

Sage Francis, Sun Vs. Moon

Th-the devil,

Th-th-the devil,

(repeat x4 then continues until "settle their differences")

The devil only exists because of your belief in him,
Same goes for that other guy,
I believe the sun is simply reflecting the shine from the moon (word?)
Stealing its spotlight, they'll have a cockfight at noon,
To settle their differences,
At midnight, rematch,
To stir up their similarities on turntables,
That chicken scratch proved to be unreadable,
The determining factor in who gets the pitch to control the tides,
No one decides a victor unless they give a fair listen to both the sides,
We're low-lives,
We go blind jerking off to the eclipse,
The sun was pulling cheap shots doing commercial body tricks,
Behind the back,
Under the leg,
I think he even did a headspin,
On a crossfader that sounded whack,
But looked excellent,
All of the sudden it gets dim,
The crater face steps in,
Puts mexican drumbreaks on the Technics,
He's like "Let's begin",
He conducted an orchestra so dope the sun started sweatin' him,
I guess he'd expected to win on pure artistic merit,
Composing complex plays with nothin but soundbytes,
Burned out the lights,
Made MCs too self conscious quit the master mics,
For a thousand nights,
It continued without a single slip up,
Except once the record skipped,
But it kinda sounded cool,
And fit within the rhythm he was juggling,
Poly-rhythms out of country western albums spinning,
It is plain that he had come to win,
But as always due to corrupt judging,
They drew a tie,
Now it's do or die.

The sun was like,

no no no,

The moon was like,

go go go,

(repeat x3)

And when the sun was chosen,
I came to the conclusion,
This guy doesn't know what he's doin'.

God's not a woman,
He's a big white guy in the sky,
And the deserts are reflections of his eyes,
He doesn't cry for us,
But when he does,
It's cause he's drunk,
(Say What?),
God's not a woman,
He's a big white guy in the sky,
And the deserts are reflections of his eyes,
He doesn't cry for us,
But when he does,

It's cause he's drunk,
And he's always fucked up,
Bottoms up,

God's not a woman,
He's a bitch.

Th-the devil,
Th-th-the devil,
(repeat x4)

This is one hand clapping alone,
This is the smallest violin,
Run rabbit when they fight to kill your baddest poem,
The devil is the fucking white man,
This is one hand clapping alone,
This is the smallest violin,
Run rabbit when they fight to kill your baddest poem,
The white man (the white man).
(Th-th-the devil)