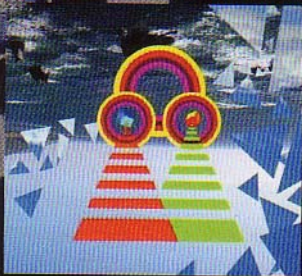


FUCK BUTTONS STREET HORRRSING

A jangling wash of gentle electronics, like rainbow coloured sand in a sieve, innocuously introduces this Bristol duo's debut album. This is all to lull us into a false sense of security, as within a few minutes a heavy layer of fuzz has been shovelled brutally on top. This wavering distortion weighs heavy across the head and heart. Screaming vocals are spat out



of this tsunami around eight minutes later, but by that point you're already spaced out and lost in the huge, huge soundscapes on offer here.. Each track wanders unrelentingly into the next, a screeching, disturbing tribal drum fest, a relentless distortion-laden drone. Accidentals creep out and shower us with un-expected improvisation. The six tracks on offer within this record are an incredible test of faith, but if you're the sort of person who like their music thoughtful and brutal all at once, it's one well worth passing.

Brad Barrett