

## Rabies

Aesop Rock

Hey warm cider, barn full of spiders  
Orange moon, starry night, particle exciters  
In a pageant rivaled only by the origin of fire  
Now add an organism from alternative environs  
A dozen pair of cartoon eyes in a thicket  
To see a neophyte get sliced into ribbons  
I'm here to pick lice off each other and assimilate  
Duck a suit, troubleshoot his moody user interface  
True and suckerproof, grew to fully disengage  
Float his only vanishing point away from the picture plane  
Go to where the radio trails off  
And people catch rabies on the way to their mailbox  
Under a sideways rain cornering the briar  
Still pull a broad sword from a hoarded synthesizer  
Nap in a hole in a tree  
Cat leaving voles at my feet  
Talking Master P, memory foam everything  
Jettison the rest and roulette us a new trajectory  
Spinal Tap 11, tapping resin out the evergreen  
Designated dark horse, headless independently  
Sidewalks end with ponds and frog eggs  
Buried bones, and his very own blurry sasquatch vids  
Led like field ants to a hot lens  
8 o'clock kittens vs cobwebs, fight!

Maps won't work here

Ice over bittersweet nightshade  
Antlers rise from his migraine  
Shred or die, life's strange  
How do you identify?  
New with the matutinal or peckish with the vespertine  
Me, I'm pretty useless  
Til the roof is painted Gemini, then set him free  
Eat his own body weight in genocide  
Came back a decorated dog of war  
Who wants more though he currently stuck in the dog door  
Additionally, dog isn't even his final form  
Just a period, between greenhorn and Hyperion  
Peer into the eye of a primordial experience  
Portamento warriors in unforgiving wilderness  
Borderline ethereal, Noah's Arc room tone  
Add a little up high down low too slow  
Found acquaintances a pain to babysit  
So he gave away his shit and gave 'em all the slip  
Now pets hit the ceiling when the wind blows  
Fish float belly up songbirds crash into windows  
Swizzle apple cider vinegar and dish soap  
Suicide flies take dips in the kill zone  
Still shuffle thru a stack of old photos  
Taken before the varicose verified Chronos  
I dunno it feels weird  
I'd rather feed an apple to a deer

I might've heard something in the walls  
Could've been voices  
Could've been claws

Coulda been the rebel yell of something more evolved  
Pounding on the front door and standing on the lawn like  
"Wadup"

Ain't shit

Correct these lyrics

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