

## **Aesop Rock "Saturn Missiles"**

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If you step on the lawn I keep the foot, peep  
In the pot go six degrees of cooked geese;  
Boiling, blitz the beach of mushed peas  
Over ten meathooks with a blister each  
I'm all pincher, fevery hoodie-on hoodie-off  
Sweat through his E.T. sheets to the worry dolls  
Never met a quiet storm  
That didn't grow into a choir of colliding horns  
That go click click clack in territorial syntax  
Sitting on the porch with his lids pinned back  
Pinball whiz in a thimble of sims  
I'm a symbol of whimsy abridged  
Kiss me, I'm dead; nursing a mystery Dayquil  
Led Zep staring daggers down page mill  
How pray tell do he sit pretty  
When the old one-two unglue in a tizzy  
Please hold for the don't-play dull boy  
Click, I am not a page or a pull toy  
Came in the door and the floor is lava  
Killjoy if your core more Norman Rockwell  
Born homesick for an invisible address, batshit  
Bumble and bat around catnip  
One black heart katamari massive  
Packed in a fat category 5 rat nest  
Nose on his sleeve, holes in his inner peace  
Robot phone like a tentacle of flippancy  
I hate you (I hate you more)  
No I hate you infinity  
And Pangaea break into smithereens  
Interlude presto change-o  
If it move too quick oh-whey-oh  
Right brain go right train Ramo  
Moustache any old Monet, (no)  
Merrily merrily merrily merrily  
In a cobweb tomb on a hotbed of heresy  
Frogmen schooled by the god Ed Emberley  
Pull dog sleds and exhume dead Kennedys  
Bet, moth into kerosene awful  
A caution to strawmen lost on vaudeville  
Amorally mixing business  
With a hundred and forty-four Dixie whistlers  
Lawnchair strongman twisted whiskers

NASCAR Bic in his missing fingers  
Outcast from a system of kiss-the-ring-ers  
Are you privy to the misadventures  
It's electric, meeting in the middle of the street  
With a lethally modified piccolo pete  
There is admittedly an incredible mystique  
To meddling in the reason a city won't sleep  
That ring ring ring whiz-bang jingle bells  
And melt bootleg G.I. Joes to black taffy  
Classic fire-in-the-hole backdrafting  
Fold wildlife out of wolf pack wrapping  
Full moon, bad knee, wool hat, caffeine  
TNT plunger in all-caps ACME  
Blast off half of the whole damn mapscreen  
I'm a patchwork of 86'd springs and gears  
Who been stung by an unlinked pinky swear  
During his what-in-the-fuck-was-I-thinking years  
Maybe an awkward phase  
Like his acne and sophomore fade, played  
Calling all out-of-work action figures  
It was death by saturn missiles

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