

Zero Dark Thirty

Aesop Rock

They did not know how long they had been there
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Look

Unsigned hype

Front line aeronauts flurry

Zero dark thirty

Zero friends minotaur-fugly stepchild

Evoke lunch jumped over plunging necklines

Up, beside tongue-tied hungry enzymes

Devote one into mothmen munching textiles

Punisher

Out past go-time

Back 10 fried worms chubbier

Brown grass both sides

Canned food

Manmade tools

Lanacane, band aids, mandrake root

Bindle on a broomstick, pancaked shoes

And a handshake-proof campaign, can't lose

Can't gain

Smoke out moles like a force of nature

Pray fortune return to his favor

Swiftly

Maybe in the form of a nest egg

Maybe in the form of a tesla death ray

Or a solid gold scene with something better to celebrate

Than powder on a face like a flatfoot on jelly day

M-m-moral compass all batshit

Spinning in the shadows of immoral magnets

Are we supporting the artist or enabling the addict

I mean, I guess it matters to me

I wish it mattered to you

How a thousand virtues

Kick the same bucket like chinatown turtles

Roving packs of elusive young become
Choke-lore writers over boosted drums
In the terrifying face of a future tongue
Down down from a huntably surplus to one
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Down down from a huntably surplus to one
Check his own Breakneck pulse
Over colors in a drain
That emote sugar skulls in the rain
Flower-eyes melting
guided by a levy made of bath tiles tilting
Quarter up and headed for the kill screen
No corner cut, no build team
Only a particularly menacing
Angle perpendicular to everything
Boys room cherry bomb

Boy/goon very much runnin' with the devil in the mellotron
Hello
Here's where a tale of caution
Pounds coffin nails
To bootlegs of Hawkwind, saw tooth
Nevermind straw to gold
Spin hearts on sleeves into heads on poles
Arm in the maw

Fish out pith like a business card from a jar at the mall
A-like androids dreaming of carbon applause
Get stuffed with cartoon cigars
Cold pack, neti-pot, home to roost
Around folk backed into what they most lampoon
Shook to the fevered brow and broke ankles
Daisy, declawed pound, no thank you
Fade me
Failed all basic training

But I spent a couple groundhog days with a changeling
Silhouette the god's last cigarette
Anything less would be ri-god-damn-diculous

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One

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