**Press**

He evokes the spirits of dead bluesmen from the decades prior to the 1940s as well as tent-revival gospel.  **Tom Murphy – All I need is Music**

The Rev’s aural signature is a bit like listening to a radio station tuned to another era where tent revival gospel, folk, country and the blues came together and mixed with each other effortlessly. There’s a resonant, gritty scratchiness to Dead Eye’s entire presentation that suggests Farm Security Administration photos from the Great Depression. **Tom Murphy – Westword**

In the wake of Tom Waits and the slough of bands evoking an old-time spirit, there’s Denver’s Reverend Deadeye, mixing up his own brew of ministry inspired, soul-saving music. One of the things that impresses me most about Reverend Deadeye is that, for all intents and purposes, he’s the real deal. As a missionary kid, he spent most of his youth mingling with Navajos at tent revivals. His performance is less of an “act” than it is a natural manifestation of his real-life experiences. Where others are often just recapturing worlds that they learned about in books or their old Nick Cave albums, The Reverend is telling a real story that he (more or less) lived himself. Now that’s something. **Heather - Apogee Magazine**

The good Reverend delivers gritty gospel blues (on songs like “Fuck the Devil”) capable of converting Baptist snakehandlers into boozing backsliders and vice versa. **- San Diego City Beat**