

Crows 2

Aesop Rock

4 and 21 crows
None go south
For the supper when a punk goes out
Checkerboard of mothballed death-forms
Hauled via vaudeville canes
And encased where the claw marks wane off Broadway the god way
Watch, our father
Commuters from the farms with news of el chupacabra
Who transfuse soup out a fresh punk skull
Dumb full blood suckers
Only the chum suffers
Pine box butcher
Encouraging poor lighting
Said a pall bore not a sure sign of jarred lightning"
Harsh, that's how the yellow spine-diner was born
Feral feeding that strung his organs up like tire swing art
Chippin' a drippy set of broke bone grinders
More for the hive mind
Less for the land mine finders
Fine, no defacto leaders in the eatery
Unless you count the way they led his heart through his tuxedo tee
Straight out the front 4 and 22
Cue the cut throat mouth
Chew together when a punk goes out
Etiquette of tart-tongued ghouls
Never run truck jewels
Run a culinary school for gluttony-drunk wolves
In guttural grunts
Smothering buttery lung ramen
Early sign of punk showed up on the diagnostic
Hm, pardon if I seem stand all the see-sawed loss, I can't call it
All petite drawn straws and orange caution
Or outcast creeps re-involved for absolvment
It's gaudy, plus when a hell-bound offspring and yours share an all evolve salty
Watch, if fortune is a bitch with venom and laser tits
Maybe sin II make for sugar-flavored flesh
Kings taste terrible at best and rest in peace raw
The rest are recipes
Caw!

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