

# The Substance

Aesop Rock

Four rooms, a ceiling and a floor but there's more:

(close to insanity)

A desk with a subtle light, a window, and a door;

(close to insanity)

One bottle of the bluest inks your iris ever saw;

(close to insanity)

One child prodigy with a vision in his core.

(close to insanity)

(yeah, yo)

I'm frost bitten, slippin' away in titanic burden nurses

Where the anti-hero clergy purge their value burning service

And warped was I, huddled beneath the influence of fresh,

Meshed with impressions that appear to shrink before my very breath. (Breath )

These tides of woe and malice and mirth initiate a wave crash,

Splashing my offspring graves prior to birth, it's looking bleak.

Malarky farce sergeant crooked and sleek emerald eyes glow;

I'm shook in a freak side show!

OK, I strobe effects projective when I blink

So I design this chorus line.

When linked we let our eyelids fall and pilots stall.

With what I sing, I'll open lash light and dark clash to dim the wattage,

Then see the wide-eyed dry grays, and supplied fiery Colossus.

Well, I am a hostage. Guiding, yet, pushed beneath the crazes' climate.

Hiding behind the levy while the stubborn rivers rise and feel this.

I wish heavenly brevity centered hate pedigrees instead of dead serenity.

God damn. Must have remembered me.

It clinched me, it wrenched me, tempted me to employ it,

Apprehended me, and rendered me suspended in its voyage.

How these tables have turned!

Hand to the bottle with the skull and crossbones scribbled off the label,

Sip the ladle. Drank the burn. Begging for dead!

Concerns off with a zephyr tread and leg in a web,

Caught triple-six couriers; beckon, they fled.

OK, OK, I get it...

Let 'em shake a little, then release 'em,

Like, as if ghostly hysterics would leech on band aid completion.

Odium, patience ran his anti-death commando

Just a litigant stretchin' to touch tranquil,

but couldn't quite catch the angle.

I'm trained as cornerstone famine trooper

So my tray within a heart of hearts still belly up and parched, come on...

(yeah, yeah, check it)

I'm a sideline observer alerted not yet retreating.

(close to insanity)

The climate stubbornly hovered slightly above freezing.

(close to insanity)

Now everybody in the populace awaited my reply:

(close to insanity)

I spit a billion tiny brilliant white lights into the sky

(close to insanity)

Undeniably amused by the way the fuse burn,

By the way the clues churn in front of my eyes...

To fertilize germination of concern for me, for we,  
For he who's sucked into the trench, fully dug.  
I don't wanna pull the plug...  
Hug on my canteen like in a dream,  
Centipede leader speedin' through a meaty greed league,  
I can tell by the way the needs bleed from a seed,  
If the breed should have ever been bred. 'Nuff said...

Whether compared to caterpillar and cocoon,  
To emerge, or a spark's soon to bloom to a surge,  
All I need is the nourishment, the courage and the burn  
To ascend from a number, to brave Blade Runner.  
Hunter, cleric, swordsman, king...  
More like I'm walking with a broken mood ring.  
Mood swingin' from the mezzanine level,  
Here to bevel the edge.  
My team's settled on the ledge to pledge.  
It's like that.

In the summer it rains buckets of hunger pains.  
In the winter it's the same, with an added climate change.  
The remaining two quadrants balance the polar values equally for midrange,  
Yet the songs of thirst remain the same.  
You could turn the whole cold reservoir to liquor,  
Hell, split the ocean on its seams if it boosts your esteem.  
I never lend span of attention lest my brethren signal fresh,  
So do your magic, miracle worker, or I'll remain unimpressed.  
For the flux, the fix, the famine,  
For the fact that little Billy up the block obtained a lovely hand cannon,  
I'd examined auto-pilot (right) when filibuster won... (yeah)  
Concluded the few we're tuned with were now targets of his movement... (oh s  
hit)  
It's intriguing. Yet, I guess, I knew somewhere, something was leaking.  
Now I honor instinct, delinquent.  
Bring settler runaways, frayed boogie bastard clicks  
To bypass glass stature, walking graff characters...  
Militant dance split the sun and sip the filament...  
Tracer. Vivisection is to lab rat primes;  
They try to grace these sacred lips with his maze or a dirty wine.  
He knew. He brewed the substance just to mock the lesser budgets,  
Then sought off all trickery, bought off the public, and screamed victory!  
Tunnel through the mite infested grillage and the rig  
As fast as Aesop and his ten little fatigued fingers could dig,  
trigger revenge, tip the goblet in the dirt, review my words,  
spit in the puddle. Peace to fame, struggle the fuck out, and duck out.

(yeah, check, huh, uh)

Now, all hail defenders of the trash talk.  
(close to insanity)  
I was hidden, yet I slid in just to rip the mask off.  
(close to insanity)  
I'm seventy-six inches of all the purest sounds  
(close to insanity)  
So y'all could dig me six feet deep my eyes would still be over ground!  
(close to insanity)

(It's like that)