

# One Brick

Aesop Rock

I start my city with a brick (one brick)  
Then add another brick (two bricks)  
Brick by brick, I manufacture homes for fallen angels  
I ain't no great Samaritan, that's just the way the game goes  
Respect the polars but acknowledge middle-value rainbows  
My snout turned up from dream factory eyelids  
Slingin bottled prosperity for the kamikaze colonels  
Yeah rocks the match that burned the Nazi journals  
And plottin verticals amidst blatantly horizontal  
Models then swallowed by famished potholes  
And I'm tired  
Tied up on these functions  
Killer cottoncandy clouds and huckleberry justice league  
Another knuckle-dragger dungeon breed  
Run, breathe, sit, bellow  
Wild Aes scream through your style to hear the echo  
Aight then, flinch for the great granddaddy payback  
When Little Billy bought a Tugboat  
Now he thinks he's Captain Ahab  
Facist takes more than pegleg's birds and eyepatches  
Learn that lesson, you'll be swashbuckling with the best of them  
Wonder why you wept over spilled milk  
And got your crayons wet, the room reaks of a thousand bayonettes  
I'll fision vision with a lie longer than your most walked meridian  
Connecting life with that little species of idiots  
We've now officially scraped barrel bottom  
Aesop Rock an Apple to the core but ya'll ignored him  
I know a planet made of porcelain  
And once I get tired of holding this gavel up  
Ya'll prayer circles met him up born again  
I ain't too good for tap water  
Play "Taps" out of order  
For a ballad, corpse a dead man walkin  
You can lead a man to a city but that don't assure civility  
You can beat a man to death with Aesop Rock bootleg cd's  
(That's more fun anyway)  
Some cats Float, some cats don't  
I speak in Farenheit and burn off colon lyric  
Diss blatant harassment, spit honor, whistle fearless  
Don't dismiss the billygoat appearance for that common sheep

Chorus\*Aesop overlapping Illogic, fading in and out of each other\*  
Platforms have been erected  
Effigies built  
Slogans coined, songs have been written  
Rumors have been circulated  
Autographs faked  
The hourglass smashed and didn't leave me an escape  
Moving boxes have been worn out  
Mantlepieces dusted  
Idols idolized, the sands have been shifted  
Curtains have been closed  
Sleepers all waked  
The hourglass smashed and didn't leave me an escape

\*overlapping Aesop, fading in and out\*  
Now with my trusty paperclip

I picked locks of thoughts vault  
Finding the garden barren  
The harvest fruitless  
Only the Tree of Life flourishing  
Wanting to take a bite but I'm toothless  
Is that, predestination or is it by design?  
That I'm trapped in time sand  
Show radio mission control but for my rhymes  
Man 'cause I can like aluminum  
And I recycle my consciousness  
This is just a note  
For any action or lack thereof there's a consequence

Wingless angels  
Stroll a top shapeless cottonballs  
With halos in your syringe  
Celestial ground is found broken  
Exposing a bottomless depth  
Where heartless spines awake to devour  
The small piece of your soul that's left  
You're immersed in sound floating  
Aimless destination  
Drop anchor to gain stability  
Stare out potions, restrain fertility  
Pedestal talk is a token  
Soaked in pockets where lives topics lack conceptual, ridicule  
The night breathes but light's choking  
Darkness occupies the throne  
Where poems are persecuted  
The purity at times dilluted  
Rhymes are executed  
For genre I'm told when has-beens attempt  
To cause heat to rise and wonder why they're trapped in cold  
Life's an oragmi box and I'm hidden within the fold  
So when the yarn unravels, I won't be caught by surprise  
And as society's fabric of orthodoxes dismantle  
I'll see you embracing the pentagram within this crucifix disguise  
See when the canvas stands before me  
I'm compelled to spill a vision  
For the sinners that listen, I got three spikes and a thorned crown  
It seems I need a new soul 'cause mine is worn down  
But from the pregance of my hardship was born style  
Still my pen bleeds and stains the paper with thought  
Finding me lost among statues of mainstream idols  
Drowning in melted ice to reinforce that breath is vital  
If your father and his father were fish out of water  
You must break the cycle  
How many times must a plant be uprooted for it to die?  
When it's smothered with lies that abolish the potency of the sky  
So when the stars burn out and God replaces the bulbs  
With a million watts  
And throws the switch, sparks filament  
Hurting new giants and flocks  
I stand on my own two aura illuminated in red  
Showcasing the agony held within this welded spirit  
Sacrificing itself for the health of a masocistic culture  
Yearning for the truth that we speak but refuse to hear it

Chorus