

## Crows 2

Aesop Rock

4 and 21 crows  
None go south  
For the supper when a punk goes out  
Checkerboard of mothballed death-forms  
Hauled via vaudeville canes  
And encased where the claw marks wane off broadway the god way  
Watch, our father  
Commuters from the farms with news of el Chupacabra  
Who transfuse soup out a fresh punk skull  
Dumb full blood suckers  
Only the chum suffers  
Pine box butcher  
Encouraging poor lighting  
Said "a pall bore not a sure sign of jarred lightning"  
Harsh, that's how the yellow spine-diner was born  
Feral feeding that strung his organs up like tire swing art  
Chippin' a drippy set of broke bone grinders  
More for the hive mind  
Less for the land mine finders  
Fine, no defacto leaders in the eatery  
Unless you count the way they led his heart through his tuxedo  
tee  
Straight out the front

4 and 22  
Cue the cut throat mouth  
Chew together when a punk goes out  
Etiquette of tart-tongued ghouls  
Never run truck jewels  
Run a culinary school for gluttony-drunk wolves  
In guttural grunts  
Smothering buttery lung ramen  
Early sign of punk showed up on the diagnostic  
Hm, pardon if I seem stand all the see-  
sawed loss, I can't call it  
All petite drawn straws and orange caution  
Or outcast creeps re-involved for absolvment  
It's gaudy, plus when a hell-  
bound offspring and yours share an all evolve salty  
Watch, if fortune is a bitch with venom and laser tits  
Maybe sin 'll make for sugar-flavored flesh  
Kings taste terrible at best and rest in peace raw  
The rest are recipes  
Caw!