

## 14 Bis

### "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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