

Aesop Rock "Citronella"

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i stood before the glittery borders of new radius in search of the fabled city of mud and crushed velvet, what i found was a gutter where the love of entertainment meets the lust for blood and demerits, cutters of the pie throw your summers in the sky, collar pop jolly roger, die motherfucker die, apache on the ship shape and bristol fashion snuck a jammy through the red tape and tip toe past him. worm teeth grinding feverishly below, as little organic hacksaws eager to feed and grow, so when it's blackhawk over the glass walk, they surface up through the cash crops with clippers for your belly-up mascots, and never dine alone, meanwhile back at sea level it was home by home zone for zone, bloom county's homeless riot for home ownership, i hope you put gas in the motor-home and know the roads, i studied with the finest combs stuck under my thumb as opposed to the loaded nose who pray armageddon is numb and that's unevenly rendered to those who grew up thinking faith was the surrender of reason but not a reason to surrender. catch the liberty fires catalog, 40 torched orchids and citronella for algernon, don and vagabond alike repent, this shit should have gone "beta burns babylon, the end".

chorus:

and when the radio stars climbed up out of the floors to murder the medium that shot 'em 30 years before they said...

and when the cutters of the pie throw your summers in the sky, no love lost baby the future is so bright...

nothing says charm like an armored car taking the clone-farm 'tards to the arms bizarre, we were the homemade marker makers born to pour the marsh ink into right guard parts and march through the gauntlet of car alarms, no harps, no delusions of losing with something prettier than ash around the metacarpal still clutching the teddy bears, we can run with scissors through the city fair or situate the nuzzle with the subtle art of splitting hairs, double park the shuttle, some will arc the funneled cutty sark where budding narcs target

the gushing heart in the muddy clarks, these are the
vices of the p-noid bastards who will chew whatever
tablets blur the axioms fastest, crews lose lunches by
the hundreds, lose electricity, lose gas, phone,
plumbing, humming keep your mouth closed, keep
your cows cloned, go, i am the pulse of this fucking
town, homes, no. my what a convenient embargo, at
least i'll always know which side of the gun i'm
supposed to buy the farm from, the too-far-gone kicks
still in the box, fix still in the pill in his sock ,chilling, gill
in the slop, and a million watch gideon scribes, but
once the arc honor pussy and bribes, the animals will
divide and that's a win for the garish who keep charity
in the parish while profiting off the lack of a marriage
amongst the classes.

chorus

and when the radio stars climbed up out of the floors to
murder the medium that shot 'em 30 years before they
said...

and when the cutters of the pie throw your summers in
the sky, no love lost baby the future is so bright...

the mobile infantry is so postal, coast into the quotient
provoking the local pistol pete, choking his liberty and
justice quotas and cloaking his folk in smithereens,
smokey little pile of bloody pulp and co-dependencies.
dopey no surrender bender in effect, sole defenders
of the longest night new york had never slept, and
there were jumping jacks and whistlers over christmas,
like rockets from the crypt spilling the festive morning
beverage of your preference, i step in hog heaven,
stoney with no weapons, pissing on TelePrompTers,
selling megaphones to hecklers, who broadcast 80
million versions of the sermon for that one indisputable
masterpiece before the curtains, pale arcadian moon,
high definition flat plasma, lmax city-wide transfer,
artificial einstein-rosen out the tenement, ease into the
xanadu, let it hammer the tension out, i'm talking cool,
calm, dominant phenomenal, monitor face to the wall
opposite. u.f.o.'s and locusts sing the same old song
while the weathermen get retarded as the day is long

chorus

and when the radio stars climbed up out of the floors to
murder the medium that shot 'em 30 years before they
said...

and when the cutters of the pie throw your summers in
the sky, no love lost baby the future is so bright...

