

# Molecules

Aesop Rock

(That's impossible)

(Come on)

Spoilers

The non bon-voyage stock weaponry and soylents  
And whatever stop the voices  
Colossal paranoias out to author an abrasive lore  
About how war paint won't assure you ain't a painted whore, baby  
No ground wires, all jaw froth  
Mouth-breathing outliers climb out of mothballs  
Wrung stones unsung and alone  
Known to run up in the unknown "honey I'm home"  
I push a bucket of bolts, assorted death in his wake  
I take the hand off the thief, I take the head off a snake  
Approach a pen like revolution's just a sentence away  
Til then he's documenting cops and watching Heaven decay  
It's not a gentleman's game it's a generation braced accordingly  
Who know the differences between the cozy and the quarantine  
Yes y'all the crestfallen careworn  
Air horn, air horn, air horn, air horn

These awful winds  
Those grinding gears  
This pile o' bones  
That's why I'm here  
Wild frontier  
(Come on)

These violent drums  
Those primal fears  
This pool of mud  
That's why I'm here  
W-w-w-w-wild frontier

That's impossible, body's still warm  
Scavengers already obsessively knocking on his molecules  
I'm catatonic, fat, and outta rocket fuel and ramen  
Not a dollar, watching Rocky II in Donatello boxers  
At some hot as hell motel in what's supposed to be his Shangri-La  
More akin of angry mobs with anchor tats and mangy dogs in vacant lots  
Traded any semblance of consistency to play the odds  
Not even a baby doll to change his gauze  
Not even a hide-away to hide up in  
A side effect of sliding environment to environment  
Driving isn't simply when the tires spin, try again  
Departures and arrivals aren't only time in mileage  
Try again again a raider break off from the phalanx  
And never look back never cook crack K thanks bye  
New York in the rear view then peel...  
Out, til he found New York in the windshield

These cursed dogs  
Those flying spears  
This rancid food  
That's why I'm here  
Wild frontier

(Come on)

These fleeting hopes  
Those vital prayers  
This bag of cash  
That's why I'm here  
W-w-w-w-wild frontier

This was never an effective way to rally insurgents  
Or really even the occupation of a rational person  
When you write about seclusion and some buyers finally tune in  
You get frightened finding happiness can drive away the movement  
In a jiffy, just eat your food and keep the future iffy  
That fruition's for the viewers who need a loser to pity  
Plus an underlying message of a greater disconnection  
God forbid he try to live or gain momentum  
Mend or pay his penance  
You'd rather see him eat a bowl of mouse traps  
Surf a thousand couches  
Take a jagged little down the hatch  
Chowder heads  
I know you love the way the failure flounder  
Maybe I could be your daily downer  
If his brain left his body and was headed for the door  
Would you take it in and help it find its way into a jar?  
No? f\*\*k it, let him hop around a maze  
We can see who's really lost when the schadenfreude fades

These churning seas  
Those quiet sneers  
This box of parts  
That's why I'm here  
Wild frontier  
(Come on)

These creepy friends  
Those dicey dares  
This perfect dark  
That's why I'm here  
W-w-w-w wild frontier

Correct these lyrics

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