

## Aesma Daeva

### "Blue In The Face"

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Yo, I surf an axiom kicked in a center fold by ugly  
tenements  
Oh Distribute sour inhalants regulate lobby  
development  
Today summon the rug rat oblivious to what's delicate.  
Tomorrow siphon imperfection out the fetus prior to  
selling it.  
There is a brain in the thicket tap circle cupping the port  
to accord it  
Teeter thorn storm plunges more but conformers the  
pouring's half the entry  
Plated pearly gates a chanted axis with high gentry  
hinging our binging on public picket fencing Squirming  
in terms in conditions of un-sati fact destiny magnet  
Where the ebony should of cracked shit ratio tragic  
Lose sight suit oh mavericks clash at futility pageants  
I post froze in a blaze at a grand combustion  
A leader's deception connection wiper with a barn  
responds his friend  
With an eye socket full of needles and a will to die for  
nothing  
And that's glory abide thy crass itinerary barely  
suitable for common slum cats  
And the lemmings will follow you to the blood bath  
All aboard that awful train through shames patch where  
I'd trade my window seat for one pane of replacement  
stain glass, see I've battled the gods of opacity  
I don't mind yall looking in, it's just watching sim city  
steam slips under my skin  
And im about half way to nausea, half way to contempt  
men  
2 halves post made a dance evoked a whole lot of  
resentment  
Build a pen around master dome patriarch close to  
four peters  
Woke to rope cubicles combines with combines suitably  
ingenious  
Let's soak my feet in lake infinity the time vibe  
strapped to dignity my symmetries vivid image still  
can't mimic the victory comfort is a crumb and I'm  
numb as fuck

Yet some prefer the hum and others tend to suck the  
life out of the crux like  
1,2,3,4 and im a hug dummy hug the hungry pull the  
lever push the button  
Drink the garbage split the homage reap the harvest  
target everyone  
Beckon eyes idols that have a malleable colony till the  
fire ant dropped the sweet leaf grief your dreams a  
needle in a needle stack claiming safety pin physics  
Baby tin blizzards collide while ole iron sides trust the  
rivets  
I'm sick of the picker the litter soaking the spot lit when  
I know they know they owe all thanks to the end all  
Aesop Rock shit watch this

Build me a home; build me a home of brick and wood  
and everything good  
With a front porch where I can char fire flies by night  
and smoke stogs till the day meets twilight, build me a  
home, build me a home with a green grass hill with  
runing a water in a backyard with a sandbox and a  
garden of foreign flowers build me a home with a  
basement and an attic where I can store remnants of  
the day I once slept in build me a home.

No skull is sacred in the races  
Locked in a pagan doctrine watching born again faces  
gamble up patience fail blatant  
Oak currents the end of war paintings stain plague  
community harking as wrapped  
It's overlooking out crops. Give you one life to laugh at  
catalog bliss on the least common attachment 10  
seconds of glittering silence pilot is flight redefine  
stagnant  
Most emotions host an entire lesson congressional less  
one stone merely for the exceptional spectacle now  
listen the pause heed tall falls the voidance of the suit  
dispersed await a straightened arrows a perfect circle  
has been fastened to the blimp side buy in my grin and  
clusters that's better than colony my own fathers son is  
the holy ghost suck that theology I king for a day of  
peasant for a pleasant life blood on the easel and my  
eagle eyelids spots runaway pirates look I despise  
squatters with a ohh cry me a river a quarter how'd you  
afford that dog and sour dialogue I put my hook in the  
pond I put my worm In the hook I put my trust in the  
worm that he'd bring me something to cook  
I felt a tug on my line and I lugged a trash can on my  
pole with a note from the worm attached that read  
thanks for nothing asshole simple parables of nature  
making character giddy and riddle me a similar

situation mix city quick but your honorable a lot doors  
to the monks blood thirsty barracuda serpents and  
report on powers of devil treatment church links im a  
fence sitter lips torn by both polars and their working I  
can only model throttle at the dream catching  
matching a patchy holist with a sovereignty harbored  
and charged my hate breed in a minute he's picket  
spitting stitches to fix the britches in the gaps one night  
I broke in bridges give us traps and tried to walk to get  
stogs just like hop scotch between polar caps and im,  
blue in the face when every second is a waste of breath  
Making that classic mockery of every step Oh build me  
a home, build me a home please with a light in the  
window and a red front door and a picket fence and a  
fire place and a sturdy frame and we can sit I'll tell you  
my name build me home.

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