

# Fryerstarter

## Aesop Rock

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 bob  
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

Lyrics provided by

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