

Thavius Beck

"Burn"

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This ain't no quiet riot
Cars overturned
Big barrels burn
Apparel is ripped by the laws iron grip
Bodies get dragged through the streets and shit
Even thick skin gets split
Repeatedly receiving billy club hits
But it's not that great when tables turn
Hollow points penetrate through vests and...
Molotov cocktails fail to yield at the sight of a plastic
shield
Carried by a swarm of uniformed enforcements being
sent to the field
As tensions build and sides collide
Some choke on smoke but never on pride
It's worn like a badge of honor
The heat on the street's like a thousand saunas
So some perspire
Some suffocate
While some jump over gates
And take what they feel they're entitled to
And might fuck up a couple rivals, too
But when faced with survival few let life leave easily
The scenario's played out repeatedly
So the burial rates are increasing, see?
Diametrically opposed foes can't remain composed
when they're left
contained
By a link of events in a chain
That maintain an imbalance of pain
'Cuz soon calm seas will begin to boil
Skin feels like its been wrapped in aluminum foil
Walking on burning embers
Like two-hundred-and-twelve degrees in December
As the pours secrete their salty substance
The carnivores eagerly seek their sustenance
To avenge personal injustices
And because of this
The percussive beat of the daily beatings
Preceding the neighborhood town hall meetings
Become the soundtrack for those held down and back
Red, brown, and black

And all the others included
Though to a lesser extent
Pressure builds and escapes through vents
Creating cracks in the armor of dueling gents
So flesh is exposed and vulnerable
With eventual death an inevitable conclusion
To initial bruising
Until then
Flames will course through veins andÂ...

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