

Aesop Rock

"Fascination"

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Shooken to Casper. Illustrate beautiful disaster. Flight of the mothership lift to badger the male-factor. Marionette vs. the threat of wire cutter function. Stereotypical grinch bashing your pumpkins. Plug. Try to count up your warrior hatchling batch before gestation segment ended and head a platoon of embryonic remnants to the game board. Release Japanese beetle swarm to counter the spread of bitch crops, demolish the harvest and herd colony out immediate. One massive attack. Hunted, confronted and gutted. Most pungent component cloned in outrageous bunches. From the grimacing faces to the knots in my shoelaces, I'm a show you all the phases of a fuck up. Plucking the petals but every rose had its thorn. Consider that first warning, second will be good times, laughs and epitaphs. As a matter of basic principle next I set my boat a sail. I won't always be there for your tugging on my coat tails. Family stuck. Voyage of the S.S. Martyr. Who you think put that unseen iceberg in the water? Manufacture flotsam and jetsam from out your charter. We got the once pushovers pushing back a little harder now, blink. I think I can. I got grips. Muckraker major spin circles 'round sunken ships. Walk an invisible city of lost clans and he's jealous 'cause my silhouette had more dimensions than his game plans.

CHORUS

Fascination. Fascination. And everything I do I'm fascinated with, That's why I pass the hated wasteland with a grin, 'cause in the end I got my passions while you splash in a puddle of trying to pick apart the puzzle. Fascination. Fascination. And everything I do I'm fascinated with. That's why I pass the jaded grips of competitors who initiate disturbance with a smirk, 'cause I feel I got direction in my work.

And everything I touch magnificent. Picking apart a drunken township. Sitting in the rain rusting the nails my crown's bound with. If I had an anchor I would lay it in the dirt and mark today the day the earth stood still while I complete my search. You honor delusions and

falsified life comfort systems as boy in the bubble
huddled up to simple simon subtle. Born tomahawk.
Shock the peanut gallery loopy. Debate the cutesy,
groupie, cupie doll community. And I'm hung in a
virtual skin and bones emaciated ringworm circus
freak bloodthirsty intern trainee urchin feast with a
delectable style compiled of that which stands to buff a
child's yellow brick vision of slick living. I observe the
stories from my fire escape observatory. First I herd
the glory, then desert the herbs that word it poorly,
understood? Well, maybe a pat on the back for the
lucky losers who truly felt they were born to touch the
music. I catalog cats as welcome mats, and for the
ones insisting on dimming the stars I wipe my
sneakers extra hard. I wish upon a penny toss that
every servant will betray his gatekeeper and leap to
reap the freedom fighter mad galaxy. Huff the war gas
vapors and cram hard for tomorrow. Brother, I own
twice my wiehgt in patience. Be it padded cubicle or
beautiful tomb, I'll be listening 'til you whistling that
more suitable tune.

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