

# Oxygen

## Aesop Rock

I'm twice born, once and seven something  
Once is the resurrection of honorable function  
Been shoveling coal as the engine's doctor  
Long enough to see my silhouette acquire a permanent kink in the posture  
The maintenance of icicle spirit by the warmth of true endearment  
Was, is, and forever will be a luxury  
I'm a sovereignty columnist fathering doom document  
Cursed version of a certain Virgin Mary womb occupant  
[Verse One] I know swamp rats who never suckled oxygen purification  
Sure AS blurry had them speeennd breezzzzze  
Stuck until my friend leaves puppet for the plummet committee  
Sputtering bum numb enough to stomach the city  
Who's that hugging a silhouette of willows where the hill's crest pan out?  
On the candy coated crab apples, sugar dipped deadpan outs  
I got a plan, I'll tourniquet my quest  
Then feed a needle into battling to mute the mess  
When patience galas with absentee ballots I shove in the button  
Strutting to exhibit mankind's hostility function  
With a heave, paling in comparison a Mathias Goliath  
Live to rigged frame in a wicked silence  
I top and ate my nameless creator then I bumped eyelids  
With a Christ we saw the same thing through a second  
What's that? The grand mosaic depicting historical glory in a legend  
Nursed me through the time stick and stone mixes hexed my fertile crescent  
Now all's well, I'm laughing on the inside I swear  
Just trying to keep my head above red tide despair  
My imperfections pair off with buddy system symmetric morbidly  
So every second the discontent's locked accordingly  
Let's turn mummy's, show the perfection of preserved glory condition  
And pray for the day a star child tugs the ribbon  
Better land a two-hand grip when that spoon full of sugar medical chaser  
Credible craves her antidote's terrible taste her  
Bought her with a stolen soul peddler  
Pigeon back feather pen  
Never said a grin implied health  
Consider me a mobile advertisement for that hybrid plant of fabrics  
I deemed practical, now is you is or is you ain't compatible?  
I feel the wind in my opinions plus hyper clutch to  
Crush one's ginger bread tenement awful,

It's like the day the great oak met the saw mill  
A lifeline of spectacular expansion meets the reaper  
At the hand of one mans tantrums  
My friend's got a book about dreams, I look and laugh  
I dream a book about my friends and still can't decipher the half  
Ch-ch-chatter box, now let a soothsayer major  
Cater to a king green battered on the brink of disease

I am, skin and bones, I am, sin and poems, I am, tin and chrome  
Your grin and groans fuck it I'm tinted when accrete zone  
Blow the pedals off a dandelion trying to make my little gypsy blush  
And felt as if I'd actually accomplish something  
Fortify the bullies of the jokes soak in treatment  
Sit and watch the percentages teeter on the evening  
Brought a ghost up in the fuselage a second before the cog dropped  
To the Styx and stared him down until he fixed it  
OH, Fashion, it's cool and all but what about God?

[Oh God, well he's the man, but I MEAN what about reading?]What, like novels, man that don't hold my  
attention, HOW about television?  
[Television hurts my brain, how about walking in the rain?]OOH, I hate walking, it's boring, how about some  
old fashioned gone fishin'  
[Yeah, fishing's great but JUST HATE hooking the bait, lets dance]NAH, I've got too left feet plus motion  
sickness, how about breakfast?  
[Man, I'm hungry, but that means I'mma have to borrow some money]Let's fly a kite [Let's burn the generals]  
Let's sell lemonade [Let's drink]  
Let's poke a hole inside the tugboat, ease on back and watch it sink  
[Nah, lets fail a pupil once a year at random to shake the academy]Casually note the blossom of phantom  
alignment strategy

[Verse Two]I'll make the water fall out of order in autumn  
SORTA CAUGHT'EM When their GUARDS mimicked the vintage knuckle drag sacked in a coffin  
I affiliate my rag dummy appearance with a most cohesive spirit  
Cried a river yesterday, ain't shed a tear since  
GIMME GIMME, wrote the Old Yeller community cartoon  
The carousel ballooned extravagant aware, inviting it  
I'm swore to Adam and matter and saddling  
Warhead thorax and abdomen to primitive horse back galloping  
My index fingers DRESSED in my talisman branded up in the jackals skin  
(I SPY MARKET THE PRODUCT)  
One must pardon ye old common sheep detour  
Weaving graceful through the prime directive column  
Greater virus retreats to allotted Valom  
Bean stalk where the fiend walk and my name is mud  
But that's got a ring to it so my SQUEAL welcomes the flood  
I walk through God's practical joke on man, practically broke,  
And if they raise my rent again I'll spend my nights practically soaked

Who spits silk dimensions through the loose noose by the raft?  
'cause after lack of reasoning dead'em (it's like 3, 2, 1, bedlam)  
Oh I'm hung, I've clung to hope but see you in hell  
I'll be that clear blue icicle that simply refused to melt  
Sturdy iron grillage, tin can skeleton,  
Skull of a thousand dilapidated dream remnants  
Here to convict based on a tin bucket of evidence  
I steer where the heaven's merely a legend so the peasants dream well

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