

Aesop Rock, Garbage

The ritual goes, same window different visual.

Wing of wax, or wing of gold leaf

Choose one.

Float or plummet 20 thousand cold legues

My nourishment's provided in the summer

So that I wonder

How y'all chasin' dreams when what's tangible still outruns ya

Hail dirty doll immaculate performance

Warm as the march of a billion torches forward to burn what I born at

Cut and paste alertness to current set is provided quick

Shimmy the pirate ship mast, bat the eyelids at the siren in her bow (?)

Facing, let's salute the embrace pertinent generals who turned innocent hermits to burning spectacula

Flirtin' with a serpent workin' overtime

Drain the battery, siphon the poison and flood his majesty's hatchery.

I was riding on the yellow bus to where the brush thickens.

Yeah, an it ain't exactly plush pickin's

I'd rather take the time to burn every last bridge I've ever crossed beneath the sun

Than live my life knowin' you may one day follow me over one.

Snake bite

Breath too heavy to hold.

Caught up in the wake of the red witch tryin' to swim it.

Ran for the sake of dead click stripped of idealic image

Steal a sloppy earth meal feed my pottery wheel to model colossal vision

Thrill, shrunken with a bucket of pennies

I'ma drag my sneakers through the dirt like alligator bellies

'Til the cloud burst

Honour and a loud thirst submersed in a trap

Little drummer boy verse' thunderclap

In a city of garbage, tryin' to reap the harvest

Adaption is the trap in which the artist meets the forest

Swing your little axe or be an oak tree if you can

Either way, adapt to circumstance or play you final hand.

No enigma, an attempt to bury the hatchet

Rendered me victim of deviltry plus wounded like stigmatics

Somethin's somethin hazardous

I smell an inch of differnce in this mornin's pollution pistons and how the loose ends drift in

My sour pash (?) institutions slipped in amidst the invaders and,

Pardon my tone but,

This garden's grown fucken' acres since my visit.

Itchin' to count the layers in the blizzard to that chapter where my family inserts the dagger and twists it.

It's the carnival, have you any sweets for my weary kin

It's the carnival, have you any feed for my cheery grin

It's the carnival, welcome, play our games you'll never win

Coz it's that carnival where every freak show spectacle's your friend.

An' I'm a,

Ghostly galleon, tossed upon cloudy seas

Antifreeze to glacier cookin' a look of fiery nature

It's the,

Ceilin' feelin' too heavy to bless the I-beams for a fraction more collapse (I left sorry) that to your door.

Bitchin' my back to hell's kitchen, back

Burnin' murder machinery, released regardless of the pardons

Hitchin my life to the leash of one minstrel

Sick of same window different visual

Same agnostic hostage different ritual

Play, coopertive supercolony clash (I heard we have a dust collection - let me see it)

Ooh, I duel this underdog verse forced adaption to the marbles of the now

Since then my knuckles haven't once dragged on the ground.

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