

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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