

# 1,000 O'Clock

Aesop Rock

Fasten your seatbelts, remove glasses

Bright lights, bright lights

I wear shoes to bed  
Paint teeth on my lips  
Trench foot, gangrened for the win  
Blitzkrieg Bopper  
Petitioned out of shit's creek proper  
The only inaccessible blip on the streaming doppler  
Screaming 'uncle' in a sea of TV doctors  
Free to occupy the same space in differing degrees of seedy commerce  
The shot is slow pan, monitor guffawing  
Flooded p.d. blotter under horizontal coffee  
More to follow, outside tweakers are in love  
Teeny Raque Welch submarining through the blood, voyagers  
Poisoned or maybe just a misfit toy or two  
Depending on the beacon that your voyeurs choose  
That sorta hemming and hawing'll haunt your boiler rooms abysmally  
And kidnap rapid eyes in their infancy  
Everything his cutting room scrapped  
On a silver screen that throws gummy bears back, attack!

All these tribes hoard breads and wines  
These climates transform men to swine  
(AGAIN!)  
All these hives hide knives and lead  
These bribes can't transform swine to men

Sensible sweater on ice  
Devil horns high  
Like shovels above a butter lamb with peppercorn eyes  
Vendetta-drunk leader squealing  
"it's the real pig fever"  
Sick people pinky swearing on concealed 6th fingers  
That's idle handwork in the spirit of death dealers  
Look at mommy's little Hercules  
Custom Troy Hurtubise  
Flourish in the blind spot of Spittle County 'Gore Police'  
Or really any readily ebbing and flowing 'War and Peace'  
1 plain brown key foods bag head  
2 holes later I'll see to this loose flatbread  
Cats fucked off, at exactly what cost  
The currency of brotherhood back in his cut palm  
It sucks, it's nauseating dawn crawling with bugs  
They seem attracted to the matters of the morally snubbed  
See my 'Goodnight Irene' massacred flat in the key of tragedy  
Whole diner like "i'll have what he's having"

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Aggravated brain stick, motion sick  
They peel back slow and expose the whole shit

Brain set drum speed to ultimate  
Break bones in the throws of moments so ill

Today a thousand sea lions got up and left a pier  
They had successfully invaded and secured for 20 years  
Some said it was the food supply or shifting weather patterns  
Truthfully a whole community of scientists are baffled  
In '89 maybe 10 showed up at the wharf  
As if guided by the trident of poseidon to cavort  
Each a lumbering and boisterous glutton  
Like a half-ton annoyance 'til the heart-warming story went public  
You'll need a montage, animals arriving in droves  
A bottom dollar turns a nuisance to the pride of your cove  
Which bring us back up to this morning when the colony dove  
I got a couple unsubstantiated thoughts of my own they go  
Maybe it'd feel more majestic and less fatty  
If a 12 year old wasn't beaming it with salt water taffy  
Every 5 fucking seconds, sounds like your basic  
Liberating moment of collective "fuck fame" shit

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