

The Substance

Aesop Rock

Four rooms, a ceiling and a floor but there's more
(close to insanity)
A desk with a subtle light, a window and a door
(close to insanity)
One bottle of the bluest inks your iris ever saw
(close to insanity)
One child prodigy with a vision in his core
(close to insanity)
(yeah, yo)
I'm frost bitten, slippin' away titanic burden nurses
Where the anti-hero clergy purge their value burning service
And warped was I huddled beneath the influenza fresh
Meshed with impressions that appear to shrink before my very breath
These tides of woe and malice and mirth initiate a wave crash
Splashing my offspring graves prior to birth it's looking bleak
Malarky farce sergeant crooked and sleek emerald eyes glow
I'm shook in a freak side show
OK I strobe effects projective when I blink
So I resign this chorus line
When linked we let our eyelids fall and pilots stall
With what I sing I'll open lash light and dark clash to dim the wattage
Then see the wide eyed dry grays and supplied fiery colossus
Well I am a hostage guiding yet pushed beneath the crazes climate
Hiding behind the levy while the stubborn rivers rise and feel this
I wish heavenly brevity centered hate pedigrees instead of dead serenity
God damn must have remembered me
It clinched me, it wrenched me, tempted me to employ it
Apprehended me and rendered me suspended in its voyage
How these tables have turned
Hand to the bottle with the skull and cross bones scribbled off the label
Sip the ladle drank the burn begging for dead
Concerns off with a zephyr tread and leg in a web
Caught triple-six couriers beckon they fled
OK OK I get it
Let 'em shake a little then release 'em
Like as if ghostly hysterics would leash on banded completion
Odium, patience ran his anti-death commando
Just a litigant stretchin' to touch tranquil but couldn't quite catch the angle
I'm trained as corner stone famine troopers

So my tray within a heart of hearts still belly up and parched, come on

(yeah, yeah, check it)

I'm a sideline observer alerted not yet retreating

(close to insanity)

The climate stubbornly hovered slightly above freezing

(close to insanity)

Now everybody in the populus awaited my reply

(close to insanity)

I spit a billion tiny brilliant white lights into the sky

(close to insanity)

Undeniably amused by the way the fuse burn

By the way the clues churn in front of my eyes

To fertilize germination of concern for me for we

For he who's sucked into the trench fully dug

I don't wanna pull the plug

Hug on my canteen like in a dream

Centipede leader speedin' through a meaty greed league

I can tell by the way the needs bleed from a seed

If the breed should have ever been bread 'nuff said

Whether compared to caterpillar and cocoon

To emerge or a spark's soon a bloom to a surge

All I need is the nourishment, the courage and the burn

To ascend from a number to grave blade runner

Hunter, cleric, swordsman, king

More like I'm walking with a broken mood ring

Mood swingin' from the mezzanine level

Here to bevel the edge

My team's settled on the ledge to pledge

It's like that.

In the summer it rains buckets of hunger pains

In the winter it's the same with an added climate change

The remaining two quadrants balance the polar values equally for midrange

Yet the songs of thirst remain the same

You could turn the whole cold reservoir to liquor

Hell, split the ocean on its seams if it boosts your esteem

I never lend span of attention lest my brethren signal fresh

So do your magic miracle worker I'll remain unimpressed

For the flux, the fix, the famine

For the fact that little Billy up the block obtained a lovely hand cannon

I'd examined auto pilot (right) when filibuster won (yeah)

Concluded the few we're tuned with were now targets of his movement (oh shit)

It's intriguing, yet I guess I knew somewhere something was leaking

Now I honor instinct delinquent

Bring settler runaways frayed boogie bastard clicks

To bypass glass stature walking graph characters
Militant dance split the sun and sip the filament
Tracer, vivisection is to lab rat primes
They try to grace these sacred lips with his maze or a dirty wine
He knew, he brewed the substance just to mock the lesser budgets
Then sought off all trickery bought off the public and screamed victory
Tunnel through the mite infested grillage and the rig
As fast a Aesop and his ten little fatigued fingers could dig trigger revenge
Tip the goblet in the dirt review my words spit in the puddle
Peace to faint struggle the fuck out and duck out
(yeah, check, huh, uh)
Now, all hail defenders of the trash talk
(close to insanity)
I was hidden, yet I slid in just to rip the mask off
(close to insanity)
I'm seventy-six inches of all the purest sounds
(close to insanity)
So y'all could dig me six feet deep my eyes would still be over ground
(close to insanity)
(It's like that)

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