

Aesma Daeva

"1 Of 4"

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1 of 4...

My name is Ian Mathias Bavitz
I was born in 1-9-7-6, at Biosfet hospital, located in
Long Island, NY
I am 6 foot, four I weigh 2-0-0 pounds
I have brown hair and green eyes
I enjoy writing songs, painting, movies and diner food
I have two brothers, Chris and Graham
And two parents, Paul and Jameija
In august of 2-0-0-1 I went crazy..

This was originally not for public consumption
This was made for four people... four people that
literally saved my life
They know who they are..
And ahhh I mean I could live to be a thousand years old
and never re-pay them
I don't think this song would pay them
But hopefully by putting it out, push the bank a little
further..

This ain't a burner for the whips (no it isn't)
This ain't even Aesop Rock fly earthworm demeanor
(no it isn't)
My name is Ian Mathias Bavitz and I was born in Long
Island, New York
Seventy Six, before Graham and after Chris... OK
In August of 2001 my seemingly splinter-proof brain
bone, scaffolding imploded
I kept it on the hush, but nearly tumbling
To the cold hard concrete on near bodega trips
For cigarettes and soda, shook me to casper
Dizzy with a nausea chaser, motor sensory eraser
Gorophobe tunnel vision, guilt, self loathing
arrangements
Rose rapidly out a bog I'd never fished in
That abates three separate foreign meds
While I use the hook line and sinker simple fishing
Simple primitive self taught, easing of soul, mind and
body

But the symptoms rejected my cave-man modus operandi
So now it's one fish belly up, through medicated mileage
Shrinks that get 250 an hour for awkward silence
And, I'd be lying if I said all of this
Made even the slightest fragment of sense to me
That's real... Simply put
I don't know what happened, or what's still happening
I literally feel like I'm teetering on the blunt edge of my sanity
JAIME, I killed the robots and I'm sorry
Broke down in front of you, embarrassed
But you lent a heart and hand that only you could
You're one of my best friends and yes I'd take that bullet for you
That's my word, which is about all I have left
TONY, I know you know I'm crazy, 'cause you told me
But that did never bother you, I hold you as my brother 'til death
And I got your back if ever the drunk goblin step
For makin' a cat laugh, when I was walking with the dead
KATHERINE, mother figure, older sister, concerned be a limits
Letting me know I wasn't the only one with this
Continuous offers for vacation, Chicago visits
Talked me through repair of a head full of broken pistons
RIYAH, for the late night movie rentals and the company I needed
An' you knew it, but I just wouldn't admit it
You listened to me blab about my issues for hours
Offer incredible advice, gave me a hug when I was finished
Am I a jack of all trades? Nope... I like to write songs tho'
Are they good? I dunno..
But I could tell you that I only write shit down when I believe it
So take this how you want, but know I mean it
I want you all to know that I'm scared
Out my fuckin' crooked soul and never faced a monster like the last few months
Ever in my whole life... I wish I could explain this better (I can't)
But the pieces won't formulate it to anything even close to cohesive
So I guess this is my feeble way to thank you
Four soldiers that extended something sacred off the purity of kindness

I owe you all my life and please don't argue with that
statement
'Cause without y'all I may not have a life to offer, take it

Thank you
I wish I could explain this better. (Thank you)
I'm sorry for burdening your pleasures. (Thank you)
I love you all with all that's left of me. (Thank you)
For helping try to kill what made a mess of me. (Thank
you)
Somehow, someway. (Thank you)
I'ma get you back someday. (Thank you)
Just gotta figure this all out... So..

I guess it is kind of funny when you look at it from a
step back
How one man can literally buckle under the same
pressures
Other men operate normally under
I have soaked this out from all angles, walking through
time
I have been over everything in my head, still I can't
think anymore
But I guess some times, when you can't breathe, there
are people there
To breathe for you
I am lucky enough to have those people around me
Thank you for helping me to not die
Thank you for helping me to not die

Pocket full of pennies, and a soul gone tilt
Cockpit full of memories and a dream full of guilt

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