

# Dryspell

Paolo Mojo

On a sunny afternoon in lower east side New York...  
    You about ready? (Yeah)  
Good morning my sweet vision of morbid disorder  
And Good evening wonderful riddance and such  
    Maybe today I'll touch the burgundy halo  
Trimming the tunnels and of in with tenants  
    Spangled cross a more tangible premise  
?? it needs splinters all up in day-tripper visuals  
Take it easy man, fuck it I'll take it any way I can  
    My palms are generous  
When I witness fury scurry past my window  
    Model city in a bottle plugged hostile  
        Its bliss kissin pollutin  
And a billion suckers pucker in a bind  
    Maybe the sunken ship is the treasure  
        No, but they insist it man  
        I try to Spin me dizzy spongin  
        Up to giving dungeons functions  
As opposed to art historians absorbed inside assumptions  
Everybody pop your knuckles when the style divorces vertical  
    Marveling at the spite with which it curdled  
    Outside my tenement grows a little warmth  
        From out the mugs of masons wasted  
Laying bricks for days to later find they owned the lot adjacent  
    Mark the blasphemy elements of elegance and savagery  
        Murder the gossip, fuck it run off happily  
The broken spoke cyclers chokin open doctors they as born fetus  
    In a matchbox conveniently padlocked to the hammer base  
    Now these impurities embedded in five illiterates textiles  
    Shedded in the hell tale to motivate blind suspended leverage  
        Now i'm drowning in a pool of why are you here  
Sabotage with my beats the burden pertinance of if I die this year  
    My name is Dryspell  
    My name is pillar  
    My name's allegiance  
    My name is flagrant  
My name's a thousand steps from patience  
    But I'm sick and tired of waiting  
    My name's Polaris

My name is canvas  
My name is lowlife  
My name's intention  
My name is every imperfection that plays a part in my descension  
My name is carnival  
My name is posture  
My name is polarized  
My name is evidence  
My name is delicate approach from symmettricating my fellowship  
My name's Possessive  
My name is cordial  
My name is Igloo  
My name is captivate  
My name is contaminate the rich  
And clock the profits for the captain's sake  
Let us hope that the horrors of evil  
No longer loiter on the doorstep of your past  
Circle of sandbags drag the shield a meal the meaty hand grabs  
I'm splitting hopes at your local Acropolis  
Opulence in a cockpit not the pocket for them born with a ??  
Sunk to rest while they've exhausted the art of drunken address  
Exhibit fracture lines that converge towards where the hackers whine  
Where trappers slack the traps  
Unlatch the catch then cover up his trackers line  
That will make his majesty furious  
Oh bury his head and how could I have been so dense  
If only, yeah but I'm lonely

My days graze normalcy then morbidly crash  
My years breathe honesty then sardonically laugh  
Alas, I dig my toes in to the sand and spit foliage out my lips Personifying mankind's end all aspirations  
Hope floats...  
No, hope sinks like broken boats and most harassed before provoked  
I'm tossing darts at a map of the arts to pick up where you choked  
And when the last leaf falls off the branches of resonance  
I'll be waiting with my butterfly net to collect the evidence  
Well I am a room with poison oak scaling the sides  
Arachnids on the celing, rugged thumb tacks, bones and rusty pipes  
If you can squeeze between the bars  
Enjoy my space employ my waste  
In case the hand dealt by a stolen grace  
Do you ever wish the circle wasn't square  
So when landsharks start circling the borders  
You could just cut them off at the corners  
There's a ghost in the basket of values

Pertinent to, which cayak pilot succeeded in serving him proof  
Now I'm surfin it through  
So if you need me spread your wings to spell my name  
Above the mess near the other funny requests  
See bow to tolerant mannerisms of higher to win  
To assist in a meticulous pick a part of cobweb skins  
Of innocence  
A child of timid instinct with that ten step ahead premise  
Supply dust bowls before the zephyr was requested  
Violent humble shoes ten shades of blues come off the difference  
I grimace, took me one hours blink to conclude that sickly innocence  
My name is Dryspell  
My name is pillar  
My name's allegiance  
My name is flagrant  
My name's a thousand steps from patience  
But i'm sick and tired of waitin  
My name's Polaris  
My name is canvas  
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My name is cordial  
My name is Igloo  
My name is captivate  
My name is contaminate the rich  
And clock the profits for the captain's sake  
My name is vagabond  
My name is angel  
My name is century  
My name is hunter  
My name is sunburst  
My name is wildfire  
My name is scrutinize  
My name is basic  
My name is consequence  
My name is cigarettes  
My name is cynical  
My name is tolerance

My name is hallucinogen

My name is waterfall

My name is runaway

My name is alarm clock

My name is...

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