

Aesop Rock "Zero Dark Thirty"

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They did not know how long they had been there
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Look
Unsigned hype
Front line aeronauts flurry
Zero dark thirty
Zero friends minotaur-fugly stepchild
Evoke lunch jumped over plunging necklines
Up, beside tongue-tied hungry enzymes
Devote one into mothmen munching textiles
Punisher
Out past go-time
Back 10 fried worms chubbier
Brown grass both sides
Canned food
Manmade tools
Lanacane, band aids, mandrake root
Bindle on a broomstick, pancaked shoes
And a handshake-proof campaign, can't lose
Can't gain
Smoke out moles like a force of nature
Pray fortune return to his favor
Swiftly
Maybe in the form of a nest egg
Maybe in the form of a tesla death ray
Or a solid gold scene with something better to
celebrate
Than powder on a face like a flatfoot on jelly day
M-m-moral compass all batshit
Spinning in the shadows of immoral magnets
Are we supporting the artist or enabling the addict
I mean, I guess it matters to me
I wish it mattered to you
How a thousand virtues
Kick the same bucket like chinatown turtles

Roving packs of elusive young become
Choke-lore writers over boosted drums
In the terrifying face of a future tongue
Down down from a huntable surplus to one
Down down from a huntable surplus to one
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Check his own Breakneck pulse
Over colors in a drain
That emote sugar skulls in the rain
Flower-eyes melting
guided by a levy made of bath tiles tilting
Quarter up and headed for the kill screen
No corner cut, no build team
Only a particularly menacing
Angle perpendicular to everything
Boys room cherry bomb
Boy/goon very much runnin' with the devil in the
mellotron
Hello
Hereâ€™s where a tale of caution
Pounds coffin nails
To bootlegs of Hawkwind, saw tooth
Nevermind straw to gold
Spin hearts on sleeves into heads on poles
Arm in the maw
Fish out pith like a business card from a jar at the mall
A-alike androids dreaming of carbon applause
Get stuffed with cartoon cigars
Cold pack, neti-pot, home to roost
Around folk backed into what they most lampoon
Shook to the fevered brow and broke ankles
Daisy, declawed pound, no thank you
Fade me
Failed all basic training
But I spent a couple groundhog days with a changeling
Silhouette the godâ€™s last cigarette
Anything less would be ri-god-damn-diculous

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One
One
One
One

One
One
One

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