

Commencement At The Obedience Academy

Aesop Rock

Verse One:

The harvest appeared less plentiful than last season
I imagine sloppy seed handling evoked a stroke of tardy planting
And the crops we'd have harvested mid November
Only brushed the blossom back then soon sacrificed
Lives to icicle jackets when the frost hit
I sunk to find the warmth beneath the mosses
Where the planted tunnel pass after the rains have run their courses
But alas, the portraits of these frosted corpses tortured in the grass
Off of distorts or pour the one tall glass and nauseous
And I'm asking you, why's this spy supply hiding in strangers
When they know atop the food chains I could spot biters for acres
Now be gracious, these minstrels turn a bully's psycho civil
By dissolving the candy coated image down to the pixels
Yelp bringing the self-stop freedom brigade investors
And the studies connecting one hit wonders with dust collectors
Puts it down, and it's down beneath your sappy sing-alongs
So stick it further down, we'll let Dante decide which ring I'm on
Nova, the elders took positions and advance march
Parts playing a scheme parking the rain in my canteen now I'm like
Point: I guess I could spare a splash for a couple of heads
Counterpoint: During my famine I never got broke your bread
Well equation of intrigue, yes, yes, let me fed sit for a bit
These 'tensils need soaking before I hand out token
"Shut the fuck up" drama like Kabuki with a heart of dirt
Skull fucked cross bones hence my birth it hurts

Chorus:

Must not sleep must warn others
Trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers
I milk my habitat for almost everything I want
Sometimes I take it all and still can't feel this pitfall in my gut
And I'm like must not sleep must warn others
Trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers
I'm trying to walk on top of sunshine

But it's ridiculous at times that's why I tore 'em with this warning

Verse Two:

Wanting the glory of our advance fire ants to water beetles
Free masons adjacent debasing on pins and needles

Pupil turned pedagogue benediction to my dream
Beam in a billion bottle rockets off the golden mezzanine
I pluck the pedals off a classic blood rose one at a time
Gripping the stem and right invite the thorns to dig up in my lifeline
A metaphor for nighttime, ante up the slight cost of exhaustion
To salute the moon of our paradise lost and you're a spectator
Stringent, inch by sacred inch shoveling coal into my earthworm soul
Borough up through the dirt with bloody digit lick my knuckles clean
Noting the corporate clusters holding hands 'round the abode of the damned
And what's your poison? Starlight and amaze her with a nicotine chaser
Sip it clean savor the taste then sit and dream later
The ollage pay their back upon they hinges twenty miles
Across the glassy eye window of one less to passes by
Now I'm six foot four with a sick flow walk up just to recline
With no free time, the alarm storms at nine
My daytime's on some, yes sir, okay sir, right away sir
Sir do you mind if I breathe sir oh you do? Well excuse me sir fuck you
I breathe slow, I'm running with these fantastic amalgams
Painting casket bound careers to pierce gunning with classic albums
Security's the javelin, catch it; labor
Clocked in at seven six and haven't clocked out ever since

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