

# Zero Dark Thirty

## Aesop Rock

They did not know how long they had been there  
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Unsigned hype

Front line aeronauts flurry

Zero dark thirty

Zero friends minotaur-fugly stepchild

Evoke lunch jumped over plunging necklines

Up, beside tongue-tied hungry enzymes

Devote one into mothmen munching textiles

Punisher

Out past go-time

Back 10 fried worms chubbier

Brown grass both sides

Canned food

Manmade tools

Lanacane, band aids, mandrake root

Bindle on a broomstick, pancaked shoes

And a handshake-proof campaign, cant lose

Cant gain

Smoke out moles like a force of nature

Pray fortune return to his favor

Swiftly

Maybe in the form of a nest egg

Maybe in the form of a tesla death ray

Or a solid gold scene with something better to celebrate

Than powder on a face like a flatfoot on jelly day

M-m-moral compass all batshit

Spinning in the shadows of immoral magnets

Are we supporting the artist or enabling the addict

I mean, I guess it matters to me

I wish it mattered to you

How a thousand virtues

Kick the same bucket like chinatown turtlesRoving packs of elusive young become

Choke-lore writers over boosted drums

In the terrifying face of a future tongue  
 Down down from a huntable surplus to one  
 Down down from a huntable surplus to one  
 Down down from a huntable surplus to one  
 Down down from a huntable surplus to one Check his own Breakneck pulse  
     Over colors in a drain  
     That emote sugar skulls in the rain  
     Flower-eyes melting  
 guided by a levy made of bath tiles tilting  
 Quarter up and headed for the kill screen  
     No corner cut, no build team  
     Only a particularly menacing  
     Angle perpendicular to everything  
     Boys room cherry bomb  
 Boy/goon very much runnin' with the devil in the mellotron  
     Hello  
     Heres where a tale of caution  
     Pounds coffin nails  
     To bootlegs of Hawkwind, saw tooth  
     Nevermind straw to gold  
     Spin hearts on sleeves into heads on poles  
     Arm in the maw  
 Fish out pith like a business card from a jar at the mall  
 A-alike androids dreaming of carbon applause  
     Get stuffed with cartoon cigars  
     Cold pack, neti-pot, home to roost  
 Around folk backed into what they most lampoon  
 Shook to the fevered brow and broke ankles  
     Daisy, declawed pound, no thank you  
     Fade me  
     Failed all basic training  
 But I spent a couple groundhog days with a changeling  
     Silhouette the gods last cigarette  
 Anything less would be ri-god-damn-diculous Roving packs of elusive young become  
     Choke lore writers over boosted drums  
     In the terrifying face of a future tongue  
     Down down from a huntable surplus to one  
     Down down from a huntable surplus to one  
     Down down from a huntable surplus to one One  
         One  
         One  
         One  
         One  
         One  
         One

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