

## 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's 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 bluebird's eyes turn black

4 and 20 gory pantone black crows shredding innards  
The silhouettes 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'll 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 the jaws 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, f\*\*k 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 friend, 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...