

Battery

Aesop Rock

Yo change the fuckin channel
I burn a Coma candle
When the flame fades, consider my flatline a soldier's sample
We them cats talkin noise behind that New York trash heap
Where the stench of commuter briefcase replaces a bad sleep
And it's, worker zig-zagers versus piggy badge flashers
Training Generation Fallout
Waterfall bricklayer pincushion crawl out
There's smoke in my iris
But I painted a sunny day on the insides of my eyelids
So I'm ready now (What you ready for?)
I'm ready for life in this city
And my wings have grown almost enough to lift me
I'm a dinosaur with Jones Beach in my hourglass
Passing the time with serial killer coloringbooks and bags of marbles
Don't tell me you ain't the droid that held the match to the charcoals
Don't tell me Lucifer and God don't carpool
(This is our school)
I'm not trying to graduate to life at the personalized barstool
Head in a jar on the desk, feet dangling in a shark pool
(Man please) Man please
My name stands for my being
And my being stands for the woman who stood
And braved the storm to raise this evening
(Brother, sun, sister, moon, mother beautiful)
Yeah middle sibling suitable but far from son of excellence
Back in a long time ago, I was to way the wishers wish
But missers miss, I slept through my appointment
Saw the liquid dreams of a thousand babies solidify
And picked the rose that wilted
The second I introduced myself as Nervous
Well it appears the scars of learning have spoken
Some are burning, some have rosen
Some deserve tall tales, some wrote them
Some are just a brutal reproccussion of devotion
Mine are all of the above cause everything leads to erosion
Now where I live there's a homeless man
He sits upon a crate
He makes a rusty trumpet sound like the music that angels make
Now if you ever come and visit me, I suggest you watch the show
Tell him Aesop Rock sent ya just to hear his horn blow like this

And I ain't getting any younger
My knuckles wear their bruises well
I've yet to lose that hunger
But only time can tell
Prodigal Son with a prodigal wish to sew that prodigal stitch
And crucify bigot voodoo doll on two popsicle sticks
See your name is Ambiguity
My name is something hands can't hold
But hearts part ocean scapes just to watch the starlet unfold
It's like sketching a circle in the dirt with a pointed stick
Knowing the wind'll kill it some day, still it calls my burning wits for now
And if I plow the fields that don't guarantee plentiful harvest
But starving artists die, I set my alarm for five o'clock
Idols block survival crops the cycle stops for nothing
The Bible's carp revivalist winos flock by the hundreds

To the opening, scarlet carpets greeting their duel
Leading the stubborn mule to cruel rugburn
But y'all numb from gut fuel
I administer eclispe, there ain't no motor like a martyr-made motor
Cause a martyr-made motor don't quit
I am an epiphany, I am webbed foot mammal
Channel surfing my way to the top
Tugboat in a bottle
With no holes poked in the nozzle
I fed em bedlam diluted in limelight
Till that rookie boogie graduated hostile
And the vehicle is grandeur and it veered over the medium
The second my halo ran outta helium
Demoted to thorn crown, damn talk about numbskull
I was born bound to a stencil called symmetry
But my energy's a rental
So I take this now to say
Thank you seniorita for holding a flame to a lost wick
Thank you James Anthony for the band-aids on my ego
Y'all are family for life
I'll take that bullet to preserve you
I wanna be something spectacular
On the day the sun runs outta batteries
Attach my fashion to the casualties of anarchy
Save my nickels up to buy that homeless man a brand new horn
Then sit up on his crate as I witness the beauty born like this
(I ain't gettin any younger)

[Horn samples to end]