

Zero Dark Thirty (Instrumental)

Aesop Rock

They did not know how long they had been there
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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, cant lose

Cant 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 turtlesRoving packs of elusive young become

Choke-lore writers over boosted drums

In the terrifying face of a future tongue
 Down down from a huntable surplus to one
 Down down from a huntable surplus to one
 Down down from a huntable surplus to one
 Down down from a huntable 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
 Heres 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-alike 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 gods last cigarette
 Anything less would be ri-god-damn-diculous Roving packs of elusive young become
 Choke lore writers over boosted drums
 In the terrifying face of a future tongue
 Down down from a huntable surplus to one
 Down down from a huntable surplus to one
 Down down from a huntable surplus to one One
 One
 One
 One
 One
 One
 One

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