

Sick Friend

Aesop Rock

Thou mayest indeed
Tune onto the forbidden channel
And see it like it is baby

You should be a champion
Never fall on me
Deceit, deceit, deceit

"Getting dusty in the cellar"

Yo
I was thinking about my sick friend
Stringing a ring around my whit's end
30 loops later his feet hung inches out the pig pen
Motley day goblins brought up pillage to pass the stillness
With bad javelin tip dipped inside barrel black magic brilliance
Who rose at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier?
To capture the fashion fragment choreographed in traffic dancing for nickels
Looked like sickle cells with the principles of high rotary
One hope distortion odyssey sputters itself to my how not example sample
Give me the bread crust while considering the littering
I don't pity the head rush or the whimpering, spill
Anchor to rock bottom, rocks bottom packs a ravenous catalyst
Sprung arachnid, leashed by the carnal tyrant
I choked when the cage bird sings and stings
Springs me up delirium to stitch the clipped wings
I say instinctively break through while clinging the shrieking souls
Mourning the deaths of fallen ideologues and loss and quality control
Quality control, stand still string up the banner
From the beehive to the anthill; rag dummy
Incorporate the unison of Vikings ship; throw us best of perfection
Of the twice to burn with half the stone throwers, speak your assessment
My communicative, hinderings please the needs
Of a billion hungry victims gripped by the hell that's left to splinters
Shiving up the mass of natives and it's league marvels
One component's sure to shock a mass burial, breeze
Broken penny bank fragments float up at staggered seas
Dirty work plus applicants with chatter box disease
Iron bandit, give them the stars, the head balloons and rubies
Asked for many moons and I can't stand it any more

Is that how I feel when I sling?
And the regulars were so amazed

I'm the mightiest slinger of them all!
There is a time for war and a time for peace
And a time to run and a time to split

"Getting dusty in the cellar"

I don't run a funny race, malnourished monarchs and loopy astrals
Where 99.9% swivel the broken axels
I built boats of a pack rat bats of bully club swung
Post utility inhalants nail it to stability and sail it
Lopsided Star bird bow crooked mass makeshift
Patching holes with chewing gum and sticking sail to dirty bases
Observe me sitting with my eyes tied to the clock, 'Cause

I know that once that wind kicks up you and your motors left rope to the dock

And it's the, art of clarity married to slender extension
Of blue sky of a happy neighborhood

String on my ring has left me dancing like wooden dummies in a paper nature
Marry had a case of door nails, Francis little brittle dolls of paper
In assembly, I tremble with a crocodile smile

Hiding a fish out of water complex provided upon entry

Now if I, were to, hold the speed

To levigate the game plan, would you wanna still impede

I mean I guess, I can just divorce me from the rest

And blame my chemical imbalance for the fact I've made a mess

But my loyalty supply hints And I'm thinking that damn town prior's about to
fill this here bucket

It's that, grand precious that precious that part of you wants to touch

And part of you just wants to sit and be impressed with

Tainted agony induct in barnacle attachments

Mood swinging upon the barnstorm with perpendicular traffic

Spread, circle 4,000 circuits you burn to cater wings

Above alkadiene Townsman spoon-fed the shadow

I'm tired of being wired into the thief ratio

It's gnawing a hole through my scheme so I leave (know what I mean?)

It is the molotov cocktail hour

Haven't I brought you blessings without number?

They have plenty of nothing and nothing is plenty for them

Yea

I've never had it so good

"Getting dusty in the cellar" [x3]