

Aesop Rock

"Commencement at the Obedience Academy"

Visit "[Commencement at the Obedience Academy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse One:

The harvest appeared less plentiful than last season
I imagine sloppy seed handling avoke the stroke of
tardy planting
And the crops we'd have harnessed in mid November
It only brushed the blossom bracket then soon
sacrificed
Lives to icicle jackets when the frosted
I sunk to find the walk beneath the mosses
Where the planted tunnel pass after the rains have run
their courses
But alas the portraits of these frosted corpses tortured
in the grass
Off of distorts or pour the one tall glass and nauseous
And I'm asking you, why's this spy supply hiding in
strangers
When they know atop the food chains I could spot
biters for acres
Now be gracious, these minstools turn a bully's psycho
civil
By dissolving the candy coated image down to the
pixels
Yelp bringing the self-stop freedom brigade investors
And the studies connecting one hit wonders with dust
collectors
Puts it down, and it's down beneath your sappy sing
alongs
So stick it further down, we'll let Dante decide which
ring I'm on
Nova, the elders took positions and advance march
Parts playing a scheme parking the rain in my canteen
now I'm like
Point: I guess I could spare a splash for a couple of
heads
Counterpoint: During my famine I never got broke your
bread
Well equation of intrigue, yes, yes, let me fed sit for a
bit
These 'tensils need soaking before I hand out token
"Shut the fuck up" drama like Kabuki with a heart of dirt
Skull fucked cross bones hence my birth it hurts

Chorus:

Must not sleep must warn others
Trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers
I milk my habitat for almost everything I want
Sometimes I take it all and still can't feel this pitfall in
my gut
And I'm like must not sleep must warn others
Trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers
I'm trying to walk on top of sunshine
But it's ridiculous at times that's why I tore 'em with this
warning

Verse Two:

Wanting the glory of our advance fire ants to water
beetles
Free masons adjacent debasing on pins and needles
Pupil turned pedagogue benedicts into my dream
Beam in a billion bottle rockets off the golden
mezzanine
I pluck the pedals off a classic blood rose one at a time
Gripping the stem and right invite the thorns to dig up
in my lifeline
A metaphor for nighttime, ante up the slight cost of
exhaustion
To salute the moon of our paradise lost and you're a
spectator
Stringent, inch by sacred inch shoveling colon in my
earthworm soul
Borough up through the dirt with bloody digit lick my
knuckles clean
Noting the corporate clusters holding hands round the
abode of the dam
And what's your poison? Starlight and amaze her with a
nicotine chaser
Sip it clean savor the taste then sit and dream later
The ollage pay their back upon they hinges twenty
miles
Across the glassy eye window of one less to passes by
Now I'm six foot four with a sick flow walk up just to
recline
With no free time, the alarm storms at nine
My daytime's on some, yes sir, okay sir, right away sir
Sir do you mind if I breathe sir oh you do? Well excuse
me sir fuck you
I breathe slow, I'm running with these fantastic
amalgams
Painting casket bound careers to pierce gunning with
classic albums
Security's the javelin, catch it; labor

Clocked in at seven six and haven't clocked out ever
since

Chorus:

Must not sleep must warn others
Trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers
I milk my habitat for almost everything I want
Sometimes I take it all and still can't feel this pitfall in
my gut
And I'm like must not sleep must warn others
Trust blocks creep where the dust storm hovers
I'm trying to walk on top of sunshine
But it's ridiculous at times that's why I tore 'em with this
warning

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

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