Read the two reviews of 'Suicide and Sunshine'.

- Highlight or write down the quotes that you think show the writers are saying very similar things about the album.
- Highlight or write down the quotes that you think show the writers are saying opposite things about the album.

SOURCE A: Trophy Eyes, 'Suicide and Sunshine' (Hopeless Records)

Do not even try to compare Trophy Eyes to other bands. The Australian quartet are a one-off. A once-in-a-lifetime treat. Like when my GCSEs were cancelled. Bonkers. The idea of that hideous exam period actually being deleted from the calendar was beyond preposterous – and then it actually happened! In 2023 – living on this crime scene of a planet – the existence of John Floreani and gang feels equally miraculous.

Give 'Suicide and Sunshine' a spin if you don't believe me. By the end of its fourteen tracks, you'll feel like Jim Carrey's character does in the final moments of 'The Truman Show'. Each song acts as a reminder that not everyone in the world lives their life according to some kind of commercial agenda – John Floreani's lyrics detail a world I want to believe in, a world where real things matter, a world I'd kind of stopped believing in!

That Trophy Eyes are the genuine article is one of life's absolutes. So much of the music invading our planet feels like it's been put through a processor. Letting it into our brains is like eating a printed 3D model of a meal instead of actual food. But 'Suicide and Sunshine' is a real record made by real people. Musically, it's all over the place but people are all over the place. The songs playing on the radio – the ones that suggest we need to look one way, talk one way, feel one way – they're trying to turn us into robots!

And I don't want to be a robot! Nor do I want to hear robots singing about some kind of Stepford universe. Listening to John Floreani is such a relief because I know he is not a machine. He's an actual human. Sure, I get that the bar must have fallen kind of low if we're applauding humans for simply being human, but such is the world we live in. And, OF COURSE, there is SO much more to celebrate about our favourite Australian four-piece. Particularly of note is the way their coruscating, sunset-like melodies collide with moments of cataclysmic self-loathing – it's Trophy Eyes' ability to fuse the harrowing and the harmonic which really marks them out as the best band of their generation. 'Suicide and Sunshine' is the album you absolutely need in your life.

Daisy

SOURCE B: Trophy Eyes, 'Suicide and Sunshine' (Hopeless Records)

Think about the truly important albums: Nirvana's raw yet resplendent 'Nevermind'; Biffy Clyro's heartbroken 'Puzzle'; Bring Me The Horizon's anomalous, anthemic 'That's The Spirit'. You can try putting those records in a box labelled 'grunge' or 'metal' or whatever – but there's no way they'll fit. They're shaped too awkwardly.

The same is true of 'Suicide and Sunshine' – and Trophy Eyes' fourth long-player absolutely needs to be talked about in the same reverential tone as those accepted classics. At a time when too much songwriting is overwrought, the Australians' fourteen new tracks serve as a vital reminder that the most significant art is undiluted, unpretentious and unhinged.

That Trophy Eyes' latest is a monumental achievement won't surprise those who have already fallen in love with the best band in the world. Debut 'Mend, Move On' immediately evidenced the quartet's staggering potential, 'Chemical Miracle' transcended our already high expectations, whilst 2018's 'The American Dream' remains the most underrated release in recent history.

Half a decade on from that widely overlooked masterpiece, 'Suicide and Sunshine' is a more asperous affair – it's as if the polish of 'The American Dream' has been abraded by another five years of searching for a place to belong. The hooks remain as infectious as ever, though. Just make sure you're prepared to cry your heart out at the same time as you're singing along.

'Sean' is the most devastating song written since Floreani's own solo effort, 'I Don't Want To Be Here Either' – and 'Blue Eyed Boy' is one other example of how articulately Trophy Eyes marry luminescent melody with crushing lyrics. 'People Like You' is light/dark in a way that cements the idea of Floreani as this generation's Kurt Cobain, whilst 'Burden' reminds us that the frontman is as much a poet as he is a singer.

In an era when too many artists are allowing their label's team of 'professional' songwriters to homogenize their unwieldy ideas, Trophy Eyes are more vital than ever. They value connection over corporate jargon, truth over algorithms – and the fact that the group's authenticity feels so rare really does serve as a sad indictment of the times that we live in. Not that 'Suicide and Sunshine' would sound any less glorious in a different context. It really is a perfect album.

JC