

In the wilderness, a rose blooms only two weeks out of the year. The other 351 days are spent in darkness; growing and waiting for that pivotal moment when it unfolds, petal by petal, and emerges, completely itself. For South Carolina's **All Get Out**, the time to bloom has come. Those in the know have long considered them one of the most unsung bands this decade, as explosive emotionally as they are technically stunning. When they released *Nobody Likes a Quitter* in 2015, nearly every review began by saying how painful the wait had been between it and 2011's *The Season*. And with good reason. Both records were packed with memorable melodies, surprising shifts in mood, and musical pyrotechnics, quickly building excitement for the band. But now, on *No Bouquet*, their debut for Equal Vision, AGO has come into full bloom.

Things begin slowly with the dusky "Rose," a song which describes a band that has toiled in obscurity for years. "Suddenly I see why I'd be easy to replace," frontman Nathan Hussey sings on the first chorus, "you're no bouquet, you're just a rose." Up to this point in the song everything is gentle, tender, and flecked with surprising bits of Nashville Americana brought by guitarist Kyle Samuel. Moments later, everything explodes. Gigantic detuned chords crash down on the listener. In the distance, sirens wail. The fuse has gone off.

From there the album never lets up. "Self Repair" takes a tightly wound verse and milks it for tension, leading to the full release of its emotional chorus lyric: "You're lying" (a lyric many can relate to these days). Likewise, another album standout "God Damn" grows naturally from its pensive opening into the a driving, cathartic ripper, full of the huge breakdowns and the swelling highs of peak Jimmy Eat World, all leading to the complete release in the lyrics: "No more running / I god damn love you."

Throughout, *No Bouquet* is colored the deep green of Southern moss, its subtle and welcome Americana influences bearing out in Nathan's slight drawl and Kyle's hints of lap steel, baritone guitar, and slide. The combination of these elements with All Get Out's already mature emo makes for an album that hits all the right notes, recalling in passages The Weakerthans, Murder By Death, and Bright Eyes, as much as it does Death Cab for Cutie or The Get Up Kids. And with the lush production of Mike Watts (Glassjaw, The Dear Hunter, Dillinger Escape Plan) the band sounds bigger, and more completely themselves, than ever before.

Seven years after their first album came out, All Get Out have taken their share of licks, and spent years honing their craft. The songs on *No Bouquet* are without doubt their best yet, each unfolding a little more on repeated listen. Still, the duo at the band's core remains humble, aware that things could disappear at any moment. As Nathan himself sings, they're no bouquet--just a single rose. But a rose coming into full bloom before our eyes. In the wilderness, it only happens two weeks a year. But on the verdant *No Bouquet*, All Get Out make roses bloom on command.