

## Thavius Beck "And The Beat Goes On"

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Submerged in the scourge  
I gorge then I purge  
My pride  
Not discouraged when the wick's flame died  
'Cuz my broken window pane  
Let inside the winds of change  
Now the dust  
The dirt  
Disgust  
The hurt's  
Quickly brushed of the shirt  
And blown throughout my home  
And personal sanctuary  
Then placed in the cemetery  
Barely back from the wake of the buried  
But the sight of vacant eyes will never scare me  
My daily walks amongst the living dead have well  
prepared me  
And rarely do I encounter a character who can counter  
my theories  
Lately I live the life of a loner and let none near me  
Clearly these people ponder a way to author their  
slaughter  
Slit wrists  
Colorless in bath water

Yeah the clock doesn't stop a single tick  
When the soul and its rotting flesh split  
And the former slips away  
While the later half basks in decay  
The day starts as the sunrays embark  
On their routine excursion illuminating the dark  
And all the fiendish perversions in which we take part  
Along with all the beauty and the bliss  
On this slowly turning granite balanced on its slanted  
axis  
Consider the magnificence of we're given access  
Desire and action  
The key to unlock the unknown  
Spaces on this atlas  
And within these fleshy cages  
Before our own collapses and succumbs

Let these pages which are ageless carry with them  
what we've practiced

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