

Dryspell

Invisible Inc.

On a sunny afternoon in lower east side New York...

You about ready? (Yeah)

Good morning my sweet vision of morbid disorder
And Good evening wonderful riddance and such

Maybe today I'll touch the burgundy halo

Trimming the tunnels and of in with tenants

Spangled cross a more tangible premise

?? it needs splinters all up in day-tripper visuals

Take it easy man, fuck it I'll take it any way I can

My palms are generous

When I witness fury scurry past my window

Model city in a bottle plugged hostile

Its bliss kissin pollutin

And a billion suckers pucker in a bind

Maybe the sunken ship is the treasure

No, but they insist it man

I try to Spin me dizzy spongin

Up to giving dungeons functions

As opposed to art historians absorbed inside assumptions

Everybody pop your knuckles when the style divorces vertical

Marveling at the spite with which it curdled

Outside my tenement grows a little warmth

From out the mugs of masons wasted

Laying bricks for days to later find they owned the lot adjacent

Mark the blasphemy elements of elegance and savagery

Murder the gossip, fuck it run off happily

The broken spoke cyclers chokin open doctors they as born fetus

In a matchbox conveniently padlocked to the hammer base

Now these impurities embedded in five illiterates textiles

Shedded in the hell tale to motivate blind suspended leverage

Now i'm drowning in a pool of why are you here

Sabotage with my beats the burden pertainance of if I die this year

My name is Dryspell

My name is pillar

My name's allegiance

My name is flagrant

My name's a thousand steps from patience

But I'm sick and tired of waiting

My name's Polaris

My name is canvas
My name is lowlife
My name's intention
My name is every imperfection that plays a part in my descension
My name is carnival
My name is posture
My name is polarized
My name is evidence
My name is delicate approach from symmetrictating my fellowship
My name's Possessive
My name is cordial
My name is Igloo
My name is captive
My name is contaminate the rich
And clock the profits for the captain's sake
Let us hope that the horrors of evil
No longer loiter on the doorstep of your past
Circle of sandbags drag the shield a meal the meaty hand grabs
I'm splitting hopes at your local Acropolis
Opulence in a cockpit not the pocket for them born with a ??
Sunk to rest while they've exhausted the art of drunken address
Exhibit fracture lines that converge towards where the hackers whine
Where trappers slack the traps
Unlatch the catch then cover up his trackers line
That will make his majesty furious
Oh bury his head and how could I have been so dense
If only, yeah but I'm lonely

My days graze normalcy then morbidly crash
My years breathe honesty then sardonically laugh
Alas, I dig my toes in to the sand and spit foliage out my lips Personifying mankind's end all aspirations
Hope floats...
No, hope sinks like broken boats and most harassed before provoked
I'm tossing darts at a map of the arts to pick up where you choked
And when the last leaf falls off the branches of resonance
I'll be waiting with my butterfly net to collect the evidence
Well I am a room with poison oak scaling the sides
Arachnids on the celing, rugged thumb tacks, bones and rusty pipes
If you can squeeze between the bars
Enjoy my space employ my waste
In case the hand dealt by a stolen grace
Do you ever wish the circle wasn't square
So when landsharks start circling the borders
You could just cut them off at the corners
There's a ghost in the basket of values

Pertinent to, which cayak pilot succeeded in serving him proof

Now I'm surfin it through

So if you need me spread your wings to spell my name

Above the mess near the other funny requests

See bow to tolerant mannerisms of higher to win

To assist in a meticulous pick a part of cobweb skins

Of innocence

A child of timid instinct with that ten step ahead premise

Supply dust bowls before the zephyr was requested

Violent humble shoes ten shades of blues come off the difference

I grimace, took me one hours blink to conclude that sickly innocence

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And clock the profits for the captain's sake

My name is vagabond

My name is angel

My name is century

My name is hunter

My name is sunburst

My name is wildfire

My name is scrutinize

My name is basic

My name is consequence

My name is cigarettes

My name is cynical

My name is tolerance

My name is hallucinogen
My name is waterfall
My name is runaway
My name is alarm clock
My name is...

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