

Zion I f/ Aesop Rock

"Poems 4 Post Modern Decay"

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[Intro]

(Woman)

Poems for post modern decay

[Zion]

Yeah, Everyday's a new change, model life strain
microwave the brain, the babies get trained
to be good worker bees, you can work for me
\$2.50 a week and you can sleep on the street
economic malfunction, consume corruption
somethin's wrong with this picture, ecstasy with liquor
get a stand quicker, wither in the half moon light of my
life we lose vigor
by 28 we half gone already, cause the liver and the
kidney corroding steady
get a doctor with some dope then he snatched confetti
got too many damn bills when my bank is empty

[Chorus - Zion]

(I keep fallin) trippin' I can't get up
I keep fallin, trippin' I gotta get up
(I keep fallin) trippin' I can't get up
I keep fallin, trippin' I gotta get up

[Aesop Rock]

Yeah, OK, Who are the consumers
what are you consuming
why are you not filtering the poison they are spooning
where you gunna be when the murder rate starts
ballooning
comin' to your senses on some who the fuck made you
king
fame is a ghostly hope, when every hero is a number to
the rotary folk
that's why the low brow plow through a government
name
you can trace the moniker if you can chase the train
I place blame with a grotesque, enemy, bloody idol
leavin' it to the innocent to remedy the cycle
my centipedes agree that every pedigree's entitled to
that food, clothes, medicine recipe of the vital

[Zion]

I keep fallin' like I'm trippin
I keep callin' be my prescription
I keep fallin', and I listen
I keep callin' for some assistance

[Chorus 2X]

[Zion]

Yeah, now let the beat guide dreams, I've seen my
eyes wide
lookin' for a touch of the eternal, scribble in my journal
watch 'em while the world to burn, tryin' to find some
serenity with every turn

[Aesop Rock]

Walk with a maggot brain affiliately over the main gate
quicker than he flickerin' at a pancake(?)
shitticker, mini, and busy, in dark-city, wick lit, tryin to
make a shark frenzy bark pennies

[Chorus 2X]

[Poem]

Diabolical times of mass murder, time full of it
speak ease even conversations is nuclear
they fear when its a group of us so we roll in packs
space age patriot act, they got your phone tapped
cousin
what you gon do? Don't let fightin' this beast make a
beast outta' you
sometimes I feel like a monster cleanin my 12 gauge
contemplating if I can murder or not, escape routes,
and getaways
but the rude awakenin' is man, they lockin' us in cages
tellin' us to abort our babies while they collect sperm
donations
attempted depletion of a righteous nation
we got a 100 cable stations, but something is what
none of 'em are sayin'
my eyelids achin' from bein' open so wide, space age
genocide
they can try but they can't hide, the fact that there's
hope
my history ain't start on no boat, chained and bound
and the beauty is found that we fall, trip, but never hit
the ground

