

# Aesop Rock, Appleseed Intro

APPLESEED (one, two)  
yeah. yeah- i recall the  
first time i bumped heads with my  
head led to a dead bargain, a  
"thanks for nothin, lowlife", and a  
start of "beg my pardon, "when a  
dust mite harbored spite it barely  
dents the cicada phase, blades a-  
verted. decorate the backs of  
freedom fighters, servants pick those  
steeple higher, man the loose can-  
nons, "pennin for gold" "nah pennin for  
chance to land in camps branded with  
"push" stamped on their hand" lets  
push. lets push up through the  
now, lets evoke a vow of  
zipped lips clipped to my peaking  
brow (i'm sleeping now) i seen im-  
maculate hearts blemished  
under the mass of genie bottle  
hostages who wish that a  
third to her broken promises.  
black spot of gotham, fragile  
castle and master passageway.  
even the innocent captives  
bleed appleseed apple  
seed, leave me with a breeding  
hassle factor's feet. pin the  
tail on the village idiot  
turn giddy click stern greet a  
burn it basics laid with the  
modes of neurotic nitpicking  
patrons and their pseudo potent  
patronage ahh mood of the moment  
gloated in splendor of its  
greatness and i'm hella swamped  
truly moody in my  
days makeshift awakesness  
act as if apathy's been your  
best friend since the bonding i'll one  
up you with love letters from de-  
pendency, honestly appleseed.