

Water Tower (Instrumental)

Aesop Rock

(Vita es morte es vita
Life is death is life) Found nothing but the feathers and the skull
On the porch like a present with a bow
Dinner's in a black earth gutted and uncoupled from the patchwork
Buried by a seven year cherub in the backyard
Epitaph and all
Disciple o' the cycles and sciences of birth in a fertilized hyacinth
Life in the vitamins invited up to cypresses
A testament to moxie in the miracle of lifelessness
It's tricky when you'd rather rot into the soil as a nutrient
Than navigate this mortal coil in human skin, dig
The nuances of putrefying jelly
Hit the levee when those feathers are a cancer in your besty
And I pick a ginger gold that's fed by a drunken uncle
One from a customer pumping that sumner blood work
Remember them ascending settling any high scores
Forty meters up with the heart of a high dive horse
Paint "No Rules" on the water tower
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Paint "No Rules" on the water tower
Impossible, impossible (Hold the fuck up
Who is you talking to?
Cause ain't nobody talking to you
You can't do a motherfucking thing) I told my ex in '97 I was falling on my weapon
Ripped the phone up out the wall
The po dragged me from my bedroom
An embarrassing ordeal involving hospitals and questions
And the kinda doctors who use words like "cognitive" and "spectrum"
While explaining why you're selfish
To romanticize our rules
And watch unruly roots
Pull you to Lucifer
By your shoes I mean, it isn't perfect
Don't misconstrue the purpose
Any urge isn't discernible from
Community service to the kiddo
Plus you'd make a beautiful widow
But that's an altruistic ticket to a room with no windows

Hmm you'd think he would've learned back in the eighties
When they pulled him out of class over concerns about his safety
 But he didn't, it wasn't cause he doesn't get the message
More he doesn't judge a man by how honorable his death is
 On a scale you made up anyway
 Half passed out to pasture
Whether clapped your batteries in backwards
 Paint "No Rules" on the water tower
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 Paint "No Rules" on the water tower
Impossible, impossible(Check this shit out here
 Don't be trying to come all for me
Cause you is not all of that with your fucked up haircut)I had a pet lizard, he never got an obit
Fed him crickets, it was dead a fucking month before I noticed
 An older me would note that whether disposable goldfish
Or theist, we certainly become the Earth as equals in a circle
 Meek until the spirit isn't willing
While the flesh is still a staple of the labor forcing whistling
 It's roadkill evoking emotion his own totem don't
 That's a reality you evade or grow to own
 Social code broken, a hierarchy to gasp at
 Black labs over wet dads on the admat[?]
 Tabby[?] of a parasite, bats at the parish
 A civil war becoming of ungovernable atoms
 I'm born from the guts of stars and black tar pits
 Iron Maiden denim paint the devil under grawlix
 Crawls out a clawed coffin a huff and puff
Somewhere in between the dust and dustPaint "No Rules" on the water tower
 Paint "No Rules" on the water tower
 Paint "No Rules" on the water tower
 Paint "No Rules" on the water tower
 Impossible, impossible
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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