

Aesop Rock, Dark Heart News

(I limped up like a dog [shut up] with three legs to the stage)

so many dark hearts to choose
you can focus to the phobias involved in forty hues
whether you levitate or bend spoons
tune into the brooders of the dark heart news

breathin's a tug of war
wet when I rust a ball
plus twenty nine bust gum stuck cluster door
slumped in the back Burn bush by the son of George
sweat terror feed cuz I don't bleed when I cut no more

a system of gods from each of the brawling tribes
so my bobble is a pot of claws clipped and collaged
Pavlov's bad dogs [] bells
I don't speak the language but my last laugh's hell

Spiral your vertigo
signals that flash and beat
postin my head from myself to get back to me
house full of dynamite, blast cap anatomy
bags full of smelling salts mad as the magazine
attack medic stretcher call cracked crazy header fall
a threat, a break, a mistake with the post
picking every last fuckin piece of paint off the walls

Okay, [mobile ... social]
he will locate every exit in seconds to flee the wormhole
when emergency diversions ring the celly or the doorbell

Burnin it at both ends, friends let's commiserate
Turning into something, to the sound that the triggers make
Born at the badder side, I had this time still await
Trainin' all my zeroes to perform like they're figure eights

Whether you levitate or bend spoons (x4)
Extra extra read all about it (x4)

Hey, four corners of the globe, all invent fire
On the very same day in the very same cold
Each sent a man with a torch to the borderline []
Watch them collide and explode

When I hear them [] up jumped the []
Funky wrench in my hand, raise it cut the islands off
Homemade [] memories
I ignore the private calls
but ever since the 80s I think something's in my Tylenol

What plague makin' out on the brigade
So we could walk planks
Then we'll climb a tree and wait
Irony is waiting over piety and faith
So when the ghostly ruminations that are kindly disobeyed
I'm gonna live to be a thousand with the patience of a saint
See the hoi polloi becoming restless in their tanks
Can't hold howls and corrals with a key,
So will the worms please drink on the count of three (three!)

If I had a dollar for every time I couldn't sleep,
I could buy a billion locks and finally read a book in peace
No more would my president come off as a crook and thief
And turn my heart so dark that it would bark when he looked for me

Sideways eye on a sinister boundary
Peddlin' contemporaries killin me loudly
99 bottles of beer on the wall timorous
[] run akin to the car on the lawn cinderblocks

Whether you levitate or bend spoons (x4)

Three legged dogs that chewin the wrong food
Riff raff []
[] money money booze
Dark heart news

Extra extra read all about it (x8)
(At the bottom of our news...)

(...)