

## Consumption

## Swollen Members

dukes in my horizon pass the time of day with me  
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the earth's surface height is global  
so watch the stealth sport  
I freed you to the odd of firearms  
I was a specimen of near perfection in a college professor's pod  
now I'm the only thing you should be fearing for the next millennium clearin  
g  
if only time will tell then I'll tell time  
no secrets like he doesn't know  
I throw beggar's bullets at baley's barn  
there'll be bullets over Broadway for all of our faults

people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones  
people who live in glass houses don't throw stones  
people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones  
because they risk having boulders crash down on their lovely homes  
thin wind rain sleet snow cones come showering through your roof  
you need a fine toothed comb to find the truth  
well my house ain't made of glass and my chariot ain't no pumpkin  
I'm not a backyard bumpkin I'm from the concrete slab  
where people taking anything and everything that they can grab  
what's so bad is a whole lotta grabbin  
a lotta jar jabbin  
gremlins, goblins, rappers squabbling  
amongst the ranks from the punks to the drunks  
to the monks to the saints  
keep your eyes on your oxygen tank  
the ears you ain't  
either you can or you can't  
a heartbeat start skip stop off crank you go blank....

the fascination of the infinite consumes me  
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vitality to hurt you all in virtual reality actual natural plants enhanced  
my words are crystal clear  
deep intensified trance in a relaxed atmosphere  
optional imagery high tech focal reprocessing  
metallic existence roams through the galaxy  
trails of stardust remain I crush you palace and fallacies  
warlords who swung swords  
now hide behind steel shields from the battle field  
mortal weaponry stays concealed as they kneel  
once my power cosmic's revealed

I'm the piccadilly of the carnival  
the unharnessable remarkable, the sheath that holds  
the arguably truest tempered sword in the western world  
I'm ahead of my time and I'm heading your way  
a word of warning  
the world is turning  
torquing and contorting  
while a ball of gas is burning  
meteor shower warnings leaving grind and grit and granite winding  
the second hand towards the finding of tablets

for derelicts and martyrs puppeteers and marauders  
juggernaughts and argonaughts  
who are sparking irons to butter into waters uncharted..

now into the labyrinth of madchild's amusement  
more intense than the shining you're in a difficult course  
feel the pressure from all angles of prev's centrifugal force  
unremorseful sorcery firing flames more frequent  
and strengthen the attacker and black magic clashing in sequence  
my activities are extra curricular one particular  
immaculate masculine muscular rap spectacular  
cohesion casting curses and articulate verses

what do you do when there's no response to your distress signal  
when your SOS is busy is he dead or alive  
since I put my mind in overdrive  
I've derived this method of meshing and molding  
shaping and holding on  
to this golden microphone  
alone in the wilderness  
skill less yet fearless  
I've experienced your experiences once already  
now once you're ready  
I'll re-dream your dreamscapelandscapeskyscrapeskydive  
in a swan lake chasing beat breaks we can take a cake walk  
through my program and talk  
megabites gigabites kilohertz  
and electric inserts  
I can pole vault with a lightning bolt over the wall of china  
and cruise my cruise liner  
tryingtofindafinerrhyme and if I decide to sink your  
lusitanian there'll be pandemonium mania  
drown in to my aquarium terrarium....

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consumption....