

16 Bit

"Shere Kahn"

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[Sample from Sing-A-Song]

"You can come, I'll leap right over
Any day you like
System 605, Union 91"

[Aesop]

I forever wallow in glitches grimly distributed by side
effects
Consumed, cocooned in antisocial trenches
Drenched! Gridled between dense pillars of polar value
lies
a grey so blueless it's got eye fiendin for the sky
Synthesized lies rise synthetic
Sittin inside solidified plastics who's latteral burns
germ compatible
My firm's radically piloted, dodging a fire swiftly
Yellow brick stalker walking shifty
Odd, but a prototype metroid programmed to
holocaust style
while you're soakin in the stages of denial
Your petty soldiers seem fragile like Jaquemetti
sculptures
Embedded in Paramedic cultures. We's rock steady
vultures
Plus I's the guise of rowin a soul
My wingspan stands flags in the snow of the poles
Bezerk
Swerve my alignment towards solitary confinement
and jade it
Stripping, color my passion mitigated
Slipping

[Ann Colville]

You always seem like a small grey cat to me
Sleepin underneath the silvery moon
Paws curled beneath your head
'til the sun came round just around noon
And you would greet me, purring in your doorway
Drawn at your tail around my hips
And I would go to your mouth wide open
waitin for my nourish to come from your lips

And I move you
And you like it
Just enough
To let me
But I hate you
Cause you're lonely
And you know how
To forget me

[Aesop]

For the love of my personal practice I reside
where obstructive fluxes and societal withdrawl
collides
Slide fuel by the fury
Spun a ring around my honor
but the opulence took shelter in my horror
Melancholy masquerade
Cast amongst the braiding of biligerence
and blazing terror that blew the lock down off my
placement
I stay special agent till the sky falls
Reverse the curse till my fellow lost children disperse

[Ann Colville]

And your footsteps leading down the pathway
never seem to be quite like my own
Your mind is walking circles
it blinded me till I turned towards home
And you would watch me far in the distance
hands held high above your head
I wanna lay in the territory where there's nothing left, to
be said
And I move you
And you like it
Just enough
To let me
But I hate you
Cause you're lonely
And you know how
To forget me

[Sample from Sing-A-Song]

"You can come, I'll leap right over"

[Aesop]

I make music and connect color to canvas
Swoop down from the trees with potpourris and other
bandits
Landed randomly upon the valleys of the grimace
Saw my planted leaf stars burnin from the oustide in
Meaning your clout lies thin

Salt prep the blades prior to five phase in my ever
changin underworld
Serate a day to decorate a traitor
That sting never fades like belly wounds from sling
blades
Follow my portion, I keep swallowin cigarettes to the
filter

[Sample (Sing-A-Song High Tone Voice)]

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