

Aesma Daeva

"How To Be A Carpenter"

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So you want to be a carpenter, do you?
Well it takes more than a hammer, boy, you're gonna
need blueprints and a will to build, and...
Straighten your cap! you look like you've been through
a war.
Wipe that grin off your mug, you got a sturdy frame?
Sluggish posture just won't cut it.
You're gonna need schooling, and, and, and take
notes!
And god if I catch you yawning again you're gonna
regret ever asking for my help,
And dammit you gotta hustle, this is a slacker-free
zone
And, where's my pencil? go get your hard-hat,
Here's a nickel, go get us a ruler and a saw and a drill
and lots of graph paper...

Verse 1

Yo
I used to have a rope ladder but tattered were the
rungs,
I strung it from the highest willow, trying to hug the
sun.
The seventh level buckled and I tumbled from the
summit,
Now I'm back to re-climb and this time light my
cigarette from it.
My stitchin division to vision warfares numb enough to
soak suddenly in a bullet bath
And skip stones in the morning as I,
Lie in color phantom tantrum explicable, sit and pull the
petals off wild flower patches,
Magic happens!
Behold, pity the lowlife parish.
Doom City barracks left remorse coursed on a horse-
drawn carriage by the torch of Polaris
To the Badlands, where every bridge collapse right
where the crowd stands,
Where the witches are fireproof and every preacher's a
madman.
Frigid be the appleseed demeanor towards the bay

where the landshark Parliament swims
When they pause to polish they fins.
The better brains will preach the village through the city
square
To the light, heavy and middle-weight integrate,
Slept with sticks and stones in my pillowcase.
Ooh my bomb's light simulator picks barnacles off the
tugboat belly
Left my spirit home in a shoebox in case I die.
Got a rugged smoke-green halo floatin' inches off the
swamp,
Had that phase when the devil tree contacts a sparkle
in my eye.
Now step back from the reservoir and let the settlers
drink,
Salvage all priorities and iron out all kinks.
My house ain't made of bricks and straw but never has
it crumbled,
'cause I stitched the brain's rigidity with symmetry,
Come visit me,
It's fascinating.

Now here's how it's done, I'm only gonna show you
once,
So pay close attention, hear me now or hear me never,
Glue your little eyes to the diagram,
See the plywood, the nails, the glue? You work every
inch,
Your domain and you must treat it well.
Keep it clean or it'll swallow you whole.
Where's the T-square, hand me the pliers,
Now dammit, oh this will never do!
You have to want the castle, Head Up, shoulders back!
Be the materials, know your limits only to break your
limits.
Are you listening? God dammit boy, pay attention!
Try it again. Little bit more juice this time.
Try it again. Yeah a little bit more elbow grease this
time.
Try it again. Concentrate, a little more focus this time.
You can kick and scream and yell but damn I'm only
tryin' to help.
Try it again. You're not doing it right, here now, yall
watch.
Try it again. Stop sulking, I'm the example, for real,
Watch.
Try it again. I'm bout to make it easy for you yall, just
Watch.
You can kick and scream and yell but damn I'm only
tryin' to help.

Verse 2

?? stinging the hunt

The hunt dispatched a pack of wild dog silhouettes,
All sulking by the skyline, focused with a bonus hunger
pain,

My sincere addiction imbalance stems from a vintage
grimace slap to the mug of

Ancestral branch camped on the vessels.

Yes and I abide, the laws of the hidden desert
survived,

And every peasant presented it on the crescent less
deprived.

With the exception of pleasant finale binges on the
great endangered interests

Of phantom brigades slaving to save that princess.

I double the negative, to no avail, no promised
benefits,

Just delegates peddling pairs of negatives,

With magnified magnanimous appearance sandy
sinners in opinion shut.

Now what of the madness fragments? Stagnant.

I oughta make a vision sing my twix cling to your
pigeon wings,

Vision militia indent benders , we've flooded Hell's
kitchen sink,

Walkin' eye civility simpleton citizen mixers to kiss the
sky in unison

Sinister city-blistered corporate rule-igans.

All I really want's a nickel to feed my little pigs.

? Big Dick three cheers to the product.

Consumer populace feed but never dreamed of the
process

When a slanted advantage point sort of makeshift
criminals date rape the hostage,

Dream away the blame pain, yeah but it seeps through
the cracks,

And drips from the ceiling and smells the rich scent of
my tracks.

All I ever really wanted was a jungle, and a jungle I got,
See it ain't the vision it's the plot that makes me stop.

Try it again. I don't want to.

Try it one more time.

I'm not even interested anymore.

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