

Aesop Rock, One Brick

I start my city with a brick (one brick)
Then add another brick (two bricks)
Brick by brick, I manufacture homes for fallen angels
I ain't no great Samaritan, that's just the way the game goes
Respect the polars but acknowledge middle-value rainbows
My snout turned up from dream factory eyelids
Slingin bottled prosperity for the kamikaze colonels
Yeah rocks the match that burned the Nazi journals
And plottin verticals amidst blatantly horizontal
Models then swallowed by famished potholes
And I'm tired
Tied up on these functions
Killer cottoncandy clouds and huckleberry justice league
Another knuckle-dragger dungeon breed
Run, breathe, sit, bellow
Wild Aes scream through your style to hear the echo
Aight then, flinch for the great granddaddy payback
When Little Billy bought a Tugboat
Now he thinks he's Captain Ahab
Facist takes more than pegleg's birds and eyepatches
Learn that lesson, you'll be swashbuckling with the best of them
Wonder why you wept over spilled milk
And got your crayons wet, the room reaks of a thousand bayonettes
I'll fision vision with a lie longer than your most walked meridian
Connecting life with that little species of idiots
We've now officially scraped barrel bottom
Aesop Rock an Apple to the core but ya'll ignored him
I know a planet made of porcelain
And once I get tired of holding this gavel up
Ya'll prayer circles met him up born again
I ain't too good for tap water
Play "Taps" out of order
For a ballad, corpse a dead man walkin
You can lead a man to a city but that don't assure civility
You can beat a man to death with Aesop Rock bootleg cd's
(That's more fun anyway)
Some cats Float, some cats don't
I speak in Farenheit and burn off colon lyric
Diss blatant harassment, spit honor, whistle fearless
Don't dismiss the billygoat appearance for that common sheep

Platforms have been erected
Effigies built
Slogans coined, songs have been written
Rumors have been circulated
Autographs faked
The hourglass smashed and didn't leave me an escape
Moving boxes have been worn out
Mantlepieces dusted
Idols idolized, the sands have been shifted
Curtains have been closed
Sleepers all waked
The hourglass smashed and didn't leave me an escape

Now with my trusty paperclip
I picked locks of thoughts vault
Finding the garden barren
The harvest fruitless
Only the Tree of Life flourishing
Wanting to take a bite but I'm toothless
Is that, predestination or is it by design?
That I'm trapped in time sand
Show radio mission control but for my rhymes
Man cuz I can like aluminum

And I recycle my consciousness
This is just a note
For any action or lack thereof there's a consequence

Wingless angels
Stroll a top shapeless cottonballs
With halos in your syringe
Celestial ground is found broken
Exposing a bottomless depth
Where heartless spines awake to devour
The small piece of your soul that's left
You're immersed in sound floating
Aimless destination
Drop anchor to gain stability
Stare out potions, restrain fertility
Pedestal talk is a token
Soaked in pockets where lives topics lack conceptual, ridicule
The night breathes but light's choking
Darkness occupies the throne
Where poems are persecuted
The purity at times dilluted
Rhymes are executed
For genre I'm told when has-beens attempt
To cause heat to rise and wonder why they're trapped in cold
Life's an oragmi box and I'm hidden within the fold
So when the yarn unravels, I won't be caught by surprise
And as society's fabric of orthodoxes dismantle
I'll see you embracing the pentagram within this crucifix disguise
See when the canvas stands before me
I'm compelled to spill a vision
For the sinners that listen, I got three spikes and a thorned crown
It seems I need a new soul cuz mine is worn down
But from the pregance of my hardship was born style
Still my pen bleeds and stains the paper with thought
Finding me lost among statues of mainstream idols
Drowning in melted ice to reinforce that breath is vital
If your father and his father were fish out of water
You must break the cycle
How many times must a plant be uprooted for it to die?
When it's smothered with lies that abolish the potency of the sky
So when the stars burn out and God replaces the bulbs
With a million watts
And throws the switch, sparks filament
Hurting new giants and flocks
I stand on my own two aura illuminated in red
Showcasing the agony held within this welded spirit
Sacrificing itself for the health of a masocistic culture
Yearning for the truth that we speak but refuse to hear it

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