

Fryerstarter

Aesop Rock

Let me put you up on Bob's donuts
Controller of the warm deep fryer that charms cobras
Mostly it was aggravated ulcers over goat's legs
Will they go for maple, custard, buttermilk or wolfs bane?
Hm, late after your cinderella pulsate and crash I was rotating casts
Picture if you will a witching hour on week night in the trenches
Where paranoia dead-ends in a bright florescent heaven
With sprinkles
I know right yum
Whether tummy ache or fever
Keep the funnel cake I'm honey glaze in vitro
In the company of similar believers
Sleepless, who hear the walls breath and foam at the facial features
Now the yeast, a phoenix in the partially hydrogenated
Equal parts flower, faith, healing
Might replace your previously nominated jesus
But only if you privy to the following secret of all secrets Shh, every night at 12 they would march out from the
back
With a tray of raw dough for the pool of hot fat
Show up around 1 never get your god back
If you're just tuning in, walk into the light I boil oil too, not for scarfing
For CCs of japanese innovation that screech into free parking
Purple heart and 2nd chin that beseech him to squeeze the carbs into the motherboard
You can chew the eucharist in cruller form
Locally a seedy danish underworld is bustling where jelly's not a celebrated it's a puppet string
Pluck, nose for canola
5 cow stomachs like a mime with a rope going nowhere
Fast, right hand of god on my shoulder, crows feet swollen, dopey
Combing apple fritters over with folk of opposing cultures
Baby sitter cop thief reverend, body glitter, botched c-section, bronze teeth
Each progressively more sequestered
Yet if threatened will defend the rasin bread as codefendants
Some lose religion or view it as superstition
You can tell a friend if you are down to kill them Shh, every night at 12 they would march out from the back
With a tray of raw dough for the pool of hot fat
Show up around 1 never get your god back
If you're just tuning in, walk into the light The fat boys are back, foam fingers over open arms
To feverishly reclaim their stomachs from golden jars
And stagger through the pulse of the gulch on a builder's dividends

Hiding high behind his guilty powdered-sugar fingerprints
Seething eventide fever, sidewalk feeling a little dicey
I'm snake-eye straight to the cakes icing
Might, fortune-teller up your favorite paper tiger stripe
Great, grace invaders, the first-name basis patron haters
Who compromise the pilot lights and flavors
Silent night, holy night, invite the pious out the pagan
Midnight kitchen doors un-caging the enablers like butchers in bloody aprons
Can I get a fucking amen?
AMEN, hazelnut raiders of the lost,
navigate consecutive pastries like stations of the cross
No name no dayjob
Know the folk where it virgin mary toast by the loaf
Thanks bobShh, every night at 12 they would march out from the back
With a tray of raw dough for the pool of hot fat
Show up around 1 never get your god back
If you're just tuning in, walk into the light

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