



SECRETS FROM THE FUTURE

OTHER LYRICS:

80085
 A Little Bit Broad
 A Very Unlikely Occurrence
 Better At Rapping
 Bizarro Genius Baby
 Black Box
 Braggadocio
 Canadia
 Captains Of Industry
 Charisma Potion
 Charity Case
 Chisel Down
 Colonel, Panic!
 Crime Spree
 Critical Hit
 Devil In The Attic
 Disaster
 Diseases of Yore
 Final Boss
 First World Problem
 Floating Bridge
 Forbidden Planet
 Fresh Dog
 Front The Least
 Front the Most
 Gold Locks
 Gonna Be Your Man
 Good Old Clyde
 Goth Girls
 Hassle: the Dorkening
 I Can See
 I Hate Your Blog
 I Heart Fags
 In Arrears
 Indier Than Thou
 Invasion Of The Not Quite Dead
 It Is Pitch Dark
 I'll Form The Head
 Jacquelyn Hyde
 Just Once
 Listen Close
 Livin' At The Corner Of Dude & Catastrophe

Get your most closely kept personal thought:
 put it in the Word .doc with a password lock.
 Stock it deep in the .rar with extraction precluded
 by the ludicrous length and the strength of a reputedly
 dictionary-attack-proof string of characters
 (this, imperative to thwart all the disparagers
 of privacy: the NSA and Homeland S).
 You better PGP the .rar because so far they ain't impressed.
 You better take the .pgp and print the hex of it out,
 scan that into a TIFF. Then, if you seek redoubt
 for your data, scramble up the order of the pixels
 with a one-time pad that describes the fun time had by the thick-
 soled-
 boot-wearing stomper who danced to produce random
 claptrap, all the intervals in between which, set in tandem
 with the stomps themselves, begat a seed of math unguessable.
 Ain't no complaint about this cipher that's redressable!
 Best of all, your secret: nothing extant could extract it.
 By 2025 a children's Speak & Spell could crack it.

You can't hide secrets from the future with math.
 You can try, but I bet that in the future they laugh
 at the half-assed schemes and algorithms amassed
 to enforce cryptographs in the past.

And future people do not give a damn about your shopping,
 your Visa number SSL'd to Cherry-Popping
 Hot Grampa Action websites that you visit,
 nor password-protected partitions, no matter how illicit.
 And this, it would seem, is your saving grace:
 the amazing haste of people to forget your name, your face,
 your litanous* list of indefensible indiscretions.
 In fact, the only way that you could pray to make impression
 on the era ahead is if, instead of being notable,
 you make the data describing you undecodable
 for script kiddies sifting in that relic called the internet
 (seeking latches on treasure chests that they could wreck in seconds
 but didn't yet
 get a chance to cue up for disassembly)
 to discover and crack the cover like a crème brûlée.
 They'll glance you over, I guess, and then for a bare moment
 you'll persist to exist; almost seems like you're there, don't it?
 But you're not. You're here. Your name will fade as Front's will,
 'less in the future they don't know our cryptovars still.

Now it's an Enigma machine, a code yelled out at top volume
 through a tin can with a thin string, and that ain't all you
 do to broadcast cleartext of your intentions.
 Send an email to the government pledging your abstention
 from vote fraud this time (next time: can't promise).
 See you don't get a visit from the department of piranhas.
 Be honest; you ain't hacking those. It'd be too easy,
 setting up the next president, pretending that you were through
 freezing

Mecha Mechanics (by Whoremoans)
 Message No. 419
 Mornings Come And Go
 Mountain Kind
 Much Chubbier
 My Sister
 Nerd Versus Jock
 Nerdcore HipHop
 Nerdcore Rising
 Nerdlife
 Oh, The Hilarity
 Origin Of Species
 Penny Arcade Theme
 Ping Pong (by Optimus Rhyme)
 Power User
 Pr0n S0ng
 Rappers We Crush
 Rewind That Back
 Rhyme of the Nibelung
 Romantic Cheapskate
 Romantic Cheapskate v.2.0
 Scare Goat
 Secrets From The Future
 Shame of the Otaku
 Shellfishcore
 Shudders
 Small Data
 Sockington 1M Theme
 Socks On
 Soda Water (by Jess Klein)
 Solved
 Special Delivery
 Speed Queen
 Spoiler Alert
 Start Over
 Stoop Sale
 The Champion (by Mike Doughty)
 The Council Of Loathing
 This Old Man
 Tongue-Clucking Grammarian
 Twenty-Six Hundred
 Two Dreamers
 Victorian Space
 Prostitute
 Wakjakaga
 Wallflowers
 Which MC Was That?
 Yellow Lasers
 You Got Asperger's
 Your Friend Wil
 Zero Day

when you're nothing but warming up: 'to do' list in your diary (better keep for a long time – and the long time better be tiring to the distribution of electrical brains that are guessing every unsalted hash that ever came). They got alien technology to make the rainbow tables with, then in an afternoon of glancing at 'em, secrets don't resist the loving coax of the mathematical calculation, heart of your mystery sent free-fall into palpitations. Computron will rise up in the dawn, a free agent. Nobody knows the future now; gonna find out – be patient.

*litanous: adj., comprising a litany or litanies

Most popular versions of this song

STUDIO | 00:04:50 | MP3 | OGG | AAC | #

A song about encryption. Composed at a hacker convention, while Front muttered curses at himself for having just logged into three different chat accounts across the "free" wireless.

Backing vocal: Ganda Suthivarakom | Drum programming: Baddd Spellah |

Keyboards: Gminor7

Art | posted on 2007-03-16

