

What Maniard has crafted here is what the underground is built off of: greatness finding its own way through the darkness to seize its destiny and offer us an experience that we can't help but claw back to time and time again. From the riffs to the songwriting to the atmosphere to the heaviness to the sheer wherewithal to bring it all together is a single package that holds real power, dominance, and seduction in staggering amounts, it's the whole of "Fragments of Time" that continuously impresses no matter how long you become lost within this impressive debut. If it takes another twelve years for Maniard to return and match what they've done here, then I would argue that such a wait is well worth it.

<https://headbangerreviews.com/2025/05/26/maniard-fragments-of-time/>

Fragments Of Time is an album you need to listen to multiple times to fully experience the whole hypnotic effect as MANIARD inject some wonderful TOOL-esque complex time changes within their music where you wonder how they came up with a highly original idea such as that.

I bought this album ASAP after only listening to the first five minutes and I wasn't disappointed by that decision as Fragments Of Time is the type of record that comes out of nowhere and demands your full undivided attention. The Sludge/Stoner Metal underground scene needs to take notice of MANIARD right away as this has the makings to be considered as one of the finest debut albums to be released this year.

<https://outlawsofthesun.blogspot.com/2025/05/maniard-fragments-of-time-album-review.html>

**Valley of the Gods** : entrée fracassante, technicolorique, l'orage gronde les cymbales pépient comme les oiseaux du malheur du lac Stymphale, travail herculéen de Thibault sur sa batterie, le frère et la sœur vous roulent un riff qui huhule comme le tonnerre, tout reste en suspension, presque à mi-voix Thomas vous conte un conte fantastique, vous qui êtes promis par Baudelaire à devenir une putride charogne, vous voici conviés à un merveilleux voyage vers la vallée des Dieux, du coup le riffage bénéficie d'un regain d'activité, vous avez un solo qui vous tire les tripes par les trous du nez, quelle merveilleuse odyssée, la tension monte, vous sentez que l'on va débarquer dans le nirvana, la musique se condense comme la poudre dans le fût du canon. Vous voici au stade ultime. Charogne tu es, charogne tu resteras.

<http://chroniquesdepourpre.hautetfort.com/tag/maniard>