Drawbridge

The Barons

INTRO

This is not your ordinary ballad with a perfect little bow around the middle and a black knight on a white horse or a white knight on a black horse. It's got all these tired parts where we don't even sing and random princess raise the drawbridge we don't serve your kind. It ends where it begins and the beginning isn't pretty, can't forget that not-so-perfect little bow around the middle... and it goes a little something like this.

AESOP- Moon walking a broken soul pedigree incessant. Gut the cruddy frame. The zealots enveloped inside the belly of the blame. Cutthroat's the result of pulp joke soaked in poacher constants, and not a jewel amidst coal wander prominent. Honor. I barter silk worms by the bucket like starter kits. Sew your first martyr stich. Join damaged brigader caper. Nurse the tantrum with a fantasy chaser. I keep a spare wing strapped to my fuses incase the hackers snatch the plumage.

DOSE ONE- so you mean these things are worth money now

drifting off this is the who you calling homeless mighty fearful twisted and tonight I got front row tickets to the dead concert and you're in it icabod running out of morals for my allegory... moseying and my kind of people will only sell circles... with my eyes patched in a not so new universeso I beckon and bray but my pretty bird just ain't muting the many...

AESOP- Oh, it'll be soon. Balloon immune to doom blend. I ain't ditchin' the kitchen 'til every spoon bends. A glance along tomorrow's sorry looking lot of hopefuls was the rain dance my little flint never dreamed would flutter potable. I sanitize nothing for the sake of contemporary taste, contemporary taste made my lip drop in the first place. Incoming. You want to be a Czar? Idolize fallen heroics, recognize root of the worship, search and hold it. Who put the fun in dysfunctional? I, prodigal son combustible. Donkey punchin' pinholes in uncomfortable Zen conjunctionals for good. The bear cubs slob a goblet of dirt wine. I nurse a single application of introvery serpentine.

DOSE ONE- A sunset without a scrape of red and a plastic bag noise sunk down around his head sick. sick sick... stealing a peak... there's sickness in the roofer's eyes and his alone and nothing terrible happened to the bag... wrongs spilled off in and brought on out the clouds the hiss cut's out spills its voice into me and the window full of star is fresh kept from where I'm going or the only other way art

AESOP- I got charcoals in my heart, I got charcoals in my heart, I got charcoals by the armfuls that burn my armor apart.

DOSE ONE- and before when I said "shut the fuck up it's none of your business" that was to be in vein... be sure to lock that up when you're all finished... uhh... well you see I usually finish this number with... my skull open.

AESOP- Everyone rally 'round the novel burner, spit, murder the matches where the junkies trade diseases and the gullible trade passions. Now the masses wanna lean on me like 'oh captain my captain' not considering maybe this orphan hosts morbid attachments.

DOSE ONE- "button button who's got the button" take my name... please... leaks the little gentle man made of lightning inside my lockbox... oh you like to help with coats... wait until you see what I got in this here locket.

OUTRO

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