

Aesop Rock, Blue In The Face

Yo, I surf an axiom kicked in a center fold of ugly tenements
Oh Distribute sour inhalants regulate lobby developments
Today summon the rug rat oblivious to what's delicate.
Tomorrow siphon imperfection out the fetus prior to selling it.
There is a brain in the thicket tap circle cupping the port to accord it
Teeter thorn storm plunges more but conformers the pouring's half the entry
Plated pearly gates a chanted axis with high gentry hinging our binging on public picket fencing Sq
Where the ebony should of cracked shit ratio tragic
Lose sight suit oh mavericks clash at futility pageants
I post froze in a blaze at a grand combustion
A leader's deception connection wiper with a barn responds his friend
With an eye socket full of needles and a will to die for nothing
And that's glory abide thy crass itinerary barely suitable for common slum cats
And the lemmings will follow you to the blood bath
All aboard that awful train through shames patch where I'd trade my window seat for one pane of re
I don't mind yall looking in, its just watching sim city steam slips under my skin
And im about half way to nausea, half way to contentment
2 halves post made a dance evoked a whole lot of resentment
Build a pen around master dome patriarch close to four peters

Woke to rope cubicles combines with combines suitably ingenious
Let's soak my feet in lake infinity the time vibe strapped to dignity my symmetries vivid image still c
Yet some prefer the hum and others tend to suck the life out of the crux like
1,2,3,4 and im a tug dummy hug the hungry pull the lever push the button
Drink the garbage split the homage reap the harvest target everyone
Beckon eyes idols that have a malleable colony till the fire ant dropped the sweet leaf grief your dre
Baby tin blizzards collide while ole iron sides trust the rivets
I'm sick of the picker the litter soaking the spot lit when I know they know they owe all thanks to the

Build me a home; build me a home of brick and wood and everything good
With a front porch where I can jar fire flies by night and smoke stogs till the day meets twilight, build

No skull is sacred in the races
Locked in a pagan doctrine watching born again faces gamble up patience fail blatant
Ochre and sienna war paintings stain plague community harking as wrapped
It's overlooking out crops. Give you one life to laugh at catalog bliss on the least common attachm
Most emotions host an entire lesson congressional less one stone merely for the exceptional spect
I felt a tug on my line and I lugged a trash can on my pole with a note from the worm attached that
Making that classic mockery of every step
Oh build me a home, build me a home please with a light in the window and a red front door and a