matt "Hard and Heavy" Benson, Theresa Saive, Debbie Bellardini, Joe at the Modern Drum Workshop, Dawn "Fergie" Adamson, Andrew Hugger, Mark Valentine, P.J. and Storm, Homeboy at the Newport, Pyro Pete (for the smokebomb you have aided The Pirates), Rena Paoletta, Franky, John, Ed, Googs, Richy, Larry, Vince, Mary, Karen, Johnny and Kim Hoey, Eddy and Mary, Doug Ritz, Butch (Crucial French Toast), Pop Sippy and Subs, Lori, Mike at Sammy's Romanian, Jeff at Manhattan Comics, the guy with the red hair at the comic store next to the Biltmore Hotel in Providence, R.I., Keith "Lemmy" Bennett, John "cheeks," T.J., Ralph DiNunzio, Greg Dellaria, Nick, Steve Martin, Hank and the whole Boston crew, Tiny my mom also known as Bernadette, Lau, Yon, Stef, Sue, Joe, Joseph, Anthony, Angela, Dom, Chris, Rosie, Anthony Bello, Toni Bello, Chuck (fuck, fuck, fuck...) Bello, my dog Brandy, The Desario's, The Mannello's (go Giants), My mom Barbara, my dad Herb, Rhea, Sean (Your first thanks), my very soon to be In-Laws, Steven and Carol Ginsburg, Mom and Dad Spitz, Dave "The Beast" Spitz, The whole and complete Denonno family, Joe Jean, and Mike Bellardini, The

Cristy's, The Ritz's, Mom and Dad Bello, Joan Saive, The Saive family, Chris McAfee from G.S. (the best poker player), Martin Bell and Murray Hepple (The Fabulous Kiwi Brothers, "Aay, noyce pair mussus"), Joe (our bus driver in Europe), Kevin "Barney" Hardy (Hope we spelled it right Kev), Donnie, Robin, and Louis at the Waterloo, Nassau, Tom "Video" Moretti, Dallas (the ultimate in tour bus motorization), Mitch (fuckin' lunatic, Spread Out!), Wesley "Whiner" Riley, Tony monitors, Brick the Prick, Ian Kinnersley, Eddie Lights, Mike "Buf Buf Ya" Holt, Randy Holt, Mark "I'm The Man" Sokol, Frank "Driller" Papitto, Rich "Pirate" Campbell, Bobby Schneider, Aidan, Big Mick (for keeping us awake in Cardiff), George and Mike Parente, Jimmy and Eddie the bouncers, Mike Gitter, Kevin Thatcher, Paul Aaronson, MegaDon, Alan Becker, Beth Nussbaum, Chris "Rock Hotel" Williamson (the best shows in N.Y.), John Scher, Joe Plotkin, Bill Graham, Jerry Michaelson, Mike "His Hugeness" Schnapp, Rick "Scott" Rubin, Scott "Rick" Koenig, George "P.T.B." Sulmers, Mike Alago, Gene Ambo, Matt O'Shaunessy, Rich "Corpsegrinder," Jon "Deathrider" Fox (WNYU-R.I.P.), Mark Snider, and M.J.I., Jimmy Fink, Malcolm Dome, Xavier, Dante Bonutto, Geoff Barton, Mick Wall, Caroline, Krusher, Pete Cronin, and anyone else we might have missed at Kerrang!, Paul Miller, Paul Henderson, Paul Elliott, Paul O'Mahoney, Paul Paul, David, Naomi Ohno, Far Sakota (thanks for the G.B.H. shirt, all the best), Koh Sakai, Uki Kuroyanagi, Yuka Taniguchi, Patricia Neal, Pat O'Neal and everyone at Burnn!, Wayne DeGarma, Koz, Buffo (you can crash in our hotel rooms anytime, anywhere), Matthias (same for you) Prill, Andy "Scotland Skate" Buchanan, Hans "Araya" in Holland (that joke fanzine ruled!, OOOH, it's evil!!), Fingers, Gotz, Thomas, Hucky, Holger, Rock Hard, Rock Power, Metal Mike, Andre, Aardschok, Shock Power, Eric and loud mag, Nick and Merciless Death in Greece, Bob "Uncle Bob" Martin (for taking chances when no one else would) (and a great mental patient to boot!), Gail Flug and all at CMJ, Everyone at WSOU, KNAC, KISS, WRTN, WCWP, WXRK, KUSF, WARY, WBCN, WERS, WBAB, WDHA, WNOT, WKRP, and any other college or commercial stations that play us, Harry Dougherty, All the bands we've played with, or just happen to know or like. Such as; Metallica, Mr. Poterzebre and Rebecca (Read any good "Books" lately?, Comic books, that is), Mr. Vodz (Ahhh, it would be a good thing), Mr. Rippensmoke (The Pirates will get you, looks like someone in Anthrax huh?), Mr. Burns, Black Sabbath and crew, Steve Harris and Iron Maiden (A laminate for a T-Shirt?, Anytime!), Chuck, Gary, Chris, Slate, and Dave a.k.a. The Crumbsuckers, Mike, Louiche, Rocky, and Ralph a.k.a. Suicidal Tendencies, Rat, D.D., Blitz (The Pirates got you bad!), and Bobby a.k.a. Overkill, Dan (Crazy Likker Boy), John "I got a knife" Connelly, glen, and Anthony a.k.a. Nuclear Assault, Dave and Dave from Megadeth, Metal (Crushed by The Pirates) Church, Reed Tom, and Martin also known as Celtic Frost, Exodus, D.R.I., Reed and C.O.C. (nice house dude), Larry "Dun Da Dun Dun" Barragan and Helstar (Also crushed by The Pirates), Barry Stern and Zoetrope, Roger and Rob from Agnostic Front (Good luck Vinnie), Doug and The Cro-Mags, Straw Dogs, Hallows Eve, Legacy (ooops) Testament, The Crab Society North, The Six and Violence, Charlie and Intense Mutilation (the best), Billy and Ian from The Cult, Mean Streak, Onslaught, Juan and Agent Steel, The Old Smith, John (The epitome of R.O.D.) Marshall, and finally David Letterman, Chris Elliot, N.Y. Giants, N.Y. Yankees, Coffee, Carlsberg Extra Strong Lager, The Sushi Man, Fursen Glaje, the (Crucial) Honeymooners, The Flintstones, The Jetsons, Frank Miller and Lynn Varley for recreating the Dark Knight (He rules), also Millers' D.D., and Wolverine, Mike Zecks Punisher, Alan Moore for O.R. and Quinch and The Watchmen, Brian Bolland, John Wagner, Ron Smith and Carlos Ezquerro for Judge Dredd (Sorry Bats, Dredd RULES, O.K.!), John Byrne for the best F.F. since Kirby, Eastman and laird for the Turtles, Boris the Bear (even though he should have killed himself), Don Simpsons' Megaton Man, Sean Hutson (Cheers for the signed set), Clive Barker, Peter Straub, Howard Stern, Sam Kinison (No one comes close), Anne "Vampire" Rice, Tom "If it wasn't for me there'd be no band, you would have a girlfriend, my cap, I got a cat, a dog, a bat, a rat, and a knife, I'll kill you, Kiss rules Moooo hooohohahahaha" Browne, and yes finally, Stephen King, for inspiration.



DELUXE EDITION REISSUE CREDITS:

10. Indians (Alternate Lead)
11. One World (Alternate Take)
12. Imitation Of Life (Alternate Take)*
tracks 10-12 studio outtakes, previously unreleased.

13. Bud E Luv Bomb And Satan's Lounge Band
Originally released as B-side to "I Am The Law" (1987)
Tracks 10-13 Produced by Eddie Kramer and
Anthrax for Remarkable Productions
Executive Producer: Jon Zazula

14. I Am The Law (Live in Dallas)*
Recorded live July 11, 1987, at the Arcadia Theatre, Dallas, TX

15. I'm The Man (Instrumental)**
Produced by Eddie Kramer and Anthrax for Remarkable Productions
Executive Producer: Jon Zazula

All bonus songs written and arranged by Anthrax except * written by
Anthrax and Dan Lilker and ** written by Anthrax and John Rooney.

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