

Garbage

Aesop Rock

The ritual goes, same window different visual. Wing of wax, or wing of gold leaf
Choose one. Float or plummet 20 thousand cold legues
My nourishment's provided in the summer
So that I wonder
How y'all chasin' dreams when what's tangible still outruns ya
Hail dirty doll immaculate performance
Warm as the march of a billion torches forward to burn what I born at
Cut and paste alertness to current set is provided quick
Shimmy the pirate ship mast, bat the eyelids at the siren in her bow (?)
Facing, let's salute the embrace pertinent generals who turned innocent hermits to burning spectacles.
Flirtin' with a serpent workin' overtime
Drain the battery, siphon the poison and flood his majesty's hatchery.
I was riding on the yellow bus to where the brush thickens.
Yeah, an it ain't exactly plush pickin's
I'd rather take the time to burn every last bridge I've ever crossed beneath the sun
Than live my life knowin' you may one day follow me over one.
Snake bite
Breath too heavy to hold.
Caught up in the wake of the red witch tryin' to swim it.
Ran for the sake of dead click stripped of idealic image
Steal a sloppy earth meal feed my pottery wheel to model colossal vision
Thrill, shrunken with a bucket of pennies
I'ma drag my sneakers through the dirt like alligator bellies
'Til the cloud burst
Honour and a loud thirst submersed in a trap
Little drummer boy verse' thunderclap In a city of garbage, tryin' to reap the harvest
Adaption is the trap in which the artist meets the forest
Swing your little axe or be an oak tree if you can
Either way, adapt to circumstance or play you final hand. No enigma, an attempt to bury the hatchet
Rendered me victim of deviltry plus wounded like stigmatics
Somethin's somethin hazardous
I smell an inch of difference in this mornin's pollution pistons and how the loose ends drift in
My sour pash (?) institutions slipped in amidst the invaders and,
Pardon my tone but,
This garden's grown fucken' acres since my visit.
Itchin' to count the layers in the blizzard to that chapter where my family inserts the dagger and twists it.
It's the carnival, have you any sweets for my weary kin
It's the carnival, have you any feed for my cheery grin
It's the carnival, welcome, play our games you'll never win

Coz it's that carnival where every freak show spectacle's your friend.
An' I'm a,
Ghostly galleon, tossed upon cloudy seas
Antifreeze to glacier cookin' a look of fiery nature
It's the,
Ceilin' feelin' too heavy to bless the I-beams for a fraction more collapse (I left sorry) that to your door.
Bitchin' my back to hell's kitchen, back
Burnin' murder machinery, released regardless of the pardons
Hitchin my life to the leash of one minstrel
Sick of same window different visual
Same agnostic hostage different ritual
Play, coopertive supercolony clash (I heard we have a dust collection - let me see it)
Ooh, I duel this underdog verse forced adaption to the marbles of the now
Since then my knuckles haven't once dragged on the ground. In a city of garbage, tryin' to reap the harvest
Adaption is the trap in which the artist meets the forest
Swing your little axe or be an oak tree if you can
Either way, adapt to circumstance or play you final hand. The ritual goes, same window different visual.
The ritual is same fucken' window different visual.

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