

# Plastic Soldiers

Aesop Rock

Style messiah, Hot like a volcano with fire

The sound of silence versus the sound of War

Echo death shock-renegade

Crooked cynic tyrant

Your ignorant bias is my Goliath

Starving alliance seeps under the skin

The seven deadly sins

That seven elements of the malevolent

The relevance of

Graphic endeavours

Drastic measures took for defence

My secrets unfolds codes of conduct, raid

Blade runner, intima-dating figment in the minds of the malignant

Your opinion, not significant, bludgeon

Poetic potential draws dotted lines between hunter and hunted

Liquefied thoughts seep through the cracks in side-walks

Lieutenant cynic consist of anonymous all this seems famished

Vanished in gritty streets til' city seeks, sleep, head, rush

Scope, infra-red touched

Temple's the torment

Pressure point contact

Crush the dormant with missing links

Syncopate movement, Our troubled blockade ends but I'm blemished in the blue print

Behold of the hideous

I'm assaulted by the anthems of the lesser

Concerned, I squinted through tinted pains of pressure

Transcend, backlash, jet black ink bleeds to breath abstract interpose passages

Database entries slip through the fingers, you're forgotten

A faceless figure shall put among an infinite citizens capital coward brande d in the backbones of the stranded

As Ace's hungered for upper handed plan strategy: strike force

Pays quicken upon asphalt light source sun burst beams

A portrait of pillage

Multiple put-downs paint burn marks on perception

Indulge indefinite challenging chapters never before have human eyes looked upon

The unbearable weight

Contaminate little thieves

Heaves, breath, the last gasp

And I last grasp, but trace through your trickery, pinpointed

Technique cast on the fresh but it's now thickly anointed, vicious cycle

Ya'll spinnin if you tread before you think

The center of my web is pen and ink

It's the merciless, masquerade merging separate flows of music's martyrs

Threw my flag into the ground and claimed your land for starving artists

The masquerade merging separate flows of music's martyrs

Threw my flag into the ground and claimed your land for starving artists

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Dear Colleague

I am so very sorry that my son has made such an exhibition of himself with y our daughter

It really does seem quite out of character

Although I have to admit it is quite funny  
Of course he's really got into trouble with his supervisor  
But I'm afraid he's only got himself to blame  
It really...

All I see is little plastic soldiers with little plastic holsters  
Spit on plastic cultures belittled by sarcastic vulture swarms  
Warning I'd skip your stepping stones down by the sea shore  
It's that scarlet welcome carpet that I fiend for  
My dreams spore schemes each more malicious than the pre-ceding  
Red skies bleeding acid this is best inspired by your doubt  
All through flood fire and drowning tied rapidly into humid winds  
Lucid lens bend sigil spectrum's drippin' shades of rays I prayed for days l  
acking discolouring Bigots may seems to scare me I dissect voids my friend d  
rawin' cranes with metal flanks Walkers cross Battlestars I travel far my ra  
dar flips  
Eye of the storm following scraping my backbone  
I try to spring clones leaving em like tendrils, that require,  
More than a click-click five  
While figments of malignant spine pleasuring quick to pigment puddles  
Gathered in gutters  
Type B-negative whirlpool  
I swarm fool like you, poetically puncture  
As still in dreams while empires fall apart

He a cyborg killing machine with wires in his heart  
I'll never know of you  
Emotion reads close encounters I run  
The last classic example of a love of mic and sample  
Trampled pride is resurrected with ample improvement motor movement mandator  
y  
Not a question of should I  
But I passively consumed the role casted by masters of supreme sources  
Crafted by supreme forces  
Seemingly dream catcher  
Aesop Rock computer Hacker!  
See you lack a dispatch to request back up  
Collapsing scaffold mad pole crusher russian robot recruits  
We shoot starving artists 'de trop's' and intrude  
I am waterfall  
I'm excluding inaudible slaughter calls  
Venomous survey calibrating mics for lurkin'

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This young man is clearly a genetic throwback  
He seems to be experiencing primeval urges and feelings which frankly  
Unless we can terminate will contaminate others  
And threaten entire structure of our society