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 speeennnd breeezzzzze
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 riggedy 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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