

# Cycles To Gehenna

## Aesop Rock

Baseheads locally approach all spark plugs  
Total disregard for a dying man's shark jump  
Post-meridiem pretty tungsten attracts any oncepale horse painted gunmetal black  
Face masking, hard-shelled ebony propeller hat  
Clubmans, gloved rakes grappling the clutch span  
Tuck go the steel toe, metal gate spreading  
For the dead-alive that rented parking space 37  
2000 out the weekly under "Cycles to Gehenna" gets him floating over 20 busses  
Fireproof and festive  
Corners like a two-tired tiger so a too-tired rider can accumulate a few excited fibers to assign  
Knows no zen in the art of maintenance  
Only as the orchestrated patron saint of changing lanes baby  
Here is how a great escape goes when you can't take your dead friends names out your phone  
Eyes and teeth,  
new moon on a scale that defies belief  
Outside what our fundamental sciences teach,  
every other mighty lion asleep  
Gangway - mine eyes, mine teeth  
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The man-ape translates glam thru the visor  
Goes in water lillies  
Am-scrays Giger, and manray  
Crammed in a one-player campaign  
Blinker like a hallowed bonfire over Samhain  
Span where the praying hands mandate  
Bars an extension of the arms  
They're mutating instead of being farmed  
Tonight beneath a marmalade venus  
Haunted mowers chewing every glowing yard of mud between us  
Going Ford, Jag, Datsun, Corvette, Lotus  
All cones you can slalom when your focused  
Via mechanical Dartmoor Frankensteined poorly  
And sanctioned by a New Yank Yorkee  
Who knew that any moment he could lose it to the decopaged suicide flooring  
And still he keep his fuel tank portly, the 30 odd year old gears thank charlie  
The scarfthank Mom's new hobby, ksssst! copy  
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It was less an act of hubris  
More a lonely hearts club at the helm of a magic bullet  
Away on a relentless bid for rarefied inertia  
Rattletrap forks married to the patchy terra firma Ursa Minor getting warmer  
I crowbar into the pecking order  
The dreck between the whores and Betty Ford-ers  
Hug a double yellow spine  
Knobby rubber like a rat on a rope  
Those little fuckers run on passion alone  
This is the product of a d.i.y. inadequate home  
Grabbing a cabin in the fuck-outta-dodge  
Actin' a savage in the shadows of Rome  
Amassed against insufferable odds  
Fashioning gallows out of plastic and bone  
I got the motordrome walls of death splintering under me  
All-city galvanized bikes white knuckling  
Bright light, tunnel kings tuck in the devil  
PS - I wrote this on a self-destructing memo...

Lyrics provided by

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