

Zero Dark Thirty

Aesop Rock

They did not know how long they had been there
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Unsigned hype
Frontline ever north's flurry
Zero dark thirty
Zero friends minotaur fugly stepchild devote lunch jumped over plunging
Netlines
Up beside tongue-tied hungry enzymes default in a mothmen munching textiles
Punisher
Out past go time back ten fried worms cheerier
Brown grass both sides
Can't food
Man made tools
Atlanta can't bandaids Mandrake's route
Thimble on a broomstick
Pancake shoes
And a handshake booth can't pain, can't lose, can't game
Smoke out malls like a force of nature
Break through chimer turn to his face
Swiftly
Maybe in the form of a nest egg
Maybe in the form of a Tesla death ray
Or a solid gold teen with something better to celebrate
The powder on the face like a flatfoot on Jelly Day
M-m-moral compass all batshit
Spinning in the shadows of immoral magnets
Ever sporting the artist or enable in the attic of me
I guess it matters to me
I wish it mattered to you
Now a thousand virtues kicked the same bucket like Chinatown turtles

Roving packs of elusive young become Choblow writers over boost of drums
In the terrifying face of a future tongue

Down, down from a huntable surplus to one
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Check his own break neck pulse over colors in the drain
Like emote sugar skulls in the rain
Flower eyes melting
Gotta buy your lugging made of bat ties silting
Quarter up a heading for the kill screen
No corner cut
No built team
Only a particularly menacing
Angle perpendicular to everything
Boys room cheery bomb moyed doom
Very much running with the devil in the mellow drum

Hello
Here's where a tale of caution pounce coffin nails to bootlegs of Hawk wind
Sawtooth
Never mind straw to gold
Spin hearts on sleeves and a head torn pulse
Arm in the mall
Fish out fifth like a business card from a jar at the mall
Ayin like androids dream in a carbon applause
Get stuffed with cartoon cigars
Skull pack, netti pot home to roost
Around fullback dinner with the muscle and poon
Shoot to the beaver,
Brown with broke ankles
Daisy
Declawed pound, no thank you
Fade me
Failed all basic training
But I spent a couple groundhog days with a changeling
Silhouette the god last cigarette
Anything less would be re-god-damn-diculous

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One
One
One
One
One
One
One
One