

1,000 Deaths

Aesop Rock

Verse One: I saw the rod-eye cross and murder circle above my turret

Slither spiraling banister down a hide

My ruby glass glazed specs staple to trade the market thieves

Where vendors cop the stolen citrus out they pyramids

Merry without a slapstick mavericks plugged directly to 3rd rail surges

Piss on electric mayhem through city commuter circuits

Oooh child, raises oddity, son of a circus side show freak

Pertinent to the slide show, the wino's leak but I won't speak

Infected projection hung thicken the air

Punching is burning plastics upon whiffing the nasal cringes

Pucker another 60-second lapse while 60 stars collapse the suckers

And I'm reborn every time the wine metamorphs back to water, my god

Sweet Christ crucify me with rail road spikes

Use my skull to bash them all in, gather sit and grin, weave

All fair the most serene communication's pageant

Where sitting with a stranger and living awards the badges

I spell Marry with my name stitched on my heritage

Incinerate arrogant simpletons to feed my cherished wind

Buried in leagues a please, thank you, pardon, excuse me

Your welcome, may I? ohh, I'd like to nod but no you may not

Let's take a deep breath, naw let's take a breath

Naw let's take, naw let's aaah shit, well I guess that about says it

Maybe I'll craft the sycamore canoe and paddle upstream

Where the luck seems to reflect precious lovely interventions
Chorus: I have died a thousand deaths, and I
apologize for you and yours

For kicking your fantasies overboard

I mean I'm only one servant, ayo one hell of a diversion

And if the masses have agreed to split the sea then let it bleed
I have died a thousand deaths, and I apologize for
them and theirs

For breaking down their ropes, ladders and stairs

I mean I'm only one servant, ayo one hell of a diversion

And if the masses have agreed to split the sea then let it bleed
Verse Two: You ever died a thousand deaths? I
have

And in the morrow stood a thousand steps from where my nourish laughed

And made a boat at, nomad, I roam in a social coma

Jones and behome alone days sink how my poems I

Dig in the dirt I bring up the earth like pulley systems

Thereby painting the perfect metaphor for hung juries

Strung along a song of spawning thorns of fury

Numb the anti-add-alarm before he recognized this worries me
Carpet by my spearheading fink-eye beretta
Walk my line, now what? Now strut that little poison combine
Y'all call natural, in honesty promise me twenty thousand salami links
And dive and finding my thriving ivy leaves climbing up the pit fall
Lack of most lords aboard, heroes unsung heroes unbrung rewards
Yo if I flutter in a trouble clutch then I dance fancy forward
Like park children double dutching ropes in burning city summers
My wing span can and will employ full expansion
Unfolding while lamping at home with my hands spanning for gold
Told them the roof was on fire, when that structure burned to ashes
All y'all saw was Aesop Rock holding an empty book of matches
Maybe I'll sit until the spilling motors clear
Maybe I'll sit and stroke my billie goat beard
And rethink the time angels appear, maybe I won't
Bundled in my humble little plummet
Numb enough to die those thousand deaths under the sun it makes me sick
Chorus: I have died a thousand deaths,
and I apologize for you and yours
For kicking your fantasies overboard
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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