

Garbage

Aesop Rock

The ritual goes, same window different visual.

Wing of wax, or wing of gold leaf

Choose one.

Float or plummet 20 thousand cold leagues

My nourishment's provided in the summer

So that I wonder

How y'all chasin' dreams when most tangibles still outruns ya

Hail dirty doll immaculate performance

Warm as the march of a billion torches forward to burn what I born at

Cut and paste alertness to current set is provided quick

Shimmy the pirate ship mast, spot the islands on the sovereign in her bow

Facing, let's salute the embrace pertinent generals who turned innocent herm
its to burning spectacles.

Flirtin' with a serpent workin' overtime

Drain the battery, siphon the poison and flood his majesty's hatchery.

I was riding on the yellow bus to where the brush thickens.

Yeah, an it ain't exactly plush pickin's

I'd rather take the time to burn every last bridge I've ever crossed beneath
the sun

Than live my life knowin' you may one day follow me over one.

Snake bite

Breath too heavy to hold.

Caught up in the wake of the red witch tryin' to swim it.

Ran for the sake of dead click stripped of idyllic image

Steal a sloppy earth meal feed my pottery wheel to model colossal vision

Thrill, shrunken with a bucket of pennies

I'ma drag my sneakers through the dirt like alligator bellies

'Til the cloud burst

Honor and a loud thirst submersed in a trap

Little drummer boy vs. thunderclap

In a city of garbage, tryin' to reap the harvest

Adaption is the trap in which the artist meets the forest

Swing your little axe or be an oak tree if you can

Either way, adapt to circumstance or play you final hand.

No enigma, an attempt to bury the hatchet

Rendered me victim of deviltry plus wounded like stigmatics

Somethin's somethin hazardous

I smell an inch of difference in this mornin's pollution pistons and how the
loose ends drift in

My sour patch institutions slipped in amidst the invaders and,

Pardon my tone but,

This garden's grown fuckin' acres since my visit.

Itchin' to count the layers in the blizzard to that chapter where my family
inserts the dagger and

twists it.

It's the carnival, have you any sweets for my weary kin

It's the carnival, have you any feed for my cheery grin

It's the carnival, welcome, play our games you'll never win

Coz it's that carnival where every freak show spectacle's your friend.

An' I'm a,

Ghostly galleon, tossed upon cloudy seas

Antifreeze to glacier cookin' a look of fiery nature

It's the,

Ceilin' feelin' too heavy to bless the I-

beams for a fraction more collapse (I left sorry) that to your door.
Bitchin' my back to hell's kitchen, back
Burnin' murder machinery, released regardless of the pardons
Hitchin my life to the leash of one minstrel
Sick of same window different visual
Same agnostic hostage different ritual
Play, cooperative supercolony clash (I heard we have a dust collection - let
me see it)
Ooh, I duel this underdog verse forced adaption to the marbles of the now
Since then my knuckles haven't once dragged on the ground.

In a city of garbage, tryin' to reap the harvest
Adaption is the trap in which the artist meets the forest
Swing your little axe or be an oak tree if you can
Either way, adapt to circumstance or play you final hand.

The ritual goes, same window different visual.
The ritual is same fuckin' window different visual.