# Battery

## Aesop Rock

[Aesop Rock]Yo, change the fucking channel.
I burn a coma candle.
When the flame fades, consider my flat line a soldier sample.
We them cats talking noise behind that New York trash heap where the stench of commuter briefcase replaces a bad sleep.
And it's the work of zig-zaggers versus piggy badge flashers training generation fallout.
Waterfall, bricklayer, pincushion crawl out.
There's smoke in my iris, but I painted a sunny day on the insides of my eyelidsÂ so I'm ready now.
(What you ready for?)
I'm ready for life in this city and my wings have grown almost enough to lift me.
I'm a dinosaur with Jones Beach in my hourglassÂ passing the time with serial killer coloring books and bags of marbles.
Don't tell me you ain't the droid that held the match to the charcoals.
Don't tell me Lucifer and God don't carpool.
(This is our school)
I'm not trying to graduate to life with a personalized barstool,
head in a jar on the desk, feet dangling in a shark pool.
(Man please) Man please
My name stands for my being and my being stands for the woman who stood and braved the storm to raise the seedling.
(Brother sun, sister moon, mother beautiful)
Yeah, middle sibling suitable but far from son of excellence.
BeckonedÂ a long time ago I was, to where the wishers wish but missers miss, I slept through my appointment.
Saw the liquid dreams of a thousand babies solidifyÂ and picked a rose.
It wilted the second I introduced myself as nervous.
Well, it appears the scars of learning have spoken.
Some are burning, some are frozen.
Some deserve tall tales, some wrote 'em.
Some are just a brutal reprecussion of devotion.
Mine are all of the above 'cause everything leads to erosion.
Now where I live there's a homeless man.
He sits upon a crate
Yeah, He makes a rusty trumpet sound like the music that angels make.
Now if you ever come and visit me, I suggest you watch the show
Tell him Aesop Rock sent ya just to hear his horn blow like this

*Horn samples*
[Aesop Rock]And I ain't getting any younger.
My knuckles wear their bruises well.

I've yet to lose that hunger, but only time can tell.
Prodigal sun with a prodigal wish to sew that prodigal stitch and crucify bigot voodoo doll on two Popsicle sticks.
See, your name is ambiguity.
My name is something hands can't hold but hearts part ocean scapes just to watch the starlet unfold
It's like sketching a circle in the dirt with a pointed stick knowing the wind'll kill it some day, still it calms my burning wits for now.
And if I plow the fields, that don't guarantee plentiful harvest but starving artists die, so I set my alarm for five o'clock
Idols block survival crops, the cycle stops for nothing
The Bible squawks revival as winos flock by the hundreds to the opening.
Scarlet carpets greeting the duel, leading the stubborn mule to cruel rugburn but y'all numb from gut fuel.
I administer eclispe.
Ain't know motor like a martyr made motor 'cause a martyr made motor don't quit.
I am an epiphany.
I am webbed foot mammal channel surfing my way to the top.
Tugboat in a bottle with no holes poked in the nozzle
I fed 'em bedlam diluted in limelight till that rookie boogie graduated hostile.
NowÂ the vehicle is grandeur and it veered over the median the second my halo ran outta helium.
Demoted to thorn crown.
Damn, talk about numbskull.
I was born bound to a stencil called symmetry but my energy's a rental.
So I take this now to say, thank you senoritaÂ for holding a flame to a lost wick.
Thank you James Anthony for the band-aids on my ego, y'all are family for life,Â I'll take that bullet to preserve you.
I wanna be something spectacular on the day the sun runs outta batteries.
Attach my fashion to the casualties of anarchy.
Save my nickels up to buy that homeless man a brand new horn, then sit up on his crate as a witness to beauty born like this...
(I ain't gettin any younger)
*Horn samples to end*

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/