

Thavius Beck "Transmission"

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Here to manhandle your medulla
I use the sonic waves transmitted through the
Speaker cones
Thus weaker tones get decimated
Gaze upon my image and you'll see who the
magistrate is
Aggravated rhythms react on vocal contact
Syncopated with the syntax of brain synapses
Perhaps its time to pen a rhyme
Spread lines on a regulation sheet
And lay heat
The completed process can be heard throughout my
catalog
Expansive dialogue
Composed prose compressed
Into the best format suited for digital distro
We make it official
When we send you the signal
Receive it
Convert it
Insert it inside your player
Now your ears are under siege
Surrender to the data slayer
Penetrating all layers of resistance
And persecuting purveyors of ignorance
Their destruction is imminent

I'm like genocide on the beat
Killing it
Slaying all around
Dead data on the ground
Wide makeshift morgue for fatalities
I'm filling it
Lay the music down
Some seventy-two inches underground
Fertilizing the soil from which I procreate
Photosynthesizing ultraviolet sawtooths
Want proof?
Let me demonstrate my sonic prowess
Like a stack of Marshalls battling a single flautist
My sound commands power
And will drown and devour

Any brown nose biter
I clown foes and tower
Above
Like a satellite
Fools wanna ride the beat
Ain't even on the saddle right
Steady floating in circles cause all they do is paddle
right
Slave to the sound waves
Cognitive lights out with no lighthouse
To guide
Our metaphoric bandwagon on water
That's why I've come to slaughter unauthenticated
authors

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