

Hybrid, Sleepwalking

Somnambulistic while, remaining blameless,
Encompassing sounds from the devil's playlist.
Technics would call me a, turntable sadist,
Leave your head feelin' all, cumulus nimbus.
Beatmix your soul, 'till you're cross and faded,
Lost in the breakdown to, feel less jaded,
You spin the tune backwards, to hear what was said.
Voodoo grooves, that will raise the dead.

Crawl into your brain then I cut and paste,
Making beats from your nightmares then we'll turn them into breaks.
We'll make the bassline oscillate...
As we fuel it with your anger and, inject your hate.
We'll extract the essence, of the grimace on your face,
Give it low end theory, to make it sub-bass.
So we leave, and by, weird example,
I'll pillage your village then, loop it as a sample,
Play back your life in a tune,
You'll all be affected 'cause no one's immune.
We're motherfuckin' twisted!
Distort the frequency.