

Jumping Coffin

Aesop Rock

What-what, w-what's that?

I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm a slow burn, crawl around the road work
Something from the other side clawing at the known world
Cough up all your cookies with the autumn air incarnate
He all-city by the time your eyes adjusted to the darkness
In parts uncharted, always find the corners cozy
You can send your fastest riders, I return the horses lonely
Controller, the locals only note the lucky charms and army jacket
When your addy's in the heart of thar be dragons, I know
No solicitors, waves away his visitors
From ten minutes in front of a tainted energy signature
Still bullseyeing womp rats from the scenic route
Sugar in his coffee like a séance in the TV room
The cheek swab came back half-amazing
Half of what he make end up on his lab apron
If quieter than most, I'm mostly mastering the science of
Keeping one's composure while the limbic system's lighting up

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Let it in, let it in
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Some try to stonewall any kind of woo-woo tryna make a phone call, nah
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Ring around the revenant, let it in
Said he wasn't ready yet, he never left the Etch-a-Sketch
Stuck around for more than just a parlor trick or flickering fluorescents
Had a couple still to visit with a million pressing questions
Like, where you the night of?
What are you traversing Earth in spite of?
How are you adjusting to the triumph?
I'm asking for a friend who caught a loss and never surfaced
Simply curled up in his cubby, shutting down the central nervous
Look, float up into urgent care, a checkerboard of blurry squares
Flowers in the lobby shrivel back into the earthenware
Humans in the lobby holding crosses up
I understand the caution but
Some of you just wanna see the coffin jump
Until the coffin jump, then it's what I call a punk
Didn't even get to where he coughing blood and talk in tongues
Not to mention, once you hassle the hoard
It doesn't matter how much furniture you stack at the door, yeah

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Wha-w-w-what's that?

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Hand-drawn map cross over, cross back
Calling from the flight deck, I collect dog tags
Tall grass, asphalt, or salt flat
It's all jazz like an alphabet to Saul Bass
Bratty to the basic anatomy of a death stare
Passing through the old Manhattan, ectoplasm everywhere
Pack a second teddy bear, I'm headed for the panic
Take a second for some bacon, take his head off when in transit
I don't coexist, I don't exist
Even J.C. miss him with the loaves and fish
You feel dementia getting closer like the devil getting over
Now his antennas are roaming for radio terra nova
Going, "Ksht, ksht, sir, I think we've got a signal
It's fuzzy, but they're playing one that wasn't from the hymnal"
I'm a faint scent of sulfur, I'm the source of the ooze
I'm security tape of a glowing orb in a room, 'sup?