FUCK BUTTONS



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Having tempered much of their youthful extremity, Fuck Buttons have crawled like colourful insects from their sticky pupae and found themselves

teetering on the edge of something strange, new, and wonderful. Opener 'Sweet Love For Planet Earth' effectively sets the tone, building slowly from a soporific twinkle before bringing in swooshes of fuzz and a series of disconnected and unintelligible vocal tirades. Elsewhere, hectoring whoops and hollers chase rhythmic, tribal clatters and nervous, jittery beats are swaddled by drifting, beatific drones, all of which serves to assure that, for the time being at least, this talented two-piece are happy enough to have our company while they stare wide-eyed towards the boundless horizons they themselves are creating.

FOR FANS OF: Yellow Swans, Birchville Cat Motel, Mogwai

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