

Flies

Aesop Rock

Flies buzz around the sink
Lunch on crumbs, fuck y'all think
Everything was fine, not a single peep
It happened overnight, must've been the açaí
Some uninvited guests, some unappealing sludge
A couple hundred eggs, a day to yield bugs
I make a few traps, bleach in the drain
You should see the trash, it feels like a plague
Clean the whole crib, bottles at the curb
Even empty out the fridge, that's gotta be a first
Still can't win, two on the tiles
Three by the spout, me in denial
I'm clapping at the air, I'm cornered by the plates
I'm brought unto my knees, I'm forfeiting the space
I'm clawing at the walls, swarm ordering me ate
It's death from above, nobody saying grace