

*Holy fuck! Adrenaline junkies are go! Vultures are our Future is without a shred of doubt the most tight, energetic and invigorating Grindcore/Fastcore feat of this year, a blastathon of epically extravagant proportions, blasting its way past the finishing line leaving all contenders in the dust a far distance behind, fatigued and irrelevant. Chiens' earlier attempts at breaching the land speed record such as the split with [booze jooglers The Afternoon Gentleman](#) and solo venture the [one sided LP](#) already boasted an extraordinary scintillating composite of colourful contagions and inhuman velocities, Vultures are our Future sees all that endurance training and repeated distillations of vocal animus elevate to a spectacular Olympian performance.*

*Kung Fu style flurries of riffs are hurled at you by the metric tonne, yet every single damn one of them stands out with its own endemic hook but is also able to rhythmically culminate into a much larger and appealing construction, it is simply death by a thousand riffs. Drums are where one will find the real destruction however, overwhelming sequences of blast beats give the release its claustrophobic sense of pressure and dynamic patterning, whilst a rabid vocal onslaught brings the malice to the forefront by way of an ungodly turbulent rancor. All pleasantries are gutted giving us an epigrammatic 12 minutes of tidal fastness, and its only in the releases twilight moments that we see the band take their foot of the accelerator as a scene of intense trauma unravels, staggering musical crescendo's lockjawed with a shocking audio sample of torture, the bands once colourful and spritely aestheticism of violence takes a stygian twist, a brutalising and sobering come down that stirs something uncomfortable in the senses.*

<http://grindtodeath.com> - 10/10/2013