

Aesop Rock, One Of Four

1 of 4...

My name is Ian Mathias Bavitz.
I was born in one-nine-seven-six, at Syosset hospital,
located in Long Island, NY.
I am six foot, four. I weigh two-zero-zero pounds.
I have brown hair, and green eyes.
I enjoy writing songs, painting, movies, and diner food.
I have two brothers, Chris and Graham,
and two parents, Paul and Damita.
In August of two-zero-zero-one, I went crazy...

This was originally not for public consumption
This was made for four people...
four people that literally saved my life
They know who they are...
And uh, I mean I could live to be a thousand years old and never repay them.
I don't think this song would pay for them.
But hopefully by putting it out,
it'll push the thank you a little further...

This ain't a burner for the whips. (No, it isn't)
This ain't even Aesop Rock fly earthworm demeanor. (No, it isn't)
My name is Ian Mathias Bavitz, and I was born in Long Island, New York, seventy-six,
before Graham and after Chris... OK.

In August of two thousand and one, my seemingly splinter-proof brainbone scaffolding imploded.
I kept it on the hush, but nearly tumbling
to the cold hard concrete on mere bodega trips
for cigarettes and soda, shook me to Casper.
Dizzy with an argent chaser, motor sensory eraser,
agoraphobe tunnel vision, guilt, self-loathing arrangement
rose rapidly out of a bog I'd never fished in.
That abates three separate foreign meds
while I've used the hook, line, and sinker simple fission.
Simple primitive, self taught easing of soul, mind and body,
but the symptoms rejected my caveman Modus Operandi.
So now it's one fish, belly up, through medicated mileage.
And shrinks that get \$250 an hour for awkward silence.
And, I'd be lying if I said all of this
made even the slightest fragment of sense to me.
That's real... Simply put
I don't know what happened, or what's still happening.
I literally feel like I'm teetering on the blunt edge of my sanity.

JAMIE, I killed the robots and I'm sorry.
Broke down in front of you. Embarrassed,
but you lent a heart and hand that only you could.
You're one of my best friends and, yes, I'd take that bullet for you.
That's my word, which is about all I have left.

TONY, I know you think I'm crazy, 'cause you told me.
but that didn't ever bother you.
I hold you as my brother 'til death,
and I got your back if ever the drunk goblins step,
for makin' a cat laugh, when I was walking with the dead.

KATHERINE, mother figure, older sister. Concerned beyond limits,
letting me know I wasn't the only one with this.
Continuous offers for vacation, Chicago visits.
Talked me through repair of a head full of broken pistons.

RIYAH, for the late night movie rentals and the company I needed.
An' you knew it, but I just wouldn't admit it.

You'd listen to me blab about my issues for hours,
offer incredible advice, gave me a hug when I was finished.

Am I a jack of all trades? Nope... I like to write songs, though.
Are they good? I dunno...
But I could tell you that I only write shit down when I believe it.
So take this how you want, but know I mean it.
I want you all to know that I'm scared out my fuckin' crooked soul,
never faced a monster like the last few months ever in my whole life...
I wish I could explain this better, (I can't)
but the pieces won't formulate it to anything even close to cohesive.
So I guess this is my feeble way to thank you.
Four soldiers that extended something sacred off the purity of kindness.
I owe you all my life and please don't argue with that statement.
'Cause without y'all I may not have a life to offer, "'take it"'.

Thank you.

I wish I could explain this better. (Thank you)
I'm sorry for burdening your pleasures. (Thank you)
I love you all with all that's left of me. (Thank you)
For helping try to kill what made a mess of me. (Thank you)
Somehow, someway. (Thank you)
I'ma get you back someday. (Thank you)
Just gotta figure this all out... So...

I guess it is kind of funny when you look at it from a step back
how one man can literally buckle under the same pressures
other men operate normally under.
I have soaked this out from all angles, multiple times.
I have been over everything in my head, 'til I can't think anymore.
But I guess sometimes, when you can't breathe, there are people there
to breathe for you.
I am lucky enough to have those people around me.
Thank you for helping me to not die.
Thank you for helping me to not die.

Pocket full of pennies, and a soul gone tilt.
Cockpit full of memories and a dream full of guilt.