

Aesma Daeva

"Spare A Match"

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Electric charge comin' from the mainframe
I'm from where the phat beats stretch for mad blocks

My every little step set in a star,
Retina Scarred; tread in a sled of bedbugs got my
dead head in a jar
Crazer camp stamp blank on the mug of settlers
registered not protest nor approval regarding every
morn futile.
My experience with spirit alignment interference
assigns division from clearance to ample scrambling.
Let's note the magnificence in the difference.
OK see two canaries on the wire aspire to separate
luulabies both of which had me drifting.
Every clan ghostly orphan scared stiff in the bliss and
list picking from the arrangment under burden. Bust.
Wallow in will to split the privelage cluster; Lackluster
as if a journey choice grew on the nearest chuckle
path- dispatch trouble.
I've never seen the water so high in my poison life.
Social conduct, 20 pace, about face, self destruct. I
know the key locations, sharp enough to catch those
subtle signs cause, well, this here alley cat's been
around the block a couple of times.
Lifting every tin can, sifting every mess; one man's
trash, you know the rest, live it.
Pitching a battered platform out of mass hysterics
perished in the blizzard. When it's finished I plan to sit
and observe the twister pivot.
Sleep and sleep well; sleep with a sacred array of
fevers, wake as a pertinent version of a pipe dreamer.
Y'all can find me if you lookin for a friend- I'll be the
only iron-clad oracle in a city of tin.

CHORUS:

I was born where crooked demeanor seemed to spawn
merit; I was born where all the king's men couldn't
mend a broken spirit; I was born where it don't matter if
you stand, sit, or fall, to live and die as a brick brick
brick brick brick in the wall. And I'm a brick brick brick
brick brick in the wall, and I'm a brick brick brick brick

brick in the wall. And I'm a brick in the wall, drop in the bucket, yes y'all.

(Electrocharge ?commute? from the mainframe)
(i'm from where the ?fat beats stretch for mad blocks?)

Spare a match for the most distorted orchid in the path.
Assorted orphans coursed in a morbid orbit forward
the traps.

I make a tentative promise to flash frequent the most
sacred abrasive based in allegiance to the makeshift
mason's secrets.

Water basin leaking, plug it up.

The simple triple ring performance shoveled subtle
imperfection.

I rung a life's worth of saturated costume gear over
hell's balcony to nullify the drought and still the martyr
farmers shout at me.

And so the epic went.

And every cirrus hung.

The bow breakers turned a cradle fatal, every spirit
clung.

Croon for the slick Icarus brain children busy splitting
the givingtree building fresh canoes for freaks to cross
the spill in. i'm frantic.

My plan is dwindling with every pulse bump. Gods and
monsters yield the lump sum of the dolt clump.

Be wary when the stratosphere tints.

I Scout like Atticus Finch, inching up slow in the games
of reconnaissance.

Now cause to amend the Zen memorandum has
surfaced in every holocaust citadel fix it plan.

12 easy steps to better picket line demeanor.

Gumshoe.

Stick stone conglomerate activate massive.

But the sky is falling. F-f-f-fuck you.

I've hired sweatshop labor to hold candles to the solar
panels stitched in the back of my neck for nickels and
sour milk by the week.

Cheek to the heartache.

At the center of my anthem lies a blend of temper
tantrums substancial for me to lamp in.

3X

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CHORUS

(Electrocharge ?commute? from the mainframe)
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[Chopped and Screwed]

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