

Rabies

Aesop Rock

Hey warm cider, barn full of spiders
Orange moon, starry night, particle excitors
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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