# Crows 1

## Aesop Rock

Birds of a black
Black feather stick together forever and ever and they always remember you
And all of the shit you do
They pass it to the baby birdies and then they remember too
Little baby bluebird eyes turn black
Without forgetting the face of the guy in the mask
When you see me baby will you scream or will you laugh?
Little baby blue bird, eyes turn black
4 and 20 gory pantone black crows shredding innards
The silouettes are fencing lefty scissors
Separating horn and hoof as own arpeggiators
They piggy back the tombs of all your deadest friends and neighbors
By the getty image, green-cheese moon
Dead-of-winter shit, graveyard tchk! tchk!
Shifter shit, brother was a face card
Crown like a heart-shaped tunnel of woven branches leaning in over his hydro-plaining pace car chase...
Wait up let me isolate the bass more
Gate of god's acre
Aim to rake the snow off each forsaken name here
Supposedly closure'l free the vipers out the bosom
Personally I think it's a bunch of bullshit
Prisoners, tradition is for lovers
God forbid he flip the witch against her coven on some ?dip or play the dozens?
Now I baptize skips in larvae and dental records
On a little plot pregnant with 6 million sentenceenders
And the tech support for tragedy's emphatically horrendous
Teenage operators explaining what bated breath is
Pass, I wish it were something I could diagram on a napkin so you won't feel so detached if it should happen to you privately
Publicly your shadows'll cat call back
Happy to split the button eye and burlap doll
Crack the crypt
Bats eject like cousin death's wing-ed Iapdogs ricocheting sonar of the sacrilege
Now let me slow this whole shit down for all you half-goat cowards

I'll even grit my teeth for you
I am so completely off the god-damn grid it's not a question of addressing me, I
T's "what do these symbols under the dresser mean"
Perhaps a little dash of karma chameleons through the entropy for good/young

Could've used a good lung
Still, proximity to corpses wasn't nothing to the kid but unforgiving science or cinematic horrors
Fast forward, my knee in the gut of a glass
"remember that cow in the dean's seems awkward
And I know your people donated pints to the same pavement but for ash and bone to share a space with strangers seems outrageous, ain't it?
Maybe a dialog of howls that reshapes thejowls and face somehow relates to whatever you have found among a thousand cloned shrines, either way - dope stone lion
And they call to let you know your friend is dead in a box
The crows have the tools to get the meat out of the box
Scientific, ritualistic, headstone cold foxes still rot
I'm not gonna rot, no, fuck that snot
You can let them let you rot, man
But I'm not going to watch
I'm not gonna stand atop your plot
I love you friends, but I'm just not
On the other hand if your ashes are scattered in the sea
I will swim in the sea and you'll be with me
And if your shit is scattered at the roots of a tree
I will climb that tree
Everything you think you're hiding shows
In the way you view the graves like a string of tiny thrones
Messages you'd tucked away for keeps has resurfaced to be heard amidst the butchery and beaks
You don't want the passengers to pass
You want each cow taxidermy'd fatter than the last
Mausoleum lighting is a rush
While it might enhance a silhouette it might expose a crutch
A proud chest puffed to the heavens
Holds nothing if we're cutting past the muscle and the tendon
And we will be cutting past the muscle and the tendon...

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