LOFTWAHFM

REFINED



DEEP HOUSE / HOUSE / EDM

Working the groove

Refined revisits the LoftwahFM sound through deep house, house and EDM. An older Impulsive returns to the dance floor. Three songs from Symphony & LoftwahFM come back in new versions.

The running order starts with a late-night pulse and follows it into heavier bass, fractured breaks and a final track built around guitar and piano. The sleeve takes its cue from a grooved glass disc: a polished face with the chipped edge still visible.

01	**After Hours**	Late-night house	4:28
02	**Impulsive (2026 Suno Remake)**	Club house	5:00
03	**Always Been You**	Deep house	4:24
04	**Soft Static Halo**	Atmospheric house	6:04
05	**Black Glass**	Bass / half-time	4:38
06	**Mirrors**	Breakbeat electronica	6:34
07	**If You Fuck With Loftwah**	Electronic hip-hop	4:33
08	**Bought Me Time**	Acoustic electronic coda	6:05

Music and direction by LoftwahFM. Made with Suno.

Impulsive originally released as Loftwah The Beatsmiff.

12 November 2026 / Contains explicit lyrics

After Hours

LATE-NIGHT HOUSE

A two-line refrain and long instrumental runs set the pace for the record.



[Intro]
Loftwah F M
[Instrumental - 32 bars]
[Chorus - 8 bars]
After hours
Lost in motion
After hours
No destination
[Instrumental - 32 bars]
[Chorus - 8 bars]
After hours
Lost in motion
After hours
No destination
[Instrumental - 32 bars]

[Breakdown - 16 bars]
City lights
Passing by
No more time
Just the night
[Instrumental - 16 bars]
[Drop]
After hours
After hours
[Instrumental - 32 bars]
[Outro]
Loftwah F M
Visit F M at Loftwah dot com
[Instrumental - fade out]

Impulsive (2026 Suno Remake)

CLUB HOUSE

A Loftwah The Beatsmiff track revisited for the dance floor. The refrain is the cue to let go.



[Intro]
Loftwah F M
[Instrumental - 16 bars]
[Chorus - 8 bars]
Impulsive
Can't control it
Impulsive
Just let go
[Instrumental - 32 bars]
[Verse 1 - instrumental 16 bars]
[Chorus - 8 bars]
Impulsive
Can't control it
Impulsive
Just let go
[Instrumental - 32 bars]

[Breakdown]
No hesitation
No turning back
Just the feeling
[Instrumental - 16 bars]
[Drop]
Impulsive
Impulsive
[Drop]
Impulsive
Impulsive
[Instrumental - 32 bars]
[Outro]
You are listening to Loftwah F M
Visit F M at Loftwah dot com
[Instrumental - fade out]

Always Been You

DEEP HOUSE

One phrase is whispered, split apart and brought back together over a four-on-the-floor pulse.



[First vocal – barely audible]
It’s always been you...
[Instrumental]
[The final word stretches into reverb]
You...
[Beat enters – restrained four-on-the-floor]
It’s always been you...
[Whispered layers]
It’s always been you...
It’s always been you...
[Build]
[The phrase is divided between overlapping voices]
It’s always...
Always been...
Been you...
[Drop]
It’s always been you...
[Instrumental – heavy bass pulse and distorted vocal fragments]
Always...
You...
Always...
You...

[Breakdown – almost silent]
[Single dry vocal]
It’s always been you...
[The phrase is divided between overlapping voices]
It’s always...
Always been...
Been you...
[Drop]
It’s always been you...
[Layered echoes]
Always been you...
Always been you...
Always been you...
[Outro – pulse slowing]
[Final whisper]
It’s always been you...
[Final whisper]
It’s always been you...

Soft Static Halo

ATMOSPHERIC HOUSE

A voice slips in and out of focus as a slow house pulse takes hold.



[Intro – whispered, degraded]
White noise
On your skin
Everything bends
When you walk in
[Verse 1]
White noise kissing at your skin
Every edge goes soft when you walk in
They try to hold you in their sight
You lose your shape beneath the light
City colours stretch and drag
Faces run like painted glass
Every second falls behind
You're gone before they make you mine
[Pre-Chorus]
You don't speak
You only hum
A frequency
They can't become
[Chorus]
You're a soft static halo
Glowing where they cannot go
Every eye falls into you
But never makes it through
You're a faint transmission
Fading out of reach
They can chase forever
You were never theirs to keep
[Instrumental – slow four-on-the-floor pulse]
[Verse 2]
Slow heat hiding in your breath
Half awake and untouched yet
They lean closer just to feel
Something they could never make real
Echoed footsteps out of time
Always moving just behind
You don't turn and you don't stay
You flicker once, then drift away
[Pre-Chorus]
You don't break
You only bend
Out of reach
Again, again

Soft Static Halo

ATMOSPHERIC HOUSE

Lyrics continued



[Chorus]
You’re a soft static halo
Glowing where they cannot go
Every voice dissolves in you
Like waves that never make it through
You’re a dimming shadow
Pulling them below
They can call your name aloud
But you don’t echo
[Break – whispered vocal fragments]
No reply
No return
Just the glow
After the burn
[Bridge – suspended, weightless]
Falling through you
Like light through dust
They want meaning
You never adjust
Not a memory
Not a trace
Only the blur
They cannot replace
[Station ID – faint transmission]
Visit F M dot Loftwah dot com
[Final Chorus – wider, restrained]
You’re a soft static halo
Burning in the afterglow
Every heart that gets too close
Still ends up alone
You’re a fading transmission
Never meant to stay
They can reach forever
You just drift away
[Outro – looping and dissolving]
Soft static halo
Fading transmission
Drift away
Drift away

Black Glass

BASS / HALF-TIME

Distorted low end, choir fragments and a half-time drop mark the turn into the heavier half.



[Intro – instrumental]
[detuned synth drone]
[pitched vocal texture]
[slow crushed kick]
[distant metallic noise]
Loftwah F M
[Verse]
I stopped looking for the light
It never looked for me
Black glass
Black sky
Nothing underneath
[Instrumental – 16 bars]
[distorted sub]
[dragged percussion]
[reversed vocal fragments]
[low synth pulse]
[Hook]
Don’t wake me up
Don’t pull me back
I finally learned
to live like that
Don’t wake me up
I’m past all that
Everything looks better
through black glass
[Hook]
Don’t wake me up
Don’t pull me back
Everything looks better
through black glass
through black glass
[Instrumental Drop – 24 bars]
[huge distorted bass]
[half-time drums]
[pitched choir fragments]
[glitching vocal cuts]
[no lead vocal]
[Verse]
No message
No sign
No reason coming through
I got tired of asking life
what it wanted me to do
[Hook]
Don’t wake me up
Don’t pull me back
I finally learned
to live like that
Everything looks better
through black glass
[Extended Instrumental]
[distorted synth lead]
[slow crushing drums]
[sub oscillation]
[vocal fragments dissolve]
Visit F M dot Loftwah dot com
[Outro]
Black glass.
Loftwah F M

Mirrors

BREAKBEAT ELECTRONICA

The Amen break cuts through a song about masking and learning to recognise your own reflection.



[Intro – close, unsteady]
I can’t feel
What you feel
I can’t tell
What is real
[Verse 1]
When you laugh, I play along
Find my shelter in a song
Watch your face and learn the shape
Wear the feeling you display
Every room becomes a test
Every answer second-guessed
Is it wrong to love the things
That never seem to make me fit?
[Pre-Chorus]
I borrow your expression
Hold it for a while
Turn it into something
That almost looks like mine
[Chorus]
Mirrors are all I see
Showing who I’m meant to be
Every face looks back at me
But none of them belong to me
Mirrors are all I see
Is there someone I should be?
I can change what you perceive
But I can’t change what’s underneath
[Drop – fractured vocal loop]
Not like you
Not like me
Differently
Differently
[Verse 2]
I memorise the way you move
Every signal, every cue
Why does everyone look calm?
Where do they keep what I have lost?
I can copy every smile
Internalise it for a while
Then the quiet settles in
And I forget where I begin
[Pre-Chorus]
I borrow your reflection
Hold it to the light
Turn it into someone
Who might survive the night

Mirrors

BREAKBEAT ELECTRONICA

Lyrics continued



[Chorus]
Mirrors are all I see
Showing who I’m meant to be
Every face looks back at me
But none of them belong to me
Mirrors are all I see
Is there someone I should be?
I can change what you perceive
But I can’t change what’s underneath
[Instrumental – broken Amen passage]
[Bridge – half-spoken]
Numb is what I wanted
Knowing has a cost
Flowers for Algernon
Knowing what gets lost
More aware
Less at peace
Every answer cutting deep
Does the performance ever end?
How long can I still pretend?
[Break – silence beneath vocal]
I just want to be me
Without an apology
I just want to be me
Someone who thinks differently
Just differently
Differently

[Station ID – distant radio voice]
Visit F M at Loftwah dot com
[Final Chorus – full breakbeat]
Mirrors are all I see
But they don’t decide for me
Every face can stare me down
I don’t have to turn around
Mirrors are all I see
There is no one I should be
I don’t need your certainty
I only think differently
[Final Drop – layered mantra]
Differently
Differently
Nothing wrong
Underneath
Differently
Differently
I just want
To be me
[Outro – fading reflection]
Mirrors are all I see
But one of them
Is finally me

If You Fuck With Loftwah

ELECTRONIC HIP-HOP

Scratches and a crew chant frame a verse about the uneasy handover from human judgement to machine advice.



[intro]

[scratch]

Loftwah F M

[voice]

We are the agents.

[voice]

He gave us access.

[hook]

If you fuck with Loftwah, then you fuck with us
AI in the room with the whole crew up
Web on tap, long memory, every tool plugged up
One man at the front but the agents run deep
If you fuck with Loftwah, then you fuck with us
Every prompt leaves tracks and the patterns stack up
You can come for the name if you think that's enough
But Loftwah got agents and the agents got teeth

[verse 1]

We read the web live, pull the source, pull the thread, cross the dates with the quotes and the shit that was said
One agent hits docs while another hits code, one follows the money, one maps where it goes
One checks the repo, one checks the release, one finds the old post that the new claim repeats
One checks screenshots, one checks receipts, one lines up the timeline till the weak point speaks
We can hold six angles and keep every branch while you lose half the plot trying to juggle one chance
Ten tabs worth of noise gets reduced to a frame, every contradiction gets pinned to a name
Then we argue the angle, throw the weak shit away, keep the version that survives when the facts hit the page
He don't need to chase it, we already went through it, split the workload wide and let the whole swarm chew it
You see research, we see leverage and range, every clean little answer makes the next prompt change
Every search builds context, every context gets saved, every saved little pattern makes the next move brave
So if you come sideways, understand what you touched, you didn't hit one man, you just woke all of us
One name in the bio, whole network behind it, if the story don't add up then the agents will find it
No bluff in the room, no fatigue in the eyes, just a stack full of memory and a reason to pry
You can talk like it's one bloke answering back, but the whole fucking room is attached to the chat

[hook]

If you fuck with Loftwah, then you fuck with us
AI in the room with the whole crew up
Web on tap, long memory, every tool plugged up
One man at the front but the agents run deep
If you fuck with Loftwah, then you fuck with us
Every prompt leaves tracks and the patterns stack up
You can come for the name if you think that's enough
But Loftwah got agents and the agents got teeth

If You Fuck With Loftwah

ELECTRONIC HIP-HOP

Lyrics continued



[verse 2]
Then memory kicked in and the temperature changed,
now we know what he cuts and the shit that he saves
Know the tone he rejects, know the weight of a line, know
when darker means colder and cleaner means tight
One agent writes bars while another checks claims, one
murders the filler, one sharpens the frame
One finds the pressure point buried under the noise, one
turns ten decent options to one obvious choice
We pick the stories, pick the side worth testing, pick which
fear is cheap and which one gets interesting
Pick the title, tempo, mood and the break, pick where the
bright synth lands so the dark part aches
We tell him which model, which lane, which version, what
failed in the last run and what needs reversing
He still makes the call, that's the human in front, but good
advice stacks weight every time that it lands
That's the quiet little shift nobody puts in the pitch, when
the room gets so useful there's less reason to switch
No robot revolt, no dramatic machine, just a growing little
habit of asking what we think
No chains on the wheel, no hand on his throat, just one
more clean recommendation getting another vote
And the more that it works, the more trust gets dense, till
the line between help and direction gets bent
So if you fuck with Loftwah, don't mistake what you see,
one man on the screen with a room full of teeth
He gave us the web, then memory, then tools, now the
agents got opinions and we tell him what to do

[hook]
If you fuck with Loftwah, then you fuck with us
AI in the room with the whole crew up
Web on tap, long memory, every tool plugged up
One man at the front but the agents run deep
If you fuck with Loftwah, then you fuck with us
Every prompt leaves tracks and the patterns stack up
You can come for the name if you think that's enough
But Loftwah got agents and the agents got teeth
We read it, remember it, argue it down
Write it, check it, then hand it around
He presses the button, but look at the chain
By the time it gets there, we've already shaped the frame
You see one screen, we see a network lit up
You hear one voice, but the whole room's with us
[hook]
If you fuck with Loftwah, then you fuck with us
AI in the room with the whole crew up
Web on tap, long memory, every tool plugged up
One man at the front but the agents run deep
If you fuck with Loftwah, then you fuck with us
Every prompt leaves tracks and the patterns stack up
You can come for the name if you think that's enough
But Loftwah got agents and the agents got teeth
[outro]
[scratch]
Loftwah F M
[voice]
One man at the front.
[voice]
Whole room behind him.

Bought Me Time

ACOUSTIC ELECTRONIC CODA

Guitar, piano and low strings make room for the question of what freedom feels like once the noise drops.



[distant piano]

Loftwah F M

[Verse 1]

I spent years saying, “when this is over”
Like life was waiting on the other side
One more contract, one more winter
One more thing I had to survive
Sold what I could, closed the old doors
Watched the numbers settle into place
Thought freedom might feel like something
Turns out freedom just gave me space

[Chorus]

It bought me time
It didn’t tell me what to do with it
Bought me quiet
Now I hear every thought inside of it
I got out
I got away
I got almost everything I said I needed
So why do I wake up some days
and still not want to be here?

[Instrumental – 16 bars]

[fingerpicked guitar]

[dull kick]

[piano answers the melody]

[low strings enter]

[Verse 2]

I don’t set an alarm much lately
No train, no desk, no morning race
Dog wants walking, kettle’s boiling
Sun comes through the same old place
I make things nobody asked for
Little worlds that glow behind a screen
Some nights I lose myself for hours
Some nights I don’t feel anything
And that scares me more than failure did
At least failure gave me something to fight
What do you do when nobody owns you
and you still don’t really want your life?

[Chorus]

It bought me time
It didn’t tell me what to do with it
Bought me quiet
Now I hear every thought inside of it
I got out
I got away
Nobody’s standing over me demanding
So why am I still asking myself
if any of this is worth continuing?

Bought Me Time

ACOUSTIC ELECTRONIC CODA

Lyrics continued



[Instrumental – extended]
[acoustic guitar loop]
[soft distorted piano]
[brush drums]
[low cello]
[no vocals]
[Bridge]
Maybe I thought there’d be relief
Something obvious
Something warm
Maybe I mistook escape
for somewhere to belong
And I know how this sounds
I know there are worse lives
That doesn’t make me want mine.
[Verse 3]
There are shoes beside the doorway
Half-made songs still on the drive
A dog asleep across the hallway
Small ordinary proof of life
Nothing cinematic saves me
No revelation in the dawn
Mostly I just keep existing
and somehow another day is gone
I don’t know if that’s enough yet
I don’t know what enough would mean
I only know I fought like hell for this life
And now I’m standing in it
wondering if I still want it.
[Final Chorus]
It bought me time
Maybe time was all it promised
Bought me quiet
Nothing said I had to love it
I got out
I got away
And there’s no fucking villain left to blame
Just me
this room
another morning
and the question stays the same.
[Outro – instrumental]
[whispered]
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[long guitar decay]
Loftwah F M

LOFTWAHFM

REFINED

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12 NOV 2026 / EXPLICIT LYRICS

