

Less Than Jake

"Battery"

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[Aesop Rock]

Yo change the fuckin channel

I burn a Coma candle

When the flame fades, consider my flatline a soldier's
sample

We them cats talkin noise behind that New York trash
heap

Where the stench of commuter briefcase replaces a
bad sleep

And it's, worker zig-zagers versus piggy batch flashers
Training Generation Fallout

Waterfall bricklayer pincushion crawl out

There's smoke in my iris

But I painted a sunny day on the insides of my eyelids

So I'm ready now (What you ready for?)

I'm ready for life in this city

And my wings have grown almost enough to lift me

I'm a dinosaur with Jones Beach in my hourglass

Passing the time with serial killer coloringbooks and
bags of marbles

Don't tell me you ain't the droid that held the match to
the charcoals

Don't tell me Lucifer and God don't carpool

(This is our school)

I'm not trying to graduate to life at the curse on the
lounge barstool

Head in a jar on the desk, feet dangling in a shark pool

(Man please) Man please

My name stands for my being

And my being stands for the woman who stood

And braved the storm could raise this evening

(Brother, sun, sister, moon, mother beautiful)

Yeah middle sibling suitable but far from son of
excellence

Back in a long time agi, I was to way the wishes wish

But Mister Smits, I slept through my appointment

Saw the liquid dreams of a thousand babies solidify

And picked the rose and wielded

The second I introduced myself as Nervous

Well it appears the scars of learning have spoken

Some are burning, some have rosen

Some deserve tall tales, some have wrote them
Some are just a brutal reprocussion of devotion
Mine are all of the above cuz everything leads to
erosion
Now where I live there's a homeless man
He sits upon a crate
He makes a rusty trumpet sound like the music that
angels make
Now if you ever come and visit me, I suggest you watch
the show
Tell him Aesop Rock sent ya just to hear his horn blow
like this

Horn samples

[Aesop Rock]

And I ain't getting any younger
My knuckles wear their bruises well
I've yet to lose that hunger
But only time can tell
Prodigal Son with a prodigal wish to sew that prodigal
stitch
And crucify bigot voodoo doll on two popsicle sticks
See your name is Ambiguity
My name is something hands can't hold
But hearts part ocean scapes just to watch the starlet
unfold
It's like sketching a circle in the dirt with a pointed stick
Knowing the wind'll kill it some day, still it calls my
burning wits for now
And if I plow the fields that don't guarantee plentiful
harvest
But starving artists die, I set my alarm for five o'clock
Idols block survival crops the cycle stops for nothing
The Bible's carp revivalist winos flock by the hundreds
To the opening, scarlet carpets greeting their duel
Leading the stubborn mule to cruel rugburn
But y'all numb from gut fuel
I administer eclispe, there ain't no motor like a martyr-
made motor
Cuz a martyr-made motor don't quit
I am an epiphany, I am wet foot mammal
Channel surfing my way to the top
Tugboat in a bottle
With no holes poked in the nozzle
I fed em bedlam diluted in limelight
Till that rookie boogie graduated hostile
And the vehicle is grandeur and it veered over the
medium
The second my halo ran outta helium
Demoted to thorn crown, damn talk about numbskull

I was born bound to a stencil called symmetry
But my energy's a rental
So I take this now to save
My cute seniorita beholding a flame to a lost wick
Thank you James Anthony for the band-aids on my ego
Y'all are family for life
I'll take that bullet to preserve you
I wanna be something spectacular
On the day the sun runs outta batteries
Attach my fashion to the casualties of anarchy
Save my nickels up to buy that homeless man a brand
new horn
Then sit up on his crate as I witness the beauty born like
this
(I ain't gettin any younger)

Horn samples to end

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