

## Less Than Jake

### "Commencement at the Obedience Academy"

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Verse One:

The harvest appeared less plentiful than last season  
I imagine sloppy seed handling avoke the stroke of  
tardy planting  
And the crops we'd have harnessed in mid November  
It only brushed the blossom bracket then soon  
sacrificed  
Lives to icicle jackets when the frosted  
I sunk to find the walk beneath the mosses  
Where the planted tunnel pass after the rains have run  
their courses  
But alas the portraits of these frosted corpses tortured  
in the grass  
Off of distorts or pour the one tall glass and nauseous  
And I'm asking you, why's this spy supply hiding in  
strangers  
When they know atop the food chains I could spot  
biters for acres  
Now be gracious, these minstools turn a bully's psycho  
civil  
By dissolving the candy coated image down to the  
pixels  
Yelp bringing the self-stop freedom brigade investors  
And the studies connecting one hit wonders with dust  
collectors  
Puts it down, and it's down beneath your sappy sing  
alongs  
So stick it further down where the daunted decide  
which ring I'm on  
Nova yell just took positions and advance march  
Parts playing a scheme parking the rain in my canteen  
now I'm like  
Point I guess I could spare a splash for a couple of  
heads  
Counterpoint during my famine I never got broke your  
bread  
Well equation of intrigue, yes, yes, let me fed sit for a  
bit  
These 'tensils need soaking before I hand out token  
"Shut the fuck up" drama like Kabuki with a heart of dirt

Skull fucked cross bones hence my birth it hurts

Chorus:

Must not sleep must warn others  
Trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers  
I milk my habitat for almost everything I want  
Sometimes I take it all and still can't feel this pitfall in  
my gut  
And I'm like must not sleep must warn others  
Trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers  
I'm trying to walk on top of sunshine  
But it's ridiculous at times that's why I tore 'em with this  
warning

Verse Two:

Wanting the glory of our advance fire ants to water  
beetles  
Free masons adjacent debasing on pins and needles  
Pupil turned pedagogue benedicts into my dream  
Beam in a billion bottle rockets off the golden  
mezzanine  
I pluck the pedals off a classic blood rose one at a time  
Gripping the stem and right invite the thorns to dig up  
in my lifeline  
A metaphor for nighttime, ante up the slight cost of  
exhaustion  
To salute the moon of our paradise lost and you're a  
spectator  
Stringent, inch by sacred inch shoveling colon in my  
earthworm soul  
Borough up through the dirt with bloody digit lick my  
knuckles clean  
Noting the corporate clusters holding hands round the  
abode of the dam  
And what's your poison? Starlight and amaze her with a  
nicotine chaser  
Sip it clean savor the taste then sit and dream later  
The ollage pay their back upon they hinges twenty  
miles  
Across the glassy eye window of one less to passes by  
Now I'm six foot four with a sick flow walk up just to  
recline  
With no free time, the alarm storms at nine  
My daytime's on some, yes sir, okay sir, right away sir  
Sir do you mind if I breathe sir oh you do? Well excuse  
me sir fuck you  
I breathe slow, I'm running with these fantastic  
amalgams  
Painting casket bound careers to pierce gunning with

classic albums

Security's the javelin, catch it; labor

Clocked in at seven six and haven't clocked out ever  
since

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