

Aesma Daeva

"Shovel"

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I don't shrug instead of the ramifications of my shovel
Lovin the consequences of uprooting the jungle
I'm huggin the cyclo Gemini stooped contenders from
viewin the puzzle
I don't budge the motives encased inside the gauntlets
hung in quotas X2

My kitchen sink leaks like your itching to speak a secret
'bout the world spins yet nobody's pledged allegiance
and why?
His beaming smile knew a private agony that burns
And when the children met divinity I sat to watch the
merge
It goes pandemonium live
Ya'll mutha fuckers stand up volunteer tantrums while
your playin summin vivid
Play your sympathy card till the misery clash
And a basket case is in a classless matrix with elastic
stitches

Raggin a bag of lonely poem remnants
Short of breath like you're short of fresh
You're a portable mess
Carpetbagger spearheading tear peddeling
pretentious art critics, orphans
Trying to dismiss those pioneering their fortunes
You're a spectacle
Pushin for pedagogue lacin up paper weights walkin on
stilts talking
You touched the hand of God and I'm like
What are all these evils that plagued the hearts of man
by sweet talking border patrol until they fold and let
them in
You got your life in a basket before you could say
instant classic
Like the king of the mountain requires a boost
I'll bury the hook in my belly just to volunteer at live aid
clinics
For the thrill of 9 great mimics with 18 bloody lips,
spittin
Beanstalk, chalking outlines before figures fly

Walking uphill trying to get down
Prominent ghost town litigate battle pitch darkness
when the light switch hits the *artistry* circuit board
breaker
Service in the greater half of nature
See money go wild shook when the exploitation
incubated lovely
Warmingly *piggy leader* colony to comfort
Numb enough to deny the sin pins and evil needles
even punctured
Till he wont define his TOURNIQUET STILL FUNCTIONS

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Burn burn em mostly
Stuck unplucking plumage out the poultry
Soaking in bulk on a sofa with ductape upholstery
Dirty doc stellar space medic
Stoned by the commoners for glowing
Psuedo bloaters * buy them beats till bloated*
Happy trail hitchhikers guide to spanning oblivion
Complete with a thankless 9-5 chapter
You can sign your life after the facts
Wicked soldiers pickin with buddy system logistic
motors like Noah's ark ticket holders, pivot
All in a days breath
I guess
Sandman hit up or shatter a day when television run
over baboon heart transplants
Sketching a glass partially empty till their hand cramps
With a iceman dance (?) and stand with a (?)
But maybe I do
Yeah yeah maybe it's all over, maybe I won the game
before the machine ate my quarter
I mean absorbing attention's a must
You don't wanna be overlooked
Yeah but you don't wanna be looked over too much
One up for the dashed hopes of fifty fishermen who
crashed boats
And the angels who never hit a bad note when
harmonising
I'm an armour plated farmer
I'm an archer rising with a drawn bow for the karma
where the bulls eye clings and argues
Dense, spreads like new names at the writers bench
Either you drink it or sink it, coz there ain't no sitting on

the fence

You make me chuckle child, it's hells kitchen now, miss
Recognize your life is merely bait for bigger fish

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Encased inside the gauntlets hung in quotas X2

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