

# Blue in the Face

## Aesop Rock

Yo, I surf an axiom kicked in a center fold by ugly tenements  
Oh Distribute sour inhalants regulate lobby development  
Today summon the rug rat oblivious to what's delicate.  
Tomorrow siphon imperfection out the fetus prior to selling it.  
There is a brain in the thicket tap circle cupping the port to accord it  
Teeter thorn storm plunges more but conformers the pouring's half the entry  
Plated pearly gates a chanted axis with high gentry hinging our binging on public picket fencing Squirming in  
terms in conditions of un-sati fact destiny magnet  
Where the ebony should of cracked shit ratio tragic  
Lose sight suit oh mavericks clash at futility pageants  
I post froze in a blaze at a grand combustion  
A leader's deception connection wiper with a barn responds his friend  
With an eye socket full of needles and a will to die for nothing  
And that's glory abide thy crass itinerary barely suitable for common slum cats  
And the lemmings will follow you to the blood bath  
All aboard that awful train through shames patch where I'd trade my window seat for one pane of replacement  
stain glass, see I've battled the gods of opacity  
I don't mind yall looking in, its just watching sim city steam slips under my skin  
And im about half way to nausea, half way to contempt men  
2 halves post made a dance evoked a whole lot of resentment  
Build a pen around master dome patriarch close to four peters  
Woke to rope cubicles combines with combines suitably ingenious  
Let's soak my feet in lake infinity the time vibe strapped to dignity my symmetries vivid image still cant mimic  
the victory comfort is a crumb and I'm numb as fuck  
Yet some prefer the hum and others tend to suck the life out of the crux like  
1,2,3,4 and im a hug dummy hug the hungry pull the lever push the button  
Drink the garbage split the homage reap the harvest target everyone  
Beckon eyes idols that have a malleable colony till the fire ant dropped the sweet leaf grief your dreams a  
needle in a needle stack claiming safety pin physics  
Baby tin blizzards collide while ole iron sides trust the rivets  
I'm sick of the picker the litter soaking the spot lit when I know they know they owe all thanks to the end all  
Aesop Rock shit watch this Build me a home; build me a home of brick and wood and everything good  
With a front porch where I can char fire flies by night and smoke stogs till the day meets twilight, build me a  
home, build me a home with a green grass hill with runing a water in a backyard with a sandbox and a garden of  
foreign flowers build me a home with a basement and an attic where I can store remnants of the day I once slept  
in build me a home.No skull is sacred in the races  
Locked in a pagan doctrine watching born again faces gamble up patience fail blatant  
Oak currents the end of war paintings stain plague community harking as wrapped  
It's overlooking out crops. Give you one life to laugh at catalog bliss on the least common attachment 10

seconds of glittering silence pilot is flight redefine stagnant

Most emotions host an entire lesson congressional less one stone merely for the exceptional spectacle now listen  
the pause heed tall falls the voidance of the suit dispersed await a straightened arrows a perfect circle has been  
fastened to the blimp side buy in my grin and clusters that's better than colony my own fathers son is the holy  
ghost suck that theology I king for a day of peasant for a pleasant life blood on the easel and my eagle eyelids  
spots runaway pirates look I despise squatters with a ohh cry me a river a quarter how'd you afford that dog and  
sour dialogue I put my hook in the pond I put my worm In the hook I put my trust in the worm that he'd bring  
me something to cook

I felt a tug on my line and I lugged a trash can on my pole with a note from the worm attached that read thanks  
for nothing asshole simple parables of nature making character giddy and riddle me a similar situation mix city  
quick but your honorable a lot doors to the monks blood thirsty barracuda serpents and report on powers of devil  
treatment church links im a fence sitter lips torn by both polars and their working I can only model throttle at the  
dream catching matching a patchy holist with a sovereignty harbored and charged my hate breed in a minute  
he's picket spitting stitches to fix the britches in the gaps one night I broke in bridges give us traps and tried to  
walk to get stogs just like hop scotch between polar caps and im, blue in the face when every second is a waste  
of breath

Making that classic mockery of every step Oh build me a home, build me a home please with a light in the  
window and a red front door and a picket fence and a fire place and a sturdy frame and we can sit I'll tell you  
my name build me home.

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