

A Man Lyrics by Salad

"One Brick"

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[Aesop Rock]

I start my city with a brick (one brick)
Then add another brick (two bricks)
Brick by brick, I manufacture homes for fallen angels
I ain't no great Samaritan, that's just the way the game goes
Respect the polars but acknowledge middle-value rainbows
My snout turned up from dream factory eyelids
Slingin bottled prosperity for the kamikaze colonels
Yeah rocks the match that burned the Nazi journals
And plottin verticals amidst blatantly horizontal
Models then swallowed by famished potholes
And I'm tired
Tied up on these functions
Killer cottoncandy clouds and huckleberry justice league
Another knuckle-dragger dungeon breed
Run, breathe, sit, bellow
Wild Aes scream through your style to hear the echo
Aight then, flinch for the great granddaddy payback
When Little Billy bought a Tugboat
Now he thinks he's Captain Ahab
Facist takes for the pegleg's birds and eyepatches
Learn that lesson, you'll be swashbuckling with the best of them
Wonder why you wept over spilled milk
And got your crayons wet, the room reaks of a thousand bayonettes
I'll fision vision with a lie longer than your most walked meridian
Connecting life with that little species of midians
We've now officially scraped barrel bottom
Aesop Rock an Apple to the core but ya'll ignored him
I know a planet made of porcelain
And once I get tired of holding this gavel up
Ya'll prayer circles met him up born again
I ain't too good for tap water
Play "Taps" out of order
For a ballad, corpse a dead man walkin
You can lead a man to a city but that don't assure

civility

You can beat a man to death with Aesop Rock bootleg
cd's

(That's more fun anyway)

Some cats Float, some cats don't

I speak in Fahrenheit and burn off colon lyric

Diss blatant harassment, spit honor, whistle fearless

Don't dismiss the billygoat appearance for that
common sheep

Chorus*Aesop overlapping Illogic, fading in and out of
each other*

[Aesop Rock]

Platforms have been erected

Effigies built

Slogans coined, songs have been written

Rumors have been circulated

Autographs faked

The hourglass smashed and didn't leave me an escape

Moving boxes have been worn out

Mantlepieces dusted

Idols idolized, the sands have been shifted

Curtains have been closed

Sleepers all waked

The hourglass smashed and didn't leave me an escape

[Illogic] *overlapping Aesop, fading in and out*

Now with my trusty paperclip

I picked locks of thoughts vault

Finding the God in barren

The harvest fruitless

Only the Tree of Life flourishing

Wanting to take a bite but I'm toothless

Is that, predestination or is it by design?

That I'm trapped in time sand

Show radio mission control but for my rhymes

Man cuz I can like aluminum

And I recycle my consciousness

This is just a note

For any action or lack thereof as a consequence

[Illogic]

Wingless angels

Stroll a top shapeless cottonballs

With halos in your syringe

Celestial ground is found broken

Exposing a bottomless depth

Where heartless spines awake to devour

The small piece of your soul that's left

You're immersed in sound floating

Aimless destination

Drop anchor to gain stability
Stare out potions, restrain fertility
Pedestal talk is a token
Soaked in pockets with lives, topics, lack conceptual,
ridicule
The night breathes but light's choking
Darkness occupies the throne
Where poems are persecuted
The purity at times dilluted
Rhymes are executed
For genre I'm told when has-beens attempt
To cause heat to rise and wonder why they're trapped
in cold
Life's an oragmi box and I'm hidden within the fold
So when the yarn unravels, I won't be caught by
surprise
And as society's fabric of orthodoxes dismantle
I'll see you embracing the pentagram within this
crucifix disguise
See when the canvas stands before me
I'm compelled to spill a vision
For the sinners that listen, I got three spikes and a
thorned crowns
It seems I need a new soul cuz mine is worn down
But from the pregance of my hardship was born style
Still my pen bleeds and stains the paper with thought
Finding me lost among statues and mainstream idols
Browning in melted ice to reinforce that breath is vital
If your father and his father were fish out of water
You must break the cycle
How many times must a plant be uprooted for it to die?
When it's smothered with lies that abolish the potency
of the sky
So when the stars burn out and God replaces the bulbs
With a million watts
And throws the switch, sparks filament
Hurting new giants and flocks
I stand my own two aura illuminated in red
Showcasing the agony held within this welded spirit
Sacrificing itself for the health of a masocistic culture
Yearning for the truth that we speak but refuse to hear
it

Chorus

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