

# Supercell

## Aesop Rock

Die already  
None defied a one man walled city  
Stone made flesh veins etched in his hands  
Eighty-eight stance strengthened invasive plants  
And rain dance on safely, brace for the supercell  
Mutineer footage for your blooper reel who could tell  
Pours hot tar from the top of the barn  
Necktie on his head; condor on his arm  
Dog star in a jar bordering unsustainable  
Man called but may I call[?] but maybe I should pray a cult[?]  
Systematic catholic or sigil of the baphomet unraveling  
Either way his I.D. show a snake and skull  
Always been a private dude who couldn't keep a tally  
Of which lies he told who  
Die his hair, shave, change names in his lazy drawl  
Soon enough I will estrange you all  
Like get ghost  
On Dasher  
Half dead carolers deck a hall, wreck a whole advent calendar  
Brother on speakerphone lurkin' at the Burgerville  
Bathrobe hammer toes murdering the curb appeal  
What I be returning are forsaken with the craving and  
Carnivorous vegetation that take him for his steakums  
I don't know I gotta think about it  
Truthfully I don't know which makes me a bigger coward  
Either stomach all the hubris, cash in his two cents  
Loose lips locked up over a chewed eucharist  
Or, maybe reappropriate the energy  
Hold up passin' the poultry to Hecate  
Bull-headed burn out fled his own pedigree  
And never better, never would've met your heaven anyway  
Anyway, Mary Mary go make soup out of bones  
Just know when the room go cold  
I'm a ghost  
G-H-O-S-T  
Ghost ghost ghost  
He's ghostFlea comb exorcism, and de-worming  
Fitted for a curse and a cronenberg circling  
Search party falling forward unthwarted

Meet him at the crossroads drawn and quartered  
For a master of puppets, how sad are his cupboards  
Non-dairy creamers, can of last supper  
And a runneth over cup full of black tap water  
Its a marvel of privacy over back honor  
Raspberry jelly on his jesus toast  
And turn heather gray sweats into Easter clothes  
With no immediately measurable crime wave ice age  
Christ's children still skin a cat sideways  
I don't pick teams or administer bands  
I'm in a creek with a pick in a panic go  
Forcibly ejected or a voluntary death scene  
Tell 'em what the out of order blinking EMF mean  
Ghost

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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