

# Aesop Rock, 1,000 Deaths

Yo,  
I saw the rod-eye cross inverted circling above my turret  
Slither spiraling banister down a hide  
My ruby glass glazed specs staple to trade the market thieves  
Where vendors count the stolen citrus out they pyramids  
Merry without a slapstick mavericks plugged directly to 3rd rail surges  
Piss on electric mayhem through city commuter circuits  
Oooh child, raised as oddity, son of a circus side show freak  
Pertinent to the slide show, the winos leak but I won't speak  
Infected projection hung thicken the air  
Pungent is burning plastics upon whiffing the nasal cringes  
Pucker another 60-second lapse while 60 stars collapse the suckers  
And I'm reborn every time the wine metamorphs back to water, my god  
Sweet Christ crucify me with railroad spikes  
Use my skull to bash them all in, gather sit and grin, weave  
All failed, the most serene communication's pageant  
Where sitting with a stranger and living awards the badges  
I spell Merit with my name stitched on my heritage  
Incinerate arrogant simpletons to feed my cherished wind  
Buried in leagues a please, thank you, pardon, excuse me  
Your welcome, may I? ohh, I'd like to nod but no you may not  
Let's take a deep breath, naw let's take a breath  
Naw let's take, naw let's aaah shit, well I guess that about says it  
Maybe I'll craft the sycamore canoe and paddle upstream  
Where the luck seems to reflect precious lovely interventions

I have died a thousand deaths, and I apologize for you and yours  
For kicking your fantasies overboard  
I mean I'm only one servant, makin one hell of a diversion  
And if the masses have agreed to split the sea then let it bleed

I have died a thousand deaths, and I apologize for them and theirs  
For breaking down their ropes, ladders and stairs  
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You ever died a thousand deaths? I have  
And in the morrow stood a thousand steps from where my nourish laughed  
And made a boat at, nomad, I roam in a social coma  
Jonesin' for home alone days to sink how my poems I  
Dig in the dirt I bring up the earth like pulley systems

Thereby painting the perfect metaphor for hung juries  
Strung along a song of spawning thorns of fury  
Numb the anti-add-alarm before he recognized this worries me  
Carpet bomber spearheading fink-eye beretta  
Walk my line, now what? Now strut that little poison combine  
Y'all call natural, in honesty promise me twenty thousand salami  
links  
And dive and finding my thriving ivy leaves climbing up the pit wall  
Lack of most lords aboard, heroes unsung heroes unbrung rewards  
Yo if I flutter in a trouble clutch then I dance fancy forward  
Like park children double dutching ropes in burning city summers  
My wing span can and will employ full expansion  
Unfolding while lamping at home with my hands panning for gold  
Told them the roof was on fire, when that structure burned to  
ashes  
All y'all saw was Aesop Rock holding an empty book of matches  
Maybe I'll sit until the spilling motors clear  
Maybe I'll sit and stroke my billie goat beard  
And rethink the time angels appear, maybe I won't  
Bundled in my humble little plummet  
Numb enough to die those thousand deaths under the sun it makes  
me sick

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