

CLASSIC DISTORTION

Villagers heard him before they saw him. Notes curling like smoke, distorting all around them. Trees bent backward. Rivers flowed uphill. When they begged him to stop, he smiled beneath his mask and played louder.

The villagers staggered, unable to walk straight, trapped by rhythms that bent their bones.

And when he vanished, their children were not gone—but changed.
Called to seek out reality melting riffs and mindbending leads.

Distort your world. Find your tone with Drive, Level and a LPF to shape your sound.





