## ULTRA VIVID SCENE: Special One (4AD)

"Oh you must review this!" said the features ed. "They am very pop wid de NME indie kids!". Well that figures. You tasteless tosspots. It's as wimpy and as listless as a terminally depressed toothless amputee poodle in a

Tesco carrier bag full of warm melted marshmallow. I mean have you guys got the right time, like, to the nearest decade? I vomit on your anoraks. I flick bogies on your notebooks full of train numbers. I spit on your 'House Of Commons' cork-backed table mats. Nuke the suburbs.