

Aesma Daeva

"The Substance"

Visit "[The Substance](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Four rooms, a ceiling and a floor but there's more
(close to insanity)

A desk with a subtle light, a window and a door
(close to insanity)

One bottle of the bluest inks your iris ever saw
(close to insanity)

One child prodigy with a vision in his core
(close to insanity)

(yeah, yo)

I'm frost bitten, slippin' away titanic burden nurses
Where the anti-hero clergy purge their value burning
service

And warped was I huddled beneath the influenza fresh
Meshed with impressions that appear to shrink before
my very breath

These tides of woe and malice and mirth initiate a
wave crash

Splashing my offspring graves prior to birth it's looking
bleak

Malarky farce sergeant crooked and sleek emerald
eyes glow

I'm shook in a freak side show

OK I strobe effects projective when I blink

So I resign this chorus line

When linked we let our eyelids fall and pilots stall

With what I sing I'll open lash light and dark clash to
dim the wattage

Then see the wide eyed dry grays and supplied fiery
colossus

Well I am a hostage guiding yet pushed beneath the
crazes climate

Hiding behind the levy while the stubborn rivers rise
and feel this

I wish heavenly brevity centered hate pedigrees
instead of dead serenity

God damn must have remembered me

It clinched me, it wrenched me, tempted me to employ
it

Apprehended me and rendered me suspended in it's
voyage

How these tables have turned
Hand to the bottle with the skull and cross bones
scribbled off the label
Sip the ladle drank the burn begging for dead
Concerns off with a zephyr tread and leg in a web
Caught triple-six couriers beckon they fled
OK OK I get it
Let 'em shake a little then release 'em
Like as if ghostly hysterics would leash on banded
completion
Odium, patience ran his anti-death commando
Just a litigant stretchin' to touch tranquil but couldn't
quite catch the angle
I'm trained as corner stone famine troopers
So my tray within a heart of hearts still belly up and
parched, come on

(yeah, yeah, check it)

I'm a sideline observer alerted not yet retreating
(close to insanity)
The climate stubbornly hovered slightly above freezing
(close to insanity)
Now everybody in the populus awaited my reply
(close to insanity)
I spit a billion tiny brilliant white lights into the sky
(close to insanity)

Undeniably amused by the way the fuse burn
By the way the clues churn in front of my eyes
To fertilize germination of concern for me for we
For he who's sucked into the trench fully dug
I don't wanna pull the plug
Hug on my canteen like in a dream
Centipede leader speedin' through a meaty greed
league
I can tell by the way the needs bleed from a seed
If the breed should have ever been bread 'nuff said

Whether compared to caterpillar and cocoon
To emerge or a spark's soon a bloom to a surge
All I need is the nourishment, the courage and the burn
To ascend from a number to grave blade runner
Hunter, cleric, swordsman, king
More like I'm walking with a broken mood ring
Mood swingin' from the mezzanine level
Here to bevel the edge
My team's settled on the ledge to pledge
It's like that.

In the summer it rains buckets of hunger pains

In the winter it's the same with an added climate
change
The remaining two quadrants balance the polar values
equally for midrange
Yet the songs of thirst remain the same
You could turn the whole cold reservoir to liquor
Hell, split the ocean on it's seams if it boosts your
esteem
I never lend span of attention lest my brethren signal
fresh
So do your magic miracle worker I'll remain
unimpressed
For the flux, the fix, the famine
For the fact that little Billy up the block obtained a
lovely hand cannon
I'd examined auto pilot (right) when filibuster won
(yeah)
Concluded the few we're tuned with were now targets
of his movement (oh shit)
It's intriguing, yet I guess I knew somewhere something
was leaking
Now I honor instinct delinquent
Bring settler runaways frayed boogie bastard clicks
To bypass glass stature walking graph characters
Militant dance split the sun and sip the filament
Tracer, vivisection is to lab rat primes
They try to grace these sacred lips with his maze or a
dirty wine
He knew, he brewed the substance just to mock the
lesser budgets
Then sought off all trickery bought off the public and
screamed victory
Tunnel through the mite infested grillage and the rig
As fast a Aesop and his ten little fatigued fingers could
dig trigger revenge
Tip the goblet in the dirt review my words spit in the
puddle
Peace to faint struggle the fuck out and duck out

(yeah, check, huh, uh)

Now, all hail defenders of the trash talk
(close to insanity)
I was hidden, yet I slid in just to rip the mask off
(close to insanity)
I'm seventy-six inches of all the purest sounds
(close to insanity)
So y'all could dig me six feet deep my eyes would still
be over ground
(close to insanity)

(It's like that)

Visit [Aesma Daeva](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.